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MOLTKE'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE
AND OTHER RELATIVES

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MOLTKE'S LETTERS TO
HIS WIFE AND OTHER RELATIVES.
TRANSLATED BY J. R. MCILRAITH.
WITH INTRODUCTION BY
SIDNEY WHITMAN,
AND TWO PORTRAITS.
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

THE contents of the present volumes are translated from the unabridged German edition of the *Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt* (Stuttgart, Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna, 1894). Those, therefore, who already possess the earlier and less complete German edition, will find here much that is new and at the same time not less interesting than the material with which they are already familiar. The present edition is further noteworthy, because its preparation has been followed with keen interest by several of the great strategist's own relatives, two of whom are frequently mentioned in the body of the work. They have kindly assisted the translator by correcting the few errors which had crept into the original; they have contributed several valuable illustrations, including the autograph *fac-simile*; and finally, they have assisted the editor in the compilation of the little character-study of Moltke's wife, which serves as an introduction. The copious index at the end of the work will be found to obviate the recurring necessity of footnotes, and to contain the key to all the personages and places mentioned.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is as much to the credit of the German nation, as it is proof of their deep sympathy, that a poetic interest has grown up around the figure of their famous field-marshal's wife. The refreshing element about this sentiment is, that it is equally free from sentimentality and from cant, and that it bears witness to the attraction exercised by the picture of ideal married life in the Fatherland, a life that appeals by its honesty, its simplicity, and its high ethical tone to countless hearths and homes. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that Moltke's relation to his wife was one of those rare unions, the contemplation of which is as fascinating as it is instructive. The charm of such a connection is intensely human; and, in the present instance, it gains in interest to English readers from the fact that one of the partners was of English blood.

The Burt family came originally from Staffordshire, and John Heyliger Burt, the father of Moltke's wife, was owner of Colton House, near Lichfield. His first wife was a Holstein lady, Ernestine von Staffeldt by name, whose acquaintance he had made during a visit which, at the close of his Oxford career, he paid to an English friend named Selby, who was married to a Baroness von Brockdorff, and lived in the neighbourhood of Kiel. After his marriage on the 28th of January, 1821, Mr. Burt also settled in Holstein, where his ample means enabled him to live in comfort, and

where three children were born to him—a son, born October 1822, and named John Heyliger after his father, and two daughters, Jeanette, born the 3rd of May, 1824, and Mary Bertha Helena, born the 5th of April, 1826. It is upon the last of the three that the main interest of these volumes is centred. In the course of years Mr. Burt lost his first wife, but subsequently married again, his second wife being none other than Moltke's sister. Hence the first relationship between the families of Burt and Moltke.

Mr. Burt's second wife proved an excellent mother to the children of her husband's first marriage. To her loving care were pre-eminently due the happiness of their childhood, and the development of their rare intellectual and spiritual qualities. She must indeed have been a woman of sterling sense and sound judgment; and some of the letters in the present collection show that even the iron will of her brother bowed to her helpful influence. It is a truly remarkable fact that long before he contemplated marriage, Moltke once exclaimed to her, "Guste, if ever I marry, I would like to marry a girl brought up under your care."

The story, therefore, of Moltke's first visit to the Burt family and his subsequent wooing is not without its touch of romance. There is also something in that story which recalls the loves of Othello and Desdemona, when the maid's interest was won by tales of "Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grew beneath their shoulders." When Captain von Moltke's now familiar letters from the East arrived, in which he described his thrilling experiences at the seat of war in Asia Minor, they were invariably read aloud in the family circle. Foremost among the listeners were Jeanette and Mary Burt; and when the writer himself appeared upon the scene in the year 1839, he came as no stranger. With feelings bordering upon veneration the two sisters watched the tall imposing-looking man, who, naturally of a severe cast of countenance, nevertheless unbent in their presence and winningly answered their childlike questions. He even allowed them to touch the glittering diamonds of his Turkish star, to admire the order *Pour le*

Mérite,* which, already in those early days was hung about his neck. "Uncle Helmuth" was indeed a most interesting personage. Two years, however, were destined to pass before the silent hero unmasked his batteries to score another, and not the least momentous of the many victories which marked his extraordinary career.

It was in May, 1841, that Moltke, then in his forty-second year, paid his more eventful visit to Itzehoe. Whatever intentions he may have entertained before his arrival, he did not long hesitate when once he was face to face with the lady. Though hardly more than a child when last he had seen her, she had haunted his fancy ever since; and now he found her a woman, endowed with all the varying charm of womanhood. His purpose was at once made steadfast; he determined to gain her affection. Indeed, he even confided his resolve to his sister; and she undertook to plead his suit with her step-daughter.

One of the family thus describes Mary Burt's appearance at the time, when, it must be remembered, she was in her sixteenth year. "Her figure had gained in grace and dignity. The classically chiselled features had acquired a firmer expression. Her hair, which had grown darker, was fastened, according to the fashion of the period, by means of a gilt hoop. Her eyes, which were brown, had also assumed a darker hue, and shone with charming brilliancy when once they were animated. The characteristic turn of her finely cut little mouth hinted at a spice of roguery; but when she laughed, and opened her rosy lips, she showed a beautiful set of teeth, and her features were lit up with an indescribable charm. But what particularly increased this effect was her perfect unconsciousness of her natural advantages, for she always disdained the petty arts of the toilet; indeed, she was so free from vanity that it never entered her little head to wish for a new dress or ornament." How easily the mind

* The fact that Moltke, when only a captain, was in possession of this distinguished order is in itself very unusual. Even the Emperor Frederick did not receive the coveted insignia until the battlefield of Königgrätz.

recreates the picture—the twilight scene, in which the young girl was first brought face to face with her destiny!

It was evening; the house was wrapped in a drowsy silence. In true German homely fashion, Mrs. Burt took the window-seat in the family *Wohnzimmer*, her needlework in hand. Then, very gently, she called her *Mariechen* to her, and told her she was loved. The girl heard her silently, with eyes upon the ground; and, when her mother's voice had ceased, left the room without a word. None understood the unspoilt girlish nature better than Fran Burt, who had been a true mother to her, but even the wisdom of her love was unable to fathom the girl's reticence. Whether her brother was to hope or not was more than Mrs. Burt could yet say. Three days of uncertainty followed, in which her parents realized that a severe struggle was passing through their daughter's heart. Her playful exuberance of spirits was gone; and her sister's efforts to amuse her were in vain. Moltke's leave was gradually coming to an end, and still he had had no answer. One day—it was the 9th of May—he found his opportunity. In manly frankness he asked his question for himself. Would she come to him, or should he go away? For answer Mary asked him to stay. Her mind was made up, and her future was decided. With tears of happiness she embraced her parents, and asked for their blessing.

The engagement attracted a good deal of attention at the time, particularly at Itzehoe. The tall distinguished figure of Moltke, his quiet and reserved manner, no less than the kind expression of those clear shrewd eyes, had impressed the inhabitants to whom his charming young bride had long been an object of affection. "It will seem odd at first," she said to her sister, the day after the engagement, "not to call him 'Uncle Helmuth' any more, but you must not call him so either." To a friend to whom she announced her engagement, she said, "Pray to God with me that I may become a wife worthy of his love."

The marriage, however, did not take place for another

year—on the 20th of April, 1842. In the mean time Mary Burt continued her French and English studies, and a course of history which had long been her favourite study. She always spent a certain part of every morning in the kitchen for she wisely held that a good knowledge of cookery is more useful than many showier accomplishments. Some of Moltke's letters to his betrothed are included in the present work, and they speak for themselves. Her letters to him were as a rule written in English by his special wish. It will also be seen from the following pages that Moltke himself spent a few days in Heligoland in the latter part of the summer of 1841, the Burt family having gone there to enjoy the sea air and bathing. There they passed many an hour together in sweet communion, and yet, as they walked along the seashore, Mary would often be at a loss for words to express her emotion, and doubts would assail her as to whether she *could* prove a sufficient companion to one so many sided and so accomplished. These doubts at times found vent in her correspondence; "but," he replies in one of his letters, "when we once share joy and sorrow, and have more ground in common, there will be no lack of matter to communicate!"* At last the wedding day arrived; and during the ceremony in the St. Lawrence Church at Itzehoe it is said that a bright sunbeam lighted on the bride at the moment she was passing towards the altar upon her father's arm; and as she stood by the side of her future husband. She wore a plain dress of white silk, a lace veil, and the customary wreath of myrtle blossom on her head; but a marble-like pallor distinguished her features. The distinct responses of the happy couple resounded solemnly through the quiet old church, and when the rings were exchanged the colour returned to the bride's face. She had found her happiness.

After the wedding Moltke returned with his wife to Berlin, which was their home for several years. He was then holding the post of General Staff officer to the IVth Army Corps, under the command of Prince Charles of Prussia. Of

* Page 74, vol. i.

the happiness of their married life the letters in these volumes are sufficient testimony. From first to last there will be found in them the same warmth of love, freedom from selfishness, calmness, and mutual content. Even the lack of children, though each felt the void, was borne without much repining. No matter how busy he might be, Moltke always found time to write to his wife. It might be late at night, or early in the morning, yet he never failed to record for her use the main events of his life—whither he was going, and what he was doing, his impressions of the places he visited, and descriptions of everything in which he was interested. Nor did he forget his relatives; and his letters abound with kindly and sympathetic inquiries after the Ballhorns, Brockdorffs, his nephew Henry, his niece Ernestine, etc., etc. Then, too, every now and again he interposes a word of praise for his wife's good management; it was a favourite expression of his that she made a thorough soldier's wife (*eine echte Soldatenfrau*). Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that she felt his attention deeply, and reciprocated it to the utmost of her power. "Deeply moved by the devotion of her husband, who watched over her like the apple of his eye, her keen perception (*klare Seele*) fully realized the sacred duties of a wife. She truly succeeded in identifying herself with the vocation of her husband. From the first day of their married life she became, as it were, his faithful comrade. She submitted herself to his guidance in everything and lived under his influence, a patriot in feeling, worthy to bear the name of Moltke."*

Their life together was at first very retired; they associated with only a few families. By-and-by, however, the major's official connection with Prince Charles led to his wife's being presented at Court, where the kind feelings which the royal family always had for Moltke were extended to her. With undisguised delight she took her part in all the brilliant Court festivities, and shared in the enthusiasm for the Hohenzollern

* Marie von Moltke, Ein Lebens-und Charakterbild, von F. v. B. Leipzig, 1893.

princes, which was afterwards to animate every true-born German citizen. Nevertheless, the brilliance and luxury of Court life did not dazzle her. She always felt happiest in her own little home, where her husband would read to her aloud, or where she would sit quietly by his side whilst he was at work upon some literary task. Hardly an evening passed without their reading together a chapter from the Bible.

In 1845 Moltke was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia, who was resident at Rome. Thither accordingly he and his wife removed, but their stay there was destined to be of no long duration, for the prince died on the 12th of July, 1846, and Moltke was then deputed to accompany the body to Germany, where he was present at the funeral. Soon after, on the 24th of December, 1846, he received the appointment of General Staff officer of the VIIIth Army Corps, which necessitated another removal of their home, this time to Coblenz, whither Frau von Moltke journeyed in company with her father and brother. In one sense this change was a blessing, for the spectacle of Berlin in the troublous days of March, 1848, was thus denied her. But her heart was naturally filled with deep anxiety when, in the May of that year, her husband was summoned to Berlin. In August, however, he was appointed to the post of chief of the General Staff of the IVth Army Corps at Magdeburg. Here they settled, and the sight of Moltke and his wife riding about on horseback soon became familiar to the inhabitants. It was about this period that Frau von Moltke received into her house her young step-brother, Henry, then thirteen years of age. To him and his studies she devoted herself with the greatest interest; and the reader will see from the letters now published how truly he was loved by both husband and wife. Their affection for him was still further intensified after the death of his father on a voyage home from the West Indies, whither he had gone to look after his plantations, where the question of the emancipation of the slaves was causing serious trouble.

The next landmark of importance in Moltke's career was his appointment as personal aide-de-camp to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. This occurred on the 1st of September, 1855. The Moltkes were then obliged to leave Magdeburg, and Berlin henceforth became their permanent place of residence. In his new capacity Moltke went during the latter days of September, 1855, to Balmoral, there overtaking his prince, and returning with him almost immediately to Germany. May of the following year saw him again in the British Isles and later on—15th of August to the 12th of September, 1856—he spent some time in Russia. Then in June, 1857, he found himself once more at Windsor Castle, and in the following January paid his fourth and last visit to England, the occasion this time being his prince's marriage to the Princess Royal. Meanwhile, however, in October, 1857, Moltke had undertaken the duties of the central General Staff of the army, which appointment was formally conferred upon him on the 18th of September, 1858, after the death of General von Reyher.

Moltke's connection with Prince Frederick William was of the most friendly description, and the royal attentions paid to his wife were also very marked and cordial. The following anecdote is perhaps noteworthy. The Crown Prince and his young bride were once taking a walk in the Tiergarten and encountered the Moltkes similarly occupied. The prince, as he came up with them, with a smile exclaimed, "Excellency, I really think we are the two best matched couples in Berlin."

January, 1861, was the beginning of a new era in the history of Prussia, and the accession of King William I. to the throne opened the glorious decade which ended with the establishing of an "United Germany." In 1864 occurred the war with Denmark, which ended with the handing over of the Schleswig-Holstein provinces to the control of Prussia and Austria. In 1866 followed the campaign against Austria, which ended so disastrously for the latter upon the field of Königgrätz; and lastly came the Franco-Prussian War of

1870-71, followed by the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and the formal establishment of the German Empire.

This grand consummation of the ambition of every Prussian patriot Frau von Moltke was not, however, destined to see. Towards the end of 1868, when she and her husband were going one day to a bazaar, she was caught in a shower, which resulted in a severe rheumatic attack. From the 6th of December to Christmas Eve she lay enduring acute and torturing pains with wonderful patience, but gradually sinking, and in the course of the night she passed away. Her last words were a prayer for the king, and her last conscious act to place upon her husband's finger a ruby ring she had bought him as a Christmas present.

Some time before Moltke had purchased a pretty country seat—Creisau, in Silesia—and here in the grounds he caused a mausoleum to be erected above his wife's remains, where he now rests by her side. On it were engraved the words, "*Die Liebe ist des Gesetzes Erfüllung*" ("Love is the fulfilment of the law"). In the closing years of his life she was seldom absent from his thoughts; her name was always on his tongue. With his own hands he traced the tree of her genealogy, tenderly and with pride. I do not think that Moltke ever troubled himself much about his own pedigree; but he believed in the virtue of descent, and it was an inspiring thought to him that the woman whom he loved could claim descent from a royal house. And once again, how characteristic of her kindly sympathy with him are those verses, translated at the end of the present work, written by her to commemorate her wedding-day. Here, indeed, was a marriage of true minds, admitting no impediments.

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

LONDON,

March, 1896.



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MOLTKE'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, AND OTHER RELATIVES.



*Letter to Mrs. von Staffeldt (née von Brockdorff), at Kiel, the
Grandmother of his Betrothed.*

MOST GRACIOUS MADAM,

Allow me, by means of these lines, to recall myself to your kind recollection. The favourable manner in which you welcomed me the last time I was at Kiel, and the approval which you have expressed of Mary's* choice calls for the warmest gratitude on my part, and gives me great pleasure. It will be my sincere effort in this matter to justify your confidence in me.

It was with the greatest pleasure that I learned, through Count Brockdorff, that you had arrived without difficulty at your summer residence in the Viehburger Holz, and that you intended enjoying the fine summer at that retreat. I feel sure that you will experience the best results from this change of scene, which enables you daily to enjoy the fresh air in so beautiful a neighbourhood.

John's † time is very much taken up with the visits of his relations. He has taken them to all the castles, museums, and

* In 1841, Moltke engaged himself to the second daughter of Mr. John Heyliger Burt, the proprietor of the plantation of St. John, at St. Croix in the West Indies, and of an estate at Colton, near Lichfield, in England. This gentleman had migrated to Holstein when the Virginian Isles were handed over by England to Denmark. By his first wife, Ernestine von Staffeldt, he had three children, John, Jeanette, and Mary, and by his second marriage with Augusta von Moltke (Moltke's sister), two children Ernestine and Henry. At the time that Moltke became engaged, his sister was already married to Mr. Burt.

† He was studying at Berlin.

theatres of Berlin, and accompanied them yesterday to Potsdam, whence, this afternoon, the ladies continue their journey to Dessau *via* Wittenberg; but they have not yet definitely decided how much farther they will go.

I have already had a letter from my little Mary. She writes very charmingly, and as if she had become three years older all of a sudden. I entertain the hope of being able to come to Holstein for a short time this summer, and should be so glad if Burt would decide to come to Berlin for a few months in the autumn especially as he will not consent to the wedding taking place before Mary's sixteenth birthday. And, although the prospect of spending another winter alone in Berlin is anything but a cheerful one for me, I can, of course, make no objections to this delay when I think that it is for her good. There will be some difficulty in persuading Burt to move, and indeed, with his numerous household, it is no easy matter.

My father has written from Baden-Baden. He had not then received the joyful tidings, and will not now hear until he reaches Geneva, where I have written to him, *poste restante*.

Will you, dear madam, give my kindest regards to Miss Magnese, who has earned the gratitude of us all by her faithful care of you. Above all, I beg of you, dear madam, to accept the expression of the deep respect and attachment with which I have the honour to remain,

Your most obedient servant,

V. MOLTKE,

Captain on the Staff.

Berlin, 3rd June, 1841.

Letter to his Betrothed, who was at Itzchoe, in Holstein, with her Parents.

MY DEAR, SWEET LITTLE MARY,

You will have a letter from me this evening, for I cannot use the ten minutes that I have to spare better than in seeking you most lovingly in thought. My good wishes will bear you company to-morrow on your return journey. My best love to mamma, Jeanette, and papa, and be sure, my girl, that you, too, keep well and in good spirits. I am looking forward to your first English letter.

Any letters that come for me from Mina Brockdorff, Uncle

Paschen,* etc., please open and let me have their contents in an abridged manner. Now, good-bye, my heart's love, *my only dear Mary*.† I press you to my heart a thousand times.

Yours for ever,

HELMUTH.

(Undated).

Letter to his Betrothed.

MY OWN DEAR LITTLE MARY,

I have been here in Berlin two days now without you. During the business of the day,‡ your dear image has been forced into the background;

“Yet, when within our narrow cell
The lamp again doth brightly glow,
Our inmost parts reflect the light,
If we ourselves do truly know;”

then you live in my thoughts, I see your bright face, and even fancy sometimes that, in spirit, you are near me.

On my way hither my thoughts followed every step you took. I was following you on board the steamer, when the coach was carrying me over the Prussian frontier; and as the sun was setting, I seemed to see thin columns of black smoke rising up from among the green meadows at Itzehoe. Mamma had come to meet you at the landing place, the tea was steaming at home, my place was empty; but you were thinking kindly of me, and talking of all you had seen and done at Hamburg.

You would be already asleep, however, when our postchaise was rattling through the Linden. I hastened into my room, refreshed myself with a bath, and then duly reported myself, and made the necessary visits. The prince was no longer here, but had left his congratulations behind in writing. One of my first visits was to John, whom, however, I did not find at home. He came to see me this morning. I have still,

* Moltke's mother was a Paschen by birth. Uncle Paschen was her brother.

† Where Moltke writes in English, the words are italicized in this translation.

‡ Moltke was Adjutant-General in the IVth Army Corps, from 10th April, 1840, to 18th October, 1845. It was commanded by H.R.H. Prince Charles of Prussia. Colonel, the Baron von Reitzenstein was at the head of the General Staff, of the IVth Army Corps from 1840-44, and Colonel von Schlüsser from 1844-45.

however, a great deal to tell him, for his time has been much taken up by the visits of all the Lotten Brockdorffs, who arrived here the day before yesterday. I mean to go and see them to-morrow. They know you, and we can talk about you.

If I knew for certain that papa was coming to Berlin in the autumn, or before then, I would take some nice rooms for him at once, in a large new house next door to me. They are, it is true, on the third floor, but then they are two hundred thalers less than the corresponding rooms on the ground floor.

These rooms are only three hundred thalers, not including the stabling, which is in the next house, and I doubt whether I shall be able to find others as good at that price. The front rooms are very large, although not very lofty. There is a store place for wood, washhouse, etc., in the basement. The situation is the most desirable and most popular in Berlin after the Linden. In front of the house is Leipzig Place, at the back the Tiergarten. This house would hold papa, mamma, Jeanette, the small children and all the servants, if I still have my rooms next door, and I would have it furnished at once, so that the expense of living at Berlin would be little more than at Itzehoe.

I found a letter from my father awaiting me here, saying that he was still at Ilmenau, and asking me to write to him *poste restante*, Geneva, which I did at once. I am sure he will be heartily delighted to hear of our engagement.

The Ballhorns* all send their kindest remembrances, and look forward to seeing you again. Have you had no news from Uncle Paschen, and Mina Brockdorff?

A thousand kind remembrances to papa and mamma, as well as to Jeanette. I hope she will often pay us visits, for you will miss her very much. I am afraid you will feel very lonely at first, if you are entirely parted from the happy circle in which you have grown up, and where every one loves you so dearly. I only hope that I shall be able to make good to you everything that you will have to give up for my sake. Indeed, dear Mary, I earnestly pray to God to call me away

* One of Moltke's aunts, his father's sister, was married to Ballhorn. This family received Moltke with the greatest kindness when he left the Danish Army to take service in the Prussian, and he used to go to the house like one of their family.

first, if I am unable to make you happy. Let us, on both sides, bring forward goodwill and confidence, and leave the rest to God.

Sweet Mary, if you look to the south shortly after nine o'clock in the evening, you will see a brilliant star just appearing above the horizon. It is the same that my late dear mother so often admired. I never see it without thinking of her, and I cherish the faith that it is my lucky star. Think then of me.

You, poor girl, will soon have to make all the calls, with mamma, that I left unpaid. But it will often be your lot to have to conciliate people whom I may chance to offend by my reserved and often forbidding manner. You shall be my good angel in all things; and I will try my best to improve, so that I may be more worthy of you.

Now, good night, my dear Mary; sleep sweetly and peacefully, and, when you awake, think kindly of your

HELMUTH.

Berlin, 27th May, 1841.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Whit Monday evening, 1841.

DEAR MARY,

My letter to you of the 27th, which I think you will have just received, had hardly left here when the postman made me happy with your sweet letter of the twenty-sixth, which I read two or three times every day. Many thanks for the detailed description of your daily life. I can follow you now every hour, and know whether to look for you in the dressing-room, or in the kitchen; whether you are reading aloud or out walking. Perhaps you are at this moment sitting in the pleasant corner in the arbour, with the moon shining on you through the jessamine; perhaps you are looking in her pale face, which is also shining benignly in at my open window, as if she would bring me a greeting from you.

As you are reading my letters from Turkey, I am sending you by Lawitz and Koch some books of views, which are so good that I can fancy when looking at some of them that I am standing in the midst of the scenes. Nearly all the places contained therein are well known to me, and are mentioned in the book. But what does papa do while this reading out,

which can have no great interest for him, is going on? Is he still out of sorts?

By the same means you will receive a little remembrance from Naples. You good little soul, it touched me much that you would not allow the shabby old hat to be put away because it reminded you of the shabby old face that you used to see under it.

Mamma will, no doubt, show you her letter; and you will see from it what good hopes I entertain of seeing you again. At present everything is, of course, uncertain; but I shall soon be able to give further news. Do all you can to forward our plans. If you do not go to the seaside, I will come to Itzehoe, or, better still, we could meet at Cuxhaven. But I am particularly anxious that papa should come to Berlin in the autumn for as long as possible, and to this must Jeanette do her best to coax him. She knows exactly how to get round him, and can manage everything with her *nonsense*. Please give her a kiss from me, if she promises to do so. John sends a thousand greetings. He came to see me to-day.

Tell me everything, dear Mary, for I am interested in even the smallest detail. It is much more difficult for me to write for you do not know my surroundings. So soon as you become acquainted with Berlin, we shall have more ground in common for our letters. But kindly Itzehoe is so vividly pictured in my mind that I can think of you before me in any of the surroundings there. Have you had any more letters? I received a very kind and sympathetic one yesterday from Denmark from Mathilde Moltke,* and to-day one from my father, who will not receive the good news until he reaches Geneva. Do you generally go to Eichthal or to Klosterholz? Have you been to see the princess † lately? Have you heard from grandmamma? Is the grass green now? Has Ewald left off teasing you? Have you seen Cai Brockdorff? ‡ Do you wear your hair turned up? Is the blue muslin dress finished? Have you an answer from Wasmer yet? Hasn't Victor § written yet? Do you still love me a little bit? You see I have enough to ask.

* The wife of one of Moltke's cousins.

† Princess Juliana of Hesse, the Abbess of the convent for young ladies of rank at Itzehoe.

‡ Cai, Baron Brockdorff, belonging to the Kletkamp family, who shortly afterwards was engaged to Jeanette, the sister of Moltke's betrothed.

§ Moltke's youngest brother.

But now I will bring my silly letter to an end for to-day; the two long epistles to papa and mamma have quite tired me, and it is really rather hot. A thunder-cloud is lowering in the evening sky, and everything is thirsting for rain. The beautiful lawn in front of my windows is quite burnt. The vegetation, however, has become very much more advanced, for when I arrived the acacias were already in full bloom, whilst those in your district had hardly a leaf to show. They are already, too, selling cherries.

Good night, my sweet, dear, beloved little Mary; sleep well, and have pleasant dreams. God bless and preserve you! I will write you again soon. The postmaster will make his fortune by us, if you answer regularly. Good night, and if God will, a speedy meeting.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Thursday evening, 3rd June, 1841.

How much I long, dearest Mary, to hear again soon from you! Perhaps another letter from you is on the way; I will not wait for it, however, but will at once start another little talk with you. The full moon is shining right into my window; you will see it, too, to-day, no doubt. I wish it were a mirror, so that I could see your dear sweet features in it and your nut-brown eyes, and soft smiling mouth. Close by is the large star I wrote to you about. Often in the far away Asiatic steppes, when I had been riding all through the hot day, and night fell before the tired horses had reached their quarters, or when I had my carpet spread for a couch on the flat roof of my dwelling-place, this bright star used to make its appearance towards the south in the sunset glow, and, shining softly, seemed to say, "Ride in peace, and forget all care, you will yet find a heart that will love you!" And now I have found you, dear Mary; but the star of fate is in one's own breast, and every one is as happy as he deserves to be. If I should not be so with you, it would be because I am not so pure and good as you, and can never become so any more. The longer I live the more clearly I see that, even in this life, both good and evil bring their just recompense, with but few exceptions. And so, whatever your life may be outwardly, you

will always have the happiness of inward peace, for you are like a flower, lovely, gentle, and pure, and I pray God that He may keep you so.

I have had a letter from Uncle Paschen to-day; but there is not much in it except a scolding for mamma. He asked her to send him my address, and she forgot entirely to do so—a thing that is quite without excuse. He wants to know, and I am, therefore, to enjoin upon mamma to tell him—unless she again goes and forgets to write it—who the Mr. Ritter is, who wrote the preface to my book.* As she probably does not herself know this, I may as well inform her that Charles Ritter is professor of geology at Berlin, and one of the chief authorities on this subject now living.

To-day I have also written to Grandmamma Staffeldt. I have seen practically nothing of your brother John yet. He has been running about continuously with the lady visitors; they have left Berlin to-day, taking Potsdam on their way, and so there is no one with whom I can talk about you.

I should like very much to tell you how I spend my days here, but you know absolutely nothing about the people here or my present surroundings; and, moreover, my life here seems so empty and unimportant that I can't think of anything to say about it. I get up at six o'clock in the morning, have my bath, and then have my bottle of mineral waters brought to me at the Tiergarten, where I drink it and walk until eight o'clock. After that I return to the house, smoke a long pipe of Turkish tobacco, and have cocoa for breakfast. Next I get through my business correspondence, and at twelve o'clock go to make my report. As soon as that is over I make my necessary peregrinations through the streets, go to my restaurant, and, on my return home again, take up the paper, shake off the sleepiness which is induced by the Kissingen waters, and as soon as it is cool in the evenings, go for a ride on horseback. Then sometimes I look into the theatre for a little while, or go to see some friends, especially to the Vinckes, and come back about ten or eleven to my cheerful but lonely room, settle myself in a comfortable arm-chair near the window, and fly away in thought to you. Oh, dear Mary, I wish you were only here! Good night!

* "Letters on the state of Turkey, and events there during the years 1835-1839." Berlin, Posen, and Bromberg. Printed and published by Ernst Siegfried Mittler, 1841.

4th June, late in the evening.—*Dear, dear little Mary, God bless you! I kiss your hand and your eyes.*

5th June.—To-day, when I came back from dinner I found a letter from you, dear, dear Mary, and your handwriting at once improved my humour, which had been put out a little by business. How glad I am to read that you are happy; I trust you may always be so. By this time you must have received my letter of the 30th May, and have seen from it that I still cherish some hope of seeing you this summer, either at the seaside or at Itzehoe; but nothing definite can as yet be settled about it. I confidently expect, however, your papa to come here in the autumn.

Have you received the engravings yet from Altona, from Lawitz and Koch? There is among them a little map of the Bosphorus, and many of the views which are mentioned in the letters.

You ask: *Whether it be quite the same to me if you dance?* That is by no means the same to me; on the contrary, I wish particularly that you should dance—only not with people who wear tight boots—and amuse yourself in every way as much as possible. Lena* wrote that she was always sorry when she saw a part of any one's life effaced. God forbid that I should efface youthful days from your life. You will be a pretty young woman for many years to come, and shall, I hope, enjoy all the pleasures that the world has to offer any one like that. This world, dear Mary, has, of course, its enjoyments and attractions; but there are also bitter disappointments and griefs. I trust you will always be able to return gladly from the brilliantly lighted gilded halls to your own little home, and always be able, amidst the many attractive forms, to cherish the feeling that no one cares more truly for you than your old "bear" at home. Then all my wishes will be fulfilled, and you may go to as many balls, concerts, plays, and soirées, as you like. Besides, you ought to be able to dance well when you make your appearance here, and that is to be learned not at Mr. Rosenhain's, but at balls. Look, therefore, upon these as preparation, and keep an extra round in the cotillion for me in thought.

Give a thousand hearty greetings to Jeanette, and tell

* Moltke's sister, who was married to Bröker, the pastor of Utersen, in Holstein.

her that one pair of scissors has been out of order ever since the journey to Kiel. And whenever a journey to Berlin is talked about, she must say "papa" in her prettiest way. Good night, sweet Mary. It is very late; it is raining outside, and the sky is black, but everything is in want of rain. Sweet repose.

Sunday evening.—I rode over to Spandau, to-day, and on my return found letters from my father from Bâsle. He has changed his plans for his journey, and is not going to Geneva, so that he will now not get the news of our engagement until he reaches Munich. On the whole he writes very contentedly, and his journey seems to be going off capitally. He is well, and sends the kindest greetings to you all. I also found letters from Fritz,* who had held out the hope to me of a visit from him in July, but now writes that he would rather come to our wedding; and finally, one from Ludwig,† who is going about the middle of this month to Femarn, where he has taken rooms at two hundred thalers. He seems to be very well and happy.

At this moment I expect you are sitting round the tea-table, or mamma and Jeanette are at their music, papa is smoking a cigar, and you, my little Mary, doubtless think of me sometimes in my turbulent solitude. Write to me very often, dearest; your letters are such a happiness to me, and the smallest event in your life is of more interest to me than all the politics in the world. Now, I will not keep back this letter any longer; it shall go to-morrow. Adieu, dear good Mary.

Truly yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Tuesday evening, 8th June, 1841.

DEAR GOOD, SWEET, PRETTY MARY,

My last letter only left yesterday, but I cannot go to bed without saying a few words to you. I drove to Schönhausen to-day, and it took me exactly forty minutes to get back, a mile and a half (German), and yet your little Arab horses had not turned a hair, so that you see they

* An elder brother of Moltke, who was in the Danish army.

† A younger brother, also in the Danish army.

are in good condition. There was a terrific storm with rain last night, after a long drought, and nature has been very much revived thereby. When I got home I worked at my reports for to-morrow, sent off a number of letters, and now am having a rest. I had a very kind affectionate letter to-day from our relations at Ulm. The cousins* send their best compliments to you, and hope to present themselves to you in Berlin some day if we should not happen to go first to Ulm. They had heard from Fritz Moltke† from Karlsruhe where my old father won all hearts by his goodness; he purposes going to Ulm by way of Munich. My friend, Von Patow,‡ privy councillor of finance, and his wife also send greetings, and are looking forward to making your acquaintance. I expect that you are already asleep, dear soul, and that you fell asleep with me in your thoughts. I will do likewise.

Wednesday.—It seems to me a very long time, dear Mary, since I had a letter from you, but perhaps one is on the way. I expect an answer from papa and mamma also soon. I feel very lonely here, and in my thoughts I often transport myself to your midst. What a joy it is to be surrounded by those dear to us.

Have you received the things from Lawitz and Koch? How far have you got in your reading? Where is the ball to be at which you are going to dance? Have you not heard from Glückstadt? Oh, I have so much to ask, but what a long time elapses before one gets an answer! Are you working hard at your lessons? Give particular attention to French, especially from a conversational point of view. Oh, dear Mary, if you were only here!

Saturday, 12th.—How great was my delight on receiving your dear kind letter of the 6th inst., dear Mary. I have read it so often that I know it by heart. It gives me very much pleasure that you and Jeanette liked the things from Naples, and still more that you write so kindly and in such good spirits. I get fonder and fonder of you, and am counting the days till I shall see you again. But, in any event, quite a number of days must elapse, for I doubt whether I shall be

* The Wimpfens.

† A cousin of Moltke.

‡ Later Minister of Finance and Lord Lieutenant of Saxony, with whom Moltke was on the closest terms of friendship until his death.

able to get away before the end of July. I shall, nevertheless, do my utmost to get leave by the middle of July.

It is really very hard lines that papa will not come to Berlin again, as he promised me. As things are, he will have to consent to our wedding taking place in the winter, if possible, at the New Year. If I should be compelled to sit the whole winter long here in my armchair quite alone, I shall pine away, and it really cannot make any difference to you whether you are married three months sooner or three months later. I hope, on the contrary, that it will be all the better for you; for I will take care of you as the apple of my eye, you tender little plant. You agree with me, don't you, Mary, and will assist me to persuade him. I shall write to mamma too; we will get Jeanette to help us, and leave papa no peace till he consents. Then I will come to Itzehoe at Christmas, and we will have our wedding at the New Year, and make the journey to your new home. We will settle ourselves here in comfortable but simple quarters. That is better than launching out too much at first. We can increase our expenditure by-and-by. At first it will seem a little lonely to you, but we will have Jeanette in the spring; and when once we can arrange a comfortable, if small, dwelling for papa, we will get him and mamma to come too. And I by no means give up the hope of making a pleasant tour with you to Switzerland, Paris, and if our means suffice, to England. Whatever your papa can give you, you must have quite for yourself. I have all I need, and want nothing more but you, which is certainly a great deal.

John was here to-day. I am sorry to say he had received very bad news of your good and worthy grandmother. God grant that she may recover, or, if that may not be, at least, that she may suffer no pain, and, if it is His will, have a peaceful end. But Magnese's letter is very hopeless. I am glad that I wrote to the dear old lady, and it is a great satisfaction that our engagement pleased her so much. The memory of her shall always keep me in mind to do all I can to fulfil her wish of seeing you happy, dear beloved Mary.

I had a letter yesterday from Karlsruhe, from Fritz Moltke; all my relations write with such kindly sympathy that I am looking forward with great pleasure to introducing you to them. The letter came by Itzehoe. Another letter was from the board of the Berlin-Hamburg Railway, asking me to become

one of the directors. The worshipful committee may perhaps suspect that a certain charming little magnet attracts me in that direction, and that I have very especial reasons for wishing to make the communication with Hamburg as speedy as possible. I have gladly accepted the offer, as so useful an occupation has great attractions for me, and will necessitate many journeys to Hamburg.

Thank you for answering all my questions. When is Ewald's ball to take place? I want to be able to dance with you in thought. What dress are you going to wear? Tell me, too, with whom Jeanette dances the cotillion, whether it is with a certain C. B.? Send me a leaf from your *jessamine bower*. It is half-past ten, and our thoughts, no doubt, are one, sweet dear Mary. It has been raining here for several days, and, although it was clearing up this evening, you will certainly not be able to sit in the arbour. Perhaps I shall find you, now that papa and mamma have said good night, downstairs in your room at the writing-table, or you are already in bed, and talking *some nonsense* to Jeanette. But I will conclude my own *nonsense*. You will have difficulty in reading it; I have written so horridly bad, and in such haste. Adieu, dear, good, beautiful Mary; I kiss you tenderly. Favour me with another letter soon; keep merry and happy, and think kindly of the one who loves you so truly.

HELMUTH.

Sunday afternoon, 13th.—I have just received your kind letter of the 10th inst., dear Mary, dictated by your tender pious heart. Naturally the death of your dear and honoured grandmother must be a great grief to you. Let us hope that her blessing rests on you, and strive always to be mindful of her heartfelt wish that we might be united and happy. What a comfort it is if we have cheered the evening of her long and arduous life with a bright hope, may it never prove a false one. Adieu, sweet Mary; wipe away your tears, and keep the dear image of your venerable grandmother in your heart.

In sincere love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Wednesday, 16th June, 1841.

GOOD, DEAR MARY,

Late yesterday evening I received your so loving letter of the 11th inst. Every time you write you become dearer to me, and when I read your letters you appear to me four years older than when I see you.

It will be a pleasure to me to direct your reading in future, and I am quite willing that we should always begin with the Bible. We will also go to hear good preachers here, and I will promise not to go away when the plate comes round.

But I must warn you not to have too good an opinion of me, so that you may not be disappointed; indeed, you will have to be very patient and indulgent. Then, with God's will, all will go well.

As to the seaside, I think fourteen thalers a week for lodgings only excessively dear. To whom did mamma write? I should advise you to try writing to Heligoland on the subject. It is said to be much cheaper there, and the journey from Hamburg can certainly be made by steamer in a day. The journey to Faroe is much more troublesome, and dearer too, so that unless the cost of living is considerably less, it will come to the same in the end.

I have good reason to hope that I shall be able to leave here by the middle of July, and stay four weeks at the seaside, which will certainly do me and all of us a great deal of good. Mamma may reckon upon this, for only something quite out of the common could interfere with this plan. I am counting, too, the days until I see you again, my little coffee bean, and will have myself tied to the ship for greater safety.

My table is at present completely covered with railway papers. I am much interested in the matter, and I shall be very glad to take an active part in an undertaking so considerable and of such universal use. Some day we shall be able to start from Berlin at six in the morning, reach Hamburg at three o'clock, get on board the Itzehoe steamer, reach *the green meadows* in the evening, and have tea with mamma. There are of course a great many difficulties to be got over before this can be realized, and the Government of a certain northern State is not the least of them.

Has papa returned from Kiel yet? Please tell me what news he brings with him. It is very good of you to invite poor Magnese. How is Ernestine?* Has she begun her malt baths? I shall not inquire after brother-in-law Henry;* he is not likely to let anything disturb him.

A thousand hearty greetings to Jeanette. Is she very *thoughtful* now, or does she still talk *nonsense* sometimes?

We are having wretched weather here. Since the 1st of June there has been incessant rain, and at the same time it is *rather cold*, at least for such a tropical product as myself. I am very glad that Adolph † has not begun his journey yet. But the new moon is sure to bring back beautiful summer weather, and I hope that he will not put off his journey later than the twentieth. I have had no news from him direct. John sends his love to you all. He was deeply affected by the death of his grandmother; but, as her complete recovery was out of the question, he rejoices that her end was so easy, and takes comfort in the thought of her unchanged affection. She died on the 9th, just a month after our engagement. I have never at all laid your ring aside, ‡ although I have once or twice looked at the letters "M. B." inside. Sometimes, too, I smell your eau de Cologne to remind me of you. I even like Farina, just because his name is Jean and Marie.

Are you going on with your baths in spite of the bad weather? I have not left them off, and I drink my Kissingen waters every morning. In the evening, when you are taking your drive, I go for a ride in the Tiergarten, and round the Pheasantry. I hope we shall often go there together. I never drink coffee nor wine either, except a glass of champagne sometimes, when I dine out, as I did to-day. In the evening I settle myself in a green armchair and think, "If only Mary were here to make the tea and talk to me!" Instead of that the coachman brings my long Turkey pipe and a cup of cocoa, a rather insipid beverage. Then I usually write letters, and nearly always a few words to you. But I really must commend your industry as a correspondent. When the postman brings a letter from you, I put it on one side and

* These were respectively the bride's younger step-sister and step-brother.

† A younger brother of Moltke, who was in the Danish service.

‡ Moltke never took it off so long as he lived, and took precautions to prevent its being removed after his death.

finish all that I have to do first, that I may read it then two or three times undisturbed.

But I must end for to-day, for I am commanded to lunch with the Princess of Prussia. I would rather have lunch with you. Adieu, dear good soul,

With sincere love,

Always yours,

HELMUTH.

Please do not write "higher" order on the address. I am not entitled to that.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Sunday, 20th June, 1841.

YOU GOOD, DEAR MARY,

I cannot go to sleep without first heartily wishing you good night. I long so much to see you again, and to hold you closely in my embrace. Well, the three weeks will no doubt come to an end, but whether the seven months from August to April ever will, if papa persists in his determination, is more than I can say. There is no hope of my getting leave of absence again during those months, and to stop here alone all that time! Why, I shall come in the spring with my hair grey. Is there no chance for the autumn?

All these days I have been thinking of this time two years ago, for to-day is the anniversary of the ill-starred battle of Nisib. We had attacked the night before; and on this day, after the battle, we were riding till sunset towards Aintab, where I arrived dead tired, ill, and dispirited. But at this hour we were again in the saddle, and continued riding all night over the mountains, and also all the next day, with nothing to eat but half a biscuit, two onions, and a glass of water. To-day I was riding the same horse, and was thinking all the time that, next to God, I owe it to his legs that I am still moving about in the world. You can read *the sad account* in my letters.

I had a letter to-day from my cousin, Sophie Severin.* She says: "Please remind your Mary of our cousinship, and

* Sophie von Severin was the daughter of Moltke's father's brother, and so a Von Moltke by birth. She was married to the Imperial Russian ambassador to the Court at Munich. Previously she had been lady-in-waiting to the Empress Charlotte of Russia.

commend me to her kind thoughts, that I may greet her soon as a dear friend. It will give me so much pleasure to know this pretty Mary, for I am quite convinced beforehand that I shall like her." The Severins intend spending the winter in Italy, and have invited us to visit them there. What do you say to that, Mary?

I wish very much that mamma would decide on Heligoland. I have spoken here to some people who have spent holidays there, and they assure me that it is not at all dear, and very pretty on this ocean rock. Boats go there every day or every other day from Hamburg, and there is no time to be sea-sick, however much one may try. I do not believe the journey to Faroe is any less. Please let me know what you decide. I start from here on the 15th of July. Mamma must not take it ill of me that I am not writing to her, for a certain pretty little lady makes such demands on my awkward pen that there is no more time.

Good night, dear, sweet Mary. The watchman is whistling for the second time. Sleep sweetly.

Monday evening.—I have had letters from Munich, from my father; he is, I am sorry to say, going off without seeing the Severins. He complains of great pain in his shins, and means to start homewards, so that he may get to Wandsbeck by the middle or the end of July at latest. He says that letters are to be sent *poste rest.* to Brandenburg; so please, dear Mary, send me a few lines very soon to enclose to him. It would be as well also for mamma to send a few words. John sends love, and grumbles because no one writes to him. He makes some excuse for you, but very little for mamma, and none at all for Jeanette. We have just come back from the Tiergarten, where we have had supper out of doors, for the endless rain has now stopped and it is fine again.

Has papa got back from Kiel? and is there to be peace? Two years ago to-day I was lying in a wet field. A cold dew was falling, and we were so cold in our linen trousers without any cloaks, and so exhausted by all our exertions, that, in spite of the fatigue, we were unable to sleep. Our horses were hidden in the thicket so that they might not fall into the hands of any of the dispersed bands of fugitives, but they had grass enough to eat, whilst we had nothing. I awakened my comrade Laue before the sun rose. I had to shake him a long time, and he started up suddenly and grasped his

pistol, for we expected to be attacked at any moment. The poor horses had to set to work again, and the burning sun soon stood above our heads. We were so tattered that we might have asked for alms. It was a terrible time. Now I can go to bed in comfort, but if there was too much fatigue then, there is too much rest now. I wish I were with you.

Good night, dear beloved Mary, and write to me soon. When I cannot see you, your letters are my greatest happiness. Kind love to Jeanette. Continue to love your

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Glienicke, near Potsdam, 25th June, 1841.

DEAR BELOVED MARY,

I duly, and with the greatest pleasure, received your kind letter ended on Sunday, the 20th, and hope, as you meant to go to Glückstadt on Monday, to have news of you from Adolph. The confusion in which I live at present is to blame for my not having written you for several days, for I am on duty with the prince, and have to be in attendance on him for eight days here, at his country place on the Havel. But I have often thought of you, and especially in the evenings when I was sure that you were thinking of me, and your beloved image still hovers near me after I fall asleep.

You write that it is hardly possible for our wedding to take place before next spring, "because there is still so much sewing to be done." That is a pretty reason! All the things can be got ready-made, and I will undertake to get your whole trousseau in Berlin in eight days. Well, if God will, I shall be with you in the course of three weeks, and we can talk further about it.

Glienicke, 25th June, 1841.

I wish I had your company as I wander through the delicious park here. The lawn, as far as the eye can reach, is of the freshest green; the hills are covered with most splendid foliferous trees, and the river and lakes wind their blue track through a landscape in which castles, villas, gardens, and vineyards lie scattered about. Undoubtedly the park of Glienicke is one of the loveliest in Germany. It is almost incredible what art has made of this barren spot. A steam-engine is

at work from morning to night raising water out of the Havel up to the sandy heights, whence it creates fertile meadows, where, without it, there would be nothing but heather. A glorious waterfall roars over a series of cliffs under the arch of a bridge, which one would almost think must be swept away with the violence of the current; after which, the water rushes suddenly down a distance of fifty feet into the Havel, over a spot where wise dame Nature would never have thought of throwing a pail of water, since the thirsty soil would at once have absorbed it. Trees of forty feet in height, and which would require about forty years to produce, are planted about; and immense blocks of stone lie scattered over the place, which no geologist, when questioned about their probable origin, would ever think of tracking to the country of Westphalia by way of Bremen and Hamburg. The mosses which adorn the stones come from Norway, and the little boat on the water from England. Beautiful fountains ascend to a height of thirty feet, and marble statues gaze at you from under the blossoming lemon trees. The courtyard upon which my windows look down is lovely. In the centre of a grass plot, which is like a green velvet carpet, stands a most tasteful fountain, and round about is a verandah covered with passion-flowers and clematis. I feed upon the hope of one day being privileged to show you all these fine things.

Yesterday we were at Sanssouci with the king, where the celebrated Pasta sang at a concert at which the most talented artists we possess competed. In the evening, supper was served on the terrace by moonlight, under the huge orange trees. The air was deliciously warm, and the drive home a thorough pleasure. The distance is about a mile (German), but I don't think we took more than twenty minutes to cover the distance with our splendid horses.

27th June, 1841.

Yesterday morning we went by rail to town, but returned here in time for dinner. This morning we drove to a little church in the forest, which the king and queen also visited. At midday we lunched at Sanssouci with the king, and presently we start for the theatre at Potsdam to hear the Italian opera. I wish you had heard *di tanti palpiti* sung by Pasta yesterday; it is really magnificent. To-morrow we go by rail to Berlin, where I hope to find a letter from you. By midday

we shall be back here again. Adieu, dear Mary, what good is anything to me without you?

Tuesday, 29th.

Yesterday morning, on reaching Berlin, I found Adolph, who had just arrived. He seemed to be very well and in good spirits. We were together until midday; we went to the station, where he saw the royalties, and afterwards had a ride in the Tiergarten.

To-day is my prince's birthday, and I must conclude, as the court is filling fast with visitors. The king himself is coming. We have a *déjeûner dinatoire* of fifty covers, to which only the principal officials are invited, after which there is to be a water party to Peacock Island.

Berlin, 3rd July, 1841.

My letter has been waiting several days, dear Mary, as I was looking daily for one from you, particularly one from you for my father. But up to the present nothing has arrived from you, so I have had to send my letter to Brandenburg without my enclosure from you. Do not on any account omit to congratulate my father on his birthday, which takes place on the 12th of July, and address your letter, *poste restante*, "Wandsbeck," as it will be too late now to write to Brandenburg.

Adolph is still here with me, and intends to remain another eight days. We went to Potsdam yesterday. He sends kindest remembrances to you all. There is no proper opportunity of writing to you undisturbed, dear Mary, so I prefer to close my letter. I start for Hamburg about the middle of the month, and hope to receive news from mamma there, if none comes before, as I do not at all know upon which seaside place you have decided. I trust this long silence is not caused by the illness of any of you. Adieu, dear beloved Mary; I press you to my heart.

For ever yours,

HELMUTH.

Saturday, 3rd, late.

My own dear, dear, sweet little Mary,

I have just fetched my letter back from the post in order to tell you that yours of the 28th ult. has just come,

and that I have sent the enclosure for papa straight to Brandenburg. How sweet is your delight at the prospect of our speedy meeting! Oh, dear Mary, the only thing that troubles me is the thought that you think too well of me, and that by-and-by you will be disappointed in me. Adolph says that you have grown both in size and prettier in this short time. Sweet Mary, if I only succeed in making you happy and contented for a few years I shall then die quite content.

“Then, may the passing bell appal,
Then art thou from thy service free;
The clock may stop, the index fall,
Time! turn no more his glass for me!” *

You see, I have been to see “Faust” this evening. After the third act, however, I returned home in order to write to you. Adolph and John were with me at the theatre. I am looking forward to the pleasure that the fine plays at the Berlin theatre will give you.

You are very good to be so industrious in the kitchen. Your cooking will taste good for me. We will have few dishes, nothing but good plain food without spice, simply prepared—will we not? I hope Jeanette will accept our invitation to dinner, and stay a few months with you sometimes, unless she prefers a table of her own. How is C. B.? Is Jeanette *very thoughtful*? Give her my love. I hope soon to hear from mamma on which seaside place you have fixed. I should certainly prefer Heligoland, but am quite ready to go to any other. I will send word for certain on which day I shall arrive in Hamburg. I shall have some railway business which will detain me two or three days on the way, but hope to arrive at Hamburg on the 17th at latest. Let me also know when you will be there.

Now, good night, you dear sweetheart. How I will press you to my heart when once I have you again. Adieu, adieu.

Yours for ever,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed from Moltke's Father.

Brandenburg, 4th July, 1841.

MY DEAR MARY,

It has been my dearest hope for some years, especially since I have watched you growing up so good, that

* Goethe's “Faust” (Birch).

my Helmuth might be made happy by your hand. Your mother, with whom I have often talked about it, will confirm this. You can therefore imagine how great my joy was when Helmuth sent me the good tidings. You will now no longer be my dear grandchild, but my still dearer daughter-in-law, to whom I herewith send a father's blessing. May God prosper your intention, and grant you both all the happiness that is permitted to mortals.

You will have for your husband a man who is in every way good and excellent, and a faithful guide for your life, whose firm resolve is to make you happy. Love him tenderly; there is no one who wants it more. I do not doubt that your love will suffice to make him happy. Be always cheerful about him and with him; tell him openly, too, of all your troubles, should you ever have any cause for these. Then you will make for yourself a heaven on earth. Good days and evil days both come in this life, and you have already experienced this. For your joy in your betrothal was still new when death took from you the grandmother who was so universally respected—a death which to me too was a great grief, for I also was one of those who highly esteemed and admired her.

I received a letter from Helmuth to-day, dated June 28th, from Glienicke, where he must be with his prince. I hope to reach Berlin to-morrow and see him there.

And now adieu, my dear little daughter. But still a word. You know that I have the pictures of all my daughters and daughters-in-law, and I should very much like to have yours too. You would give me a great pleasure by sending it; but it must be done in crayon, the same size as the others.

Remember me most kindly to your father and Jeanette. I shall write to your mother a special letter. With sincere love, and in the hope of soon being

YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW.

Letter from Moltke to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Friday evening, 9th July, 1841.

YOU GOOD, DEAR LITTLE MARY,

Your kind letter of the 4th of the present month has been waiting several days for my answer, and even now I cannot tell you exactly on which day I shall arrive, nor

have I yet heard from you as to which watering-place you have decided upon. My uncertainty is occasioned by the request of the railway directors that I should undertake to inspect the line to Hamburg with a government official. It is, however, by no means sure that this official will be as anxious to start at once as I am. If he cannot do so, or not until some weeks hence, I shall start on Wednesday alone, and arrive on Friday the 16th at Hamburg (Streit's Hotel), as I have other business matters to see to on the way. But if this official is ready to start in four or five days, I shall have to wait for him, and should then probably not arrive before the 20th or 22nd. In that case it would be better for you to go alone to the seaside, and leave me to follow you. But I hope to know something more decisive before despatching this letter. This evening, about seven o'clock, I rode to Schönhausen, one and a half miles (German) from here, in order to talk the matter over with some one, and have just got back. To-morrow I shall ride to Templow, and drive in the forenoon to Potsdam to make final arrangements if possible; and to-morrow evening this letter shall go, so that you will have it on Tuesday.

I hope you received my last letter from Glienicke last Tuesday as you expected. Father also wrote to you, and you will doubtless have received his letter. He came to see me here. I took my horse to fetch him from Spandau on Tuesday, and gave him and all the Ballhorns a pleasant dinner; on Wednesday we dined—Adolph, of course, with us—at the Ballhorns'; and yesterday I took papa back to Spandau, whence he was going to Nauen, where he had left his carriage and horses. He was very well and cheerful, although the pain in his shins continues. He sends his love to you all. He is going to Wittstock from here, to see his former estate, Liebenthal, once more, and then on to Stavenhagen in Mecklenburg to Lowzows, where he will arrive on his birthday. He wants to be in Wandsbeck by the 20th, and hopes to find a few lines there with your good wishes.

Adolph left on Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, by railway for Jüterbogk, from which place he purposes going to Dresden (Saxon Switzerland, and perhaps Prague), and after that to Kissingen. I think he enjoyed himself here very much on the whole. He saw "Don Juan," "Faust," and the "Glass of Water" at the theatre.

I have had a visitor from Constantinople, the chancellor of the embassy, with whom I took a long ride this morning, so that I have not wanted for exercise. The weather is quite April, now rain, now sunshine, as it is in life all over, but with more sunshine than one generally finds in the latter, except when one is engaged to a sweet little girl, as I am. Then one is sure that behind the clouds the sun is shining all the same. How I am looking forward, sweet Mary, to seeing your dear brown eyes again. Adolph tells me I shall not know you, you have grown so much since I saw you. I, on the contrary, look wretched after my Kissingen waters, and hope that the sea-bathing and your presence will do me a great deal of good. All the same I am like a trained horse, nothing but muscle and bone, with great staying power, though apparently badly nourished.

My kind love to mamma, papa, and sister Jeanette. And now good night, you dear sweet Mary; sleep sweetly and wake happy.

Sunday, 11th July, 1841.

A letter from Hamburg always used to come on Sunday, but unfortunately there is none to-day, and I have not the least idea what arrangements you have made about your journey. I will therefore just send off this letter.

I have arranged to meet the Mecklenburg civil engineer on the 15th, at Ludwigslust, and shall travel over the line with him, which may take four or five days. I hope to be in Hamburg by the 18th or 19th, but expect to have some urgent business there, which may be of great importance to us later.* So I advise you to make your seaside journey independently of me if you have decided on anything, even if I do not get to the place until a few days later. I am very sorry indeed, dear Mary, that my meeting with you should be deferred these few days, but the matter is really of considerable importance. You must certainly not put off your journey after the 20th. Let me find news from you waiting at Streit's Hotel.

There is a steamer which touches at Cuxhaven, Heligoland, Wangeroo, and Norderney. All this writing and inquiring is useless. The best thing is for you to take the

* Moltke had shares worth 10,000 thalers in the Berlin and Hamburg Railway.

steamer, and go to the hotel for two or three days, and then take such lodgings as you find suitable: a few thalers more or less does not make much matter. Cuxhaven is dear, and *mere brackish water*. Norderney I know from experience to be cheap and good. Heligoland and Wangeroog are also recommended. Make up your minds to something without further delay. I am ready for anything; but it is very desirable that I should go to the seaside, and I should not like to give it up. I start from here on Tuesday. I am in great haste, and must conclude for to-day. Till we meet again,

Always your very loving

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Harburg, 21st August, 1841.

I made an effort on the steamer yesterday to write you a few lines, but the motion of the vessel disturbed me. The journey from Heligoland was very pleasant, and I don't think that you can do better than go by the "Patriot," the motion of which is so gentle that it is impossible to be sea-sick. Even the ladies kept perfectly well, only those who were particularly nervous lying down on deck.

The little rock-island quickly disappeared from our view; by-and-by the red Tonne was seen, and then the vessels which hove in sight became more and more numerous. These last went past us at full speed, and included two large English steamers, which made plenty of noise as they proceeded on their way.

After that, we passed Glückstadt, and at six o'clock we arrived at Hamburg. After a splendid night's rest I came on to this place by a very fast steamer, the "Primus," and here I will remain until two o'clock this afternoon, when I go by the express coach to Hanover, which I ought to reach about six o'clock to-morrow morning. The weather here is magnificent, and already I begin to feel good effects resulting from the sea-baths which I have been taking on *terra firma*. I cannot deny that it seems to me as if I had at last escaped the prison which held me, and which, but for the fact that you were chained to me there, I could not have supported much longer. The vegetation in Harburg itself seems to me

to be quite tropical, for there are trees of over six feet in height; as to horses and carriages, these have become in my sight quite a novelty.

I sincerely hope the remainder of your banishment on the rock will soon be over. You will be very glad to see Itzehoe again, and have doubtless all derived much benefit from your long stay at the seaside. Cheer up, dear Mary; distance is the least of the things that have power to divide people from one another, and we shall soon be together again. As your life is so regular, I know where to seek you in thought at any hour in the day, and I will give you news of my doings.

Adieu for the present, dear, beloved Mary. Give my kind love to mamma, papa, and Jeanette.

Ever, with faithful love, yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Pyrmont, Monday evening, 23rd August, 1841.

More than once to-day I have thought, "If only Mary were here to climb the hills and admire the beautiful views with me!" It is very lovely here in Pyrmont, and I certainly prefer a broad hilly landscape to the sublime monotony of the sea. I only hope you have escaped from your island without sea-sickness, and as these lines will hardly reach you in Heligoland now, I shall send them direct to dear Itzehoe.

I am looking forward to finding news from you at Magdeburg, my good dear Mary, and hope to learn that the sea has done all of you, especially little Ernestine, a great deal of good.

After writing the few lines which I sent you yesterday from Harburg, I went to the coach, and drove all night and the following day, making the journey to this place without a single stoppage. Hanover is a miserable, dull town; but from Hameln, where you cross the Weser, onwards the country begins to get hilly, and Pyrmont lies in a broad valley which has beautiful wooded slopes. It is a well-built place, and is distinguished for its high trees and the most magnificent avenues of limes which I have ever seen. The springs taste very well, and the bath feels as if you were bathing in effervescing champagne. Next to me in the express coach

sat a man who had been in Brazil, Archangel, Havannah, and the North Cape, and whose conversation entertained me greatly. I heard here that he is Commander Abendroth of Cuxhaven, and son of the burgomaster of Hamburg. In company with him and his family, I have just made a donkey excursion on the mountains. I like the place so well that I intend remaining here until to-morrow.

And now good night, sweet Mary. I can still see you with the parting tears in your dear brown eyes. Sleep sound.

Pyrmont, 24th August, 1841.

This forenoon it rained. I drank several glasses, took a cold douche-bath, and read the papers. At dinner-time I sat next a Dr. Ebeling of Hamburg, who asked me if I was related to Herr von Moltke of Liebenthal—that is to say, my father. He then told me that in my native place, Parchim, his parents had lived next to mine. At that time father kept large greyhounds, and Dr. Ebeling, who was then but a boy of ten years of age, had been so afraid of them, that one day, in a fright, he jumped into the Elbe, when my mother, having heard about it, sent him a few cakes.

As the afternoon turned out fine I climbed a very steep mountain, on the summit of which is the castle of Schellpyrmont, and I enjoyed there a splendid view by sunset. To-night we had a concert, at which the Prince of Waldeck, to whom Pyrmont belongs, the Crown Prince of Bavaria and the Prince of Württemberg were present. The last mentioned is here, it seems, upon an affair of the heart, and the young Princess of Waldeck looks exceedingly pretty. To-morrow there is to be a ball at the castle, but I must prosecute my wanderings somewhat farther. I only wish we had had the society of Pyrmont in Heligoland; we have here a great number of nice people.

I wish, dear Mary, you would write a few words to me every day, and say what you have been doing. Of course, both here and with you, there will be much that seems of no importance to the writer; but I shall read it with interest. It is, as a rule, the little everyday details that make the charm of intercourse, and the history of many days goes to make at last the history of a life. I embrace you, beloved Mary. Sleep sound.

Göttingen, Friday evening, 27th August.

Last Wednesday, having sent on my portmanteau to the coach, I walked cheerfully over the wooded mountainous heights, from which, in the bright sunshine, I enjoyed a glorious view of the valley of Pymont as it lay spread out at my feet. Having proceeded as far as the beautiful ruins of the ancient castle of Polle, I descended again to the banks of the Weser, and, passing through a forest of knarled oak trees, reached Corvey in the evening. It was already dusk, and the narrow crescent of the moon illuminated the darkness only very feebly. I sauntered, however, round three sides of the old abbey, which is surrounded by lofty walls and moats. The immense convent and the church, with its two-pointed towers, stood out so quiet and solemn in the starry night that involuntarily, as I stood dead tired at the fourth side of the ruins, the legend of the enchanted castle without a door entered my head.

Corvey was founded as early as the reign of Charlemagne. The third prior of the place erected the two towers; and his successors gradually enlarged the building, to such an extent that it now contains as many as six hundred windows, while its adjuncts have also about as many windows as the abbey is old in years. From this place it was that Saint Ausgarius, who converted the North, and who suffered martyrdom by stoning near Schleswig on the Danevirke, started; here it was that the first Christian king of Denmark was baptized; and this was the convent of which each prior, who had to be elected from among the twenty noble prelates of the place, was a prince of the realm, and had a seat and voice in the council of the nobles. This state of matters actually continued down to the time when Napoleon Bonaparte had the map of Germany redrawn. During the recess of parliament in 1803, the abbey of Corvey was, after having been in existence for twelve hundred years, dissolved, like many other institutions of the kind. At present the immense building belongs to the Prince of Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst.

My hostess was a secular nun from the Cistercian convent at Halberstadt. Thirty years ago she had been expelled from the peaceful walls in which she had lived, and in which she expected to have ended her days. She had entered the place as a girl of fifteen, and had at the time when she was

expelled passed there twenty, as she is fond of saying, happy years. Nowadays, instead of her black and white garments, she wears civilian clothing; but she is bound to observe her vow to eternity, though I don't suppose that is a very difficult thing now for her to keep.

Yesterday I walked, in a thick morning haze, through beautiful avenues of chestnut trees, from Corvey to Höxter, where a splendid bridge crosses the Weser. The view from the slope of the town, the abbey and the stream, is an exceedingly agreeable one. Over smiling fields, and along the steep border of the valley, I followed the Weser upwards, and at midday, under a broiling sun, reached first the old castle of Herstelle, and almost immediately afterwards Karlshaven. At Karlshaven, which lies between lofty wooded mountains, I passed the night.

To-day, long before sunrise, I drove by the coach to Kassel, and thence, by way of Hanoverian Münden, to this place. The view of Kassel and Wilhelmshöhe is magnificent, but the position of Münden, with its old towers and walls and convents at the junction of the Werra and Fulda, each of which comes out of thickly wooded forest glens, is even more romantic. The whole route to Göttingen is exceedingly interesting.

To-day has been a most beautiful clear sunny day, and I have enjoyed a perfect calm. I only hope that with you it has been just the same. When you embarked I glanced up at the Hercules on the Wilhelmshöhe to ascertain the time, and I reckon that when you landed at Glückstadt I was already here, and that at the present moment, when I am writing to you, you are sitting down to tea at Itzehoe, for it is now eight o'clock.

I trust you have all got back well and happy. Good night, my heart's Mary.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Goslar, 29th August, 1841.

Last night I arrived here at the northern base of the Harz Mountains. I drove, the day before yesterday, in a one-horse vehicle which I hired at Göttingen, through splendid weather, to Herzberg, which is on the south of the Harz Mountains. On the road I picked up a student from Göttingen,

and with him I wandered on foot from Herzberg, at the foot of the mountains, right into them. The heat, however, was intense, and the midday sun was reflected from the rocky sides as from a glowing furnace. I got as high as a very beautiful ruin called the Scharzfels, which was taken by the French in the Seven Years' War and by them destroyed. Nature did everything she could to make this castle impregnable, for its foundation rests on a perpendicular sandstone rock, forty feet in height, on the summit of the Waldberg, so that it can only be entered by climbing up a flight of steps. Bombardments or mines would be, under such circumstances, of no use. Only treachery or famine could force a castle so situated to capitulate. It reminded me of Sayd Bey Kalessi.

I passed the night at Lauterberg, a mountain town in which a hydropathic establishment has been instituted. The same evening I took a remarkable walk, among lofty beech trees, to the so-called "giant donche," which is situated about three-quarters of an hour from the town, in a forest cave, and there I took a second bath before leaving Lauterberg for Andreasberg.

The valley on the road to the latter place is exceedingly beautiful. High steep banks with thick forests enclose it. Gradually you ascend from the region of the beech trees to that of the pines, which at first only appear upon the summits, but finally line the whole road. Close to Andreasberg, however, the mountains get bare, and the disgusting arsenic steams which rise from the silver works fill the valley there with smells. The poor human wretches who work in this place receive one thaler a day; for that paltry sum they sell their health and life.

Before the heat reached its height, I arrived at the inn at Andreasberg, where I regaled myself with excellent Brunswick beer and trout, then hired a vehicle and drove to Clausthal and Altenau. In the afternoon, at three, I continued my journey on foot, and sauntered cheerfully down the valley of Ockerthal. The farther that one descends the slope of this valley the more wildly romantic does the country become. The road here had to be hewn out of the ragged and almost perpendicular granite walls, and frequently passes as much as three hundred feet above the surface of the foaming torrent.

The sun had already set by the time that I saw the many towers, the high walls, and the beautiful linden trees of the old imperial town of Goslar. This is certainly one of the most interesting towns in Northern Germany, and, I believe, the Emperor Henry was exceedingly fond of it. One portion of the old imperial castle is still preserved, as also is the fine town hall, containing the imperial portraits. Of the celebrated cathedral nothing now remains except the atrium. Altogether, a great deal has been demolished, and the town no longer fills its wide girdle of stone. Its iron dress has become much too large for it, so much has it shrunk during those seven centuries.

After the heat of the day and my long twelve hours' march I regaled myself, at an excellent inn, with a first-rate supper, consisting of salmon-trout and roasted pigeons. To-day I sauntered about the town, and in the afternoon I purpose driving to Harzburg, and later on in the evening I shall proceed by rail to Brunswick by way of Wolfenbüttel.

Here, in the Harz district alone, more roads have been formed during the last six or eight years than the kingdom of Denmark has been able to create during the whole period of its existence; so that there is here plenty of ground for me to reconnoitre.

To-day the heat is intense, and I am very glad that I do not require to walk much. I have been carrying your Harz-journey mackintosh over the mountains on my arm, like a shawl.

A rather disagreeable circumstance has occurred. I despatched my portmanteau from Göttingen addressed *poste restante* here, but, though on foot, I have arrived here before the Hanoverian coach, so that it has not yet come to hand. I suppose there is no other course left open to me but to buy a change of linen at Brunswick to-night.

Is it as hot as this at Itzehoe? If you have not changed your habits I shall find you often at breakfast, dinner, and tea, in the garden or out walking. Adieu, sweet Mary; I cannot send off this letter, as the first part is in my portmanteau. The moment I have my things again it shall be despatched.

Brunswick, Tuesday noon.

In the cool of the evening yesterday I drove in the diligence by the beautiful road on the north side of the Harz

Mountains to Harzburg. The Brocken and the Brockenhaus, which are so frequently enveloped in clouds, lay on this occasion clear before me, and the ruins of the old Kaiserburg displayed themselves in the distance beyond the long well-built villages, the avenues of fruit trees, the bleaching grounds, the iron mines, and the smelting furnaces, and beyond the fertile plain which extends itself on the north side. Here and there also a lonely watch-tower lifts its head, reminding one of old unsettled times. The castles are in ruins, but the hut of the poor man has advanced to the status of a comfortable house.

At six o'clock the train of carriages on the railway was started, but that not by horses nor yet by steam. A couple of workmen it was who pushed the carriages with their heavy freight of persons and goods a few steps forward, and then left them to their fate. With ever-increasing speed they ran down; soon trees, fields, and bridges flew past our eyes, so that only a first-rate horse going at full speed could possibly keep pace with us. We arrived at the terminus Vienenburg in about eight minutes, having in this short space of time traversed one and a quarter German miles. The whole thing is accomplished by the influence of gravity, for the railway is on an incline from the foot of the Harz onward, and so when once the mass is set in motion its weight urges it forward, and that with such force that it can only be brought to a standstill by the application of brakes to the wheels. You must not, however, imagine that the incline upon which it goes is a steep one. On the contrary, it is so slight that you can hardly notice it. The smoothness of the rails does the rest.

From Vienenburg to Schladen the railway has not yet been completed, and between these places one is conveyed in vehicles drawn by horses. But from Wolfenbüttel to Brunswick they put in front of you a fire-snorting steed which accomplishes the four miles in three-quarters of an hour without losing its breath. The night was very mild, and the full moon shone so brightly that the whole country could be distinctly seen, even the Brocken being perfectly clear.

This forenoon I glanced at the town with its many fine churches and splendid promenades, and I also saw the grand new castle which has been erected in lieu of the old one which was burned down by the inhabitants of Brunswick.

How much I should like to peep into your drawing-room a moment! If you are not in the kitchen, you will no doubt be sitting in the armchair by the window and sewing. Jeanette, I expect, is at her music, mamma knitting red socks, and papa reading Byron. Ernestine is asleep, I hope; as for the boy, he is doubtless sitting up in his crib and crowing with delight.

Schilcke, Wednesday evening.

I am writing these lines to you from the Blocksberg; at all events, from its base. Schilcke is the highest inhabited place on the Harz, with the exception of the Brockenhaus. As it is at present enveloped in thick clouds, and as I have ascended it on a previous occasion, I have given up the idea of climbing it. The views obtained from the summits of mountains of over the average height are all pretty much the same. The surrounding objects, the average distance of which is three or four miles, are dim, and you see practically nothing except blue and grey masses, so that you might just as well imagine that you look from the summit of Etna as from that of the Brocken. The more beautiful districts, on the contrary, lie at the base of the mountain chain, and to several of these I to-day made excursions. I was on my feet at five o'clock this morning, and did not return to my lodgings until six o'clock in the evening. The intense heat has stopped, and to-day we had several showers. At last I have brought Mr. Mackintosh into requisition, and found him very useful, while on his part he seemed as if he had appreciated my having carried him in my arms, like a child, for eight days long in the sun.

I shall write to Magdeburg, and cause the letters which have gone there to be forwarded to Halberstadt, so that I may not have so long to wait for news of you, for perhaps you have written to me there. Good night, dear sweet Mary; I am very tired, and shall go to sleep without a cradle song.

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Dresden, 8th September, 1841.

Your kind loving letter, dear Mary, from Heligoland, which gives me news up to the eve of your departure from that island, reached me in Magdeburg on my way through, and

its perusal has given me great pleasure. It is quite true, my good Mary, that you express your thoughts much better in writing than by word of mouth. This is accounted for by me, not only by your disposition, but also by mine, which is marked by a reserve that, in my case, is the result of the adverse circumstances in which my youth was passed, and which naturally reacts on others. But that you possess power of thought and depth of feeling is proved by your letters, and especially by this one.

You ask me to tell you anything in you or your ways that does not please me, so that you may alter it. Now I will tell you candidly that, when I come to think of it, everything I find in you pleases me, but not what I find in myself. You only need to go on as you are doing, and you will be a very charming and excellent wife; but there is much in myself that I cannot alter now, and if it is really the truth, and not merely your consideration for me, that leads you to say how happy and contented you are with me, I devoutly thank God for it. The different manner of feeling caused by the disparity in our age makes it impossible for me, without insincerity, to offer you the lively emotion that speaks in your beautiful eyes, and that you have a right to expect returned. I can be nothing better than the "Bear" in Miss Bremer's novel, "The Neighbours," with which I think you are acquainted. But I hope, nevertheless, all will be well. You are so good and loving; may God preserve you to me thus. We generally found we had nothing to talk about when we were together; that is because as yet you have naturally seen little, experienced little, and read little—in a word, that we had only one thing to say, and that we knew already and felt without talking about it. But if youth be a defect, you are sure to improve every day; and when we have once shared joy and sorrow together, there will be no lack of topics for conversation. One thing is certain; I shall be both happier myself and appear more amiable to you if I see that you are really satisfied with your future lot. My peculiar temperament is to blame for the misgivings, and the sweetness of your disposition to thank for the bright hopes I cherish.

I cannot understand how it is that you did not receive in Heligoland the hasty letter I wrote in Harburg the day after I left. In that case you can have had no news of me

for a long time, although I wrote to you nearly every day, for my second letter was sent from Wernigerode at the end of the last month.

How did your sea passage go off? You had very fine weather, I hope. How is Ernestine after it? The rest of you are doubtless all well.

After completing my reconnoitre in the Harz, I drove to Magdeburg, and thence by train to Leipzig. The train left at four o'clock in the afternoon, and flew over the plain of Magdeburg, across the splendid bridge of thirty stone pillars which spans the Saale, rushed past Cöthen and Halle, and reached Leipzig in the evening at a quarter to eight. The distance being fifteen miles, that is to say about the same as that between Hamburg and Eckernförde, it follows that we made the journey, stoppages at the stations included, at the rate of about a mile in twelve minutes. Were the train to proceed without making any stoppages one would reach Leipzig in about two and a half hours, thus going over a mile in about eight minutes.

Your mackintosh, which did such good service in keeping the water off me, preserved me on the present journey against fire. As the weather was fine, and as I wished to see the scenery along the whole line, I sat in an open compartment of the train, for which reason I was exposed to the many sparks which fell from the engine, and to safeguard against which one generally wears spectacles manufactured specially for the purpose from common window glass.

I stayed at Leipzig overnight, and then came on here by rail *en route* for Dresden. The entire distance of Magdeburg from this place is thirty-one miles, and, deducting the stay at Leipzig, was covered in eight hours and a quarter. The long lofty viaducts which cross the Mulde near Wurzen and the Elbe near Riesa, and over which the trains go with extraordinary speed, are very fine. The second of these rests upon as many as sixty-four pillars. Close to Oberau you pass through a tunnel which is bored through rock to a length of nine hundred yards.

To-day I visited the beautiful Picture Gallery, while last evening I went to an operatic performance, the "Liebestrank" of Donizetti, at the new theatre not far from me. This theatre is about the finest building of the kind which I know. It is not quite so large as Saint Carlo at Naples or Della

Scala at Mailand, but is more beautiful than either of these, and to be compared only with the Fenice Theatre at Venice. It is splendidly illuminated by gas, and so light is it that no matter how far a person may be sitting from you you can easily recognize him.

How much more pleasure all that would give me if I could show it to you! Well, I hope we shall soon make a nice journey together. To-morrow I return to Leipzig, and from there to Berlin, by the railway which was opened for the first time last Friday. There I hope to find news from you.

Good-bye, dear sweet Mary.

Berlin, 11th September.—I had hoped to find letters here, but there are none from any of you. Unfortunately John had also already left. But I will not keep this any longer, and only add that I have arrived here safe and well. I met Cousin William * in Leipzig; he had just returned from Italy. Yesterday morning we got into a railway carriage together, and in one and a half hours had travelled thirty-two miles without the least fatigue, and reached Berlin in time for our midday meal.

I have reported myself to-day, and am now quite settled down again to my usual life, which seems very dull without you. By all means, let me have a letter from you soon, dear Mary. Give my love to mamma and papa, Jeanette, and John, and always keep as good and sweet as you are now. Adieu; with fondest love,

Yours,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Sunday evening, 12th September, 1841.

I cannot quite understand how it is that there should be no news at all from so good and regular a correspondent as yourself. Perhaps you think that I am not back in Berlin yet, and intend soon to rejoice me with a loving letter. I want very much to hear that you have all got back safely, and how you are now at Itzehoe. To me here it seems very lonely, and it makes me quite sad to think that I have still seven months of solitude to endure here.

* Ballhorn.

On rising in the morning I take my bath, drink a few glasses of water, mount my horse, and ride for an hour. After that I drink my cocoa and smoke a pipe. Next, I go to my writing-desk, and get through my business. Then I read the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, dress, and go to town to fulfil what commissions I may have, dining there about two or three o'clock. In the afternoon I frequently go to a public garden where a band plays, and in the evening I take another ride, after which I either go to the theatre or stay at home, in which latter case I sit down again to write.

But your kind welcome is wanting, and the dear hand to give me a cup of tea. So I am sitting down to read all your kind letters once again. Study gardening a little, dear Mary; it is so charming to have some green growing in the windows, especially in the winter. Nothing will thrive under my hand but a few miserable geraniums. Tell me, too, how you spent mamma's birthday, and what her presents were; and, above all, write to me, for that there should not yet be news of you to-day (14th) would really give me anxiety if it were not for the thought that the many calls which probably you have to make at present prevent your writing. I must close now, that you may have this letter on the 19th, although there is really nothing in it. Adieu, dear sweet good pretty Mary; may God preserve you.

Yours faithfully,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, 16th September.

GOOD DEAR MARY,

To my great joy and satisfaction, I received, yesterday afternoon, your kind letter of the 13th inst. God be praised that you are at last well and happy at home. The gentle and loving reproach at the beginning of your letter was the more felt by me, that it was not unfounded. It is quite true that my sorrow at parting was not so great as yours, but you must remember that, on a separation, the one left behind is always worse off than the one who is leaving, whose attention is diverted by the journey and his arrangements for the future. Perhaps now the tables are turned, and I feel the parting more than you do, surrounded as you are by your friends and family. I am glad to hear you are

busy making things for our home. As for me, I should like to occupy myself in arranging our abode here, if only it were not such a fearfully long time to wait before we take possession of them. Besides, we who are attached to the general staff are liable to be transferred at any moment, and the day for this falls just on the 31st of March. So it is quite possible that just at the time of our wedding, I may be suddenly sent off to Königsburg, or Posen, or Coblenz. So I shall give notice to quit my present quarters at Michaelmas, and wait to see what vacancies there will be before taking another place. Probably I shall take other and larger rooms in the house in which I now am on the second floor. The situation is so pleasant that I should be loth to leave it, although the district is one of the dearest. Before the house is a beautiful green grass plot, and the city gate and the Tiergarten are close at hand. Riding through the town is very unpleasant for ladies.

On account of the always possible move, it is also better not to have too many goods and chattels. But whatever I get shall be good. Let us begin on as small a scale as possible; we can increase it from time to time.

I have just been promoted in consequence of the resignation of a general, and am now the fourth captain on the staff. I can safely say that in future few alterations can occur without my improving my rank, and the prospects of promotion are exceedingly good. Should I be appointed to any other army corps, I do hope that its station may be on the Rhine, in which case I shall have abundant opportunities for undertaking nice trips. We are having splendid autumn weather, and I am taking full advantage of it to make long rides into the surrounding country. To-night a great display of fireworks takes place at Treptow, whither I shall ride with a comrade; at present I shall take up the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

The day after to-morrow I proceed to Halle, where I have to attend my prince in order to accompany him to the inspection of troops which is to be held near Querfurt and Neuahaldensleben. We shall remain there, however, only six days.

I hope now soon to hear from you. How is the noble art of cookery progressing? Study the nature of potatoes and puddings in all their varieties. It will do me good to have good plain wholesome meats instead of *recherché* restaurant

fare. Tell me something of how you spend your days, at what time you get up, when you have dinner and tea; in that way I shall be able to follow you in thought at any hour. Adieu, dear good Mary,

Ever your own

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Halle, 20th September, 1841.

I had hoped to receive news of you the day before yesterday, dear good Mary, as usual on Sunday in Berlin, but no letter arrived, and I came here by rail yesterday. My prince arrived to-day from Dresden, and this afternoon we set out for Querfurt. There the manœuvres begin, and we lead a life of bustle and putting up at inns, I especially, as I have charge of the prince's travelling funds. I shall therefore probably be able only to write very hurried epistles, and so send you my warmest love now. You have had three letters from me since the last I had from you, and I confidently expect to find something from you on my return to Berlin. I cannot have anything forwarded, because we stay nowhere longer than two days, and shall be back in Berlin again in about eight days. How are you getting on, you dear, good soul? I trust you are all well.

Querfurt, 23rd September.—I do wish that you, and all of you, could have witnessed yesterday's manœuvres, from the lofty towers of the ancient castle of the Counts of Querfurt. It was the most splendid autumn weather—not too warm—and the sky was of a clear blue. The country is, on the whole, flat, but does to some extent approach a mountainous character, for the valleys are certainly rough and rocky. Immense fields of stubble, green woods, and rich villages containing fine, solidly built houses are spread over the country, and make it highly adapted for the handling of troops. The manœuvres consisted of a sham fight, in which blank cartridges were used. Guns rattled loudly, helmets and cuirasses gleamed in the sun, rifles spat fire, and the earth resounded beneath the trampling hoofs of the cavalry. In short, you would have had a complete picture of the sunny side of a battle.

To-day a grand review of the whole division takes place. During the night some rain has fallen, and laid the dust,

and the sun is now shining again just as if it had been directed so to do.

Berlin, 26th September.—We had to cut short the inspection of the second division of our army corps at Hundisburg, for the prince has become indisposed. We came here from Magdeburg yesterday, by train.

When at Sorrento I brought away from the house of Torquato Tasso the seed-pod of a tree with a yellow blossom. After it had remained here for a considerable time, I planted the bean in a flower-pot, and from it has already grown a little bush of the height of one's finger.

Adieu, dear good Mary. Let me hear from you soon, and do not cease to love me. With devoted love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, 30th September, 1841.

Directly I opened your letter, my dear good Mary, I was agreeably surprised by the view of Itzehoe. However beautifully gilded this one of Berlin may be,* it will scarcely please you so much, because you remember little of this place,† and when you saw Berlin you were not interested in it in the same way that I was in Itzehoe. You must come here one day yourself, and from the Kreuzberg, on which the monument stands in the foreground, get a view of the broad sandy plain and the gloomy pinewoods, as well as of the lofty domes, huge palaces, and broad immeasurable masses of houses. I fancy you will really like living here, especially if I succeed in getting the lovely house in Leipzig Place on which I am speculating.

You write such a pretty English letter, that I should like to get a German one from you some day. "Feeling and sound sense find expression with but little assistance from art." Only don't be too industrious over your work, but when John and Jeanette go for a walk, go with them. Health is the chief thing. Since my stay in Heligoland I have had

* In the margin of this letter were inserted views of Berlin, printed in gold.

† She had been once in Berlin, with her parents and sister, on the way to Karlsbad.

off and on reminders of toothache, or, more correctly, gum-ache; but nothing of consequence. Last night, however, the rain became violent, and I wandered round the room impatiently till I fell asleep at last in an easy-chair. Since then a swelling has become formed, which has condemned me to a thirty-six hours fast, because I was quite unable to swallow. Now, however, I am quite free from pain, swallow with fresh appetite, and hope soon to have quite got over it. I could not help thinking how sympathetically you had held my head in Heligoland.

Adieu for to-day. I am going to the theatre to see a new piece. If you were but here, I would prefer to stay at home, and let you make tea for me. We would then send for John to smoke a pipe of Turkish tobacco, and chat. Jeanette, too, we must of course have here very often.

2nd October.—We are having splendid weather, and it is so warm that one can safely sit in the open air to a late hour in the evening. Unfortunately, however, I cannot avail myself of the last-mentioned pleasure, for I am suffering from toothache. Early in the morning, however, directly after having my bath, I mount my horse, and ride through the Tiergarten out into the wide open country. This afternoon a concert is to be given by Styrian musicians, in a garden not far away, and among other pieces to be performed are portions of the opera of "Norma." I intend to go there.

Sunday, 3rd.—I don't know why I always fancy that a letter must come from you on Sunday. As none has come to-day, I have devoted my attention to the old ones, and rejoice in the beautiful, faithful, pure heart that finds expression in them. Certainly, dear Mary, you deserve the richest and most beautiful prize in life's lottery; may you be contented with the little one that you have drawn.

I have got through an extraordinary quantity of writing to-day. About six o'clock I had my bath, and after that sat down and wrote a large number of orders for commanders and high officials, and for the War Office and Government colleges. At nine I visited the site of our new railway-station, but returned almost at once to attend our council, which occupied me until one o'clock. After that we had a conference which lasted till three o'clock. Afterwards I went to a grand dinner, at which ministers and privy councillors were present, and at this we had oysters from Holstein, hams from Bayonne, pheasants from Bohemia, and wines from almost every country on the

face of the globe. As to these last, I did not partake of any of them except the champagne; for "though a good German may not endure a Frenchman, he nevertheless enjoys drinking his wine."* After dinner I had more letter-writing, on the subject of various prospective railways, business which had to be despatched to the post by seven o'clock; after which I went for an hour to the theatre, where a splendid opera of great length was being performed, entitled the "Feensee." I only wish I could give you some conception of its magnificence. Whole swarms of fairies filled the air, and knights on horseback the earth. The final scene is supposed to take place quite in the clouds, where an amorous fairy asks the queen of the fairies to allow her, as a special favour, to descend to the earth as a mortal in order to join her sorrowing lover. Straightway the clouds part asunder, and the fairy is seen wending her way towards earth. Then one sees the summits of the mountains as if veiled in mist, and next green pastures, through which a river winds its course. Clearer and clearer are the different details unfolded as we approach nearer to the earth, and finally the spires of a large town come into view: it is Cologne, with its noble cathedral, its old churches, its bridge and its gabled roofs. On one of these roofs the fairy ultimately descends, and then one recognizes the interior of a hut, and the lucky student, who naturally appears most agreeably astonished at this quite unexpected visit.

Dear Mary, don't be vexed, but I am just taking a copious pinch of snuff in consideration of still having toothache, and Jeanette cannot see it. You must really forbid it strictly again. Well, I will just read my *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and then go to rest. Adieu, sweet, dear, beautiful, good, precious Mary; a hearty kiss to you.

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, 6th October, 1841.

How pretty you must have looked in your white dress with satin trimming, and *pink roses* in your hair! You write of Jeanette only *that she looked so sweet*, but I suppose you never looked at yourself in the glass? You have, too, not yet by any means told me enough about your ball. Where

* Goethe's "Faust."

did it take place? Have you a fine hall at Itzehoe? Captain Friderici I know very well; we were at the military academy together. Of your other partners I am only acquainted with Prince Fritz.* Have you any prospect of another dance shortly?

But it was quite right of them not to let you go to the garden after a ball. For God's sake take care of yourself. That you were not at all tired after dancing bears witness to your excellent health; but take care of it, dear Mary.

For the rest, it was nice of you, you good soul, to remember your absent old friend after the excitement of such an evening. Certainly, dear Mary, I too look towards the future with joyous hopes, for if there is any happiness for me upon this earth, it will be with you and for you. If I live to see you happy and contented, I shall certainly be so too. If my anticipations are less eager, it is chiefly because I fear lest yours might be disappointed, and because the farther one advances in this life, the less one learns to expect from it. But if I see that you are contented and happy in spite of my irritability, whims, and peevishness, I shall acquire a better opinion of myself, and that will make me much more cheerful, bright, and sympathetic.

My toothache has now left me, and I am quite myself again, except that spiritually I feel an immense void in which your letters form the only rays of light. So much of my time as is not occupied with business—and it is generally very dry business—I try to while away with lengthy rides and the theatre. To-day it rained continuously, and I have remained within doors this evening in order to get through some work. It is now eight o'clock, and I have finished my work, and am cheering myself up by busying myself with you, sweet Mary. If you were only here, how gladly would I stay at home; my tiresome cocoa would taste really nice if you were to hand it to me. I should not need any pipe, nor even a *pinch of snuff*, to while away the time. This winter, with all its balls, theatres, *soirées*, and festivities, is a long, melancholy prospect for me. In these six months I shall grow six years older.

Sunday, 10th.—This morning, after having my bath, I went for a ride, notwithstanding the dull weather; then had breakfast, after which I received a visit from the secretary of

* Prince Frederick of Glücksburg.

the railway commission; next I performed my War Office duties, and after that proceeded in heavy rain to the Tiergarten, when I met the postman, who since the 9th of May has been wearing out a new pair of shoes every three months. On reaching home I made myself comfortable in an easy-chair, took a pinch of snuff to put myself in the best possible humour, and read your first German letter. My warm thanks for it, dear Mary, and for the lot of interesting news of all our dear ones. Adieu, *sweet little Mary*.

Truly yours for ever,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Wednesday evening, 14th October.

DEAR, BELOVED MARY!

This morning I went for a ride, and in the evening I again did so amidst continuous rain. At midday I had to make a report at the palace. During the remainder of the day I have been sitting behind my writing-desk. My surroundings here are like those of a chief justice, heaps of statutes and papers. At last, however, everything is finished, and I have just time left to wish you heartily good night. You, I suppose, are just on the point of sitting down to tea and bread and butter with John. I wish I were also there; I should be in right humour for a chat, but I can do no more writing. Good night, beloved Mary. If you could only sit down beside me on the sofa for a short time and spoil me a little! Well, I suppose I must content myself with the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Thursday, 15th October.

To-day was the king's birthday, but there was no festivity whatever. The king himself went into the country, attended only by his own family. I visited the theatre, where a new opera, entitled "The Guitar Player," was performed.

It is really too bad to have to sit here alone like this, when there is a dear, dear Mary who would like to be with me. The winter will seem very long to me. It will really be rather difficult to get away on leave at Christmas, and then to ask again in April. How much better surely it would be if I could bring you to Berlin at once at the New Year! My

present abode would be rather cramped, but by no means bad for us to live in. Then, at Easter, you could look out for a new place of abode yourself, and in the summer papa and mamma could pay us a visit. I stretch out my hands towards you, my good Mary, but in vain.

17th October.

Good evening, dear Mary; how are you getting on? I dined to-day with my friend, Privy Councillor von Patow. His wife is looking forward so to making your acquaintance. She says her only fear is that she will not succeed in making you like her. She is a *lion* of society here, *highly fashionable*, and, if you take to her, you will find her the best guide on your first entrance into court society. If you were to come this winter, you could at once go through some dozen balls with her.

My friend Vincke, who accompanied the Prince of Prussia to Vienna, had to remain there ill. He has bought immense estates in Schlesia, and I fear he will very soon be removing entirely from these parts. I expect here in a few days another friend of mine, Laue, from Constantinople. If you have read the letters from Turkey you will find the letter *L* often mentioned in them. We have accomplished many a sharp ride together, and endured many a discomfort and danger in company. I am greatly looking forward to his arrival. John, too, must soon be here, and he will, I suppose, bring me news, both in writing and by word of mouth, of you, and all our dear ones. Good-night for to-day, my dear little Mary. Sweet repose, and pleasant dreams!

Monday, 18th October.

All your secrets are betrayed! John was with me early to-day, and brought me a letter from father, in which the latter tells me to send him back the "portrait" on the first opportunity, as it is destined for his gallery; and you write me, "But I finished my work yesterday"! I have, of course, not yet been able to find out what the work is; but I have the portrait—the dear, beautiful, faithful portrait—and I will not give it up again,—at least, not till the original is handed over to me. It is really very nicely drawn, and all the nicer because it is like. You have the white dress on which you

got, I fancy, for the king's reception? Is it not so? You wore it on the 6th or 7th of May, and sat in it up in the drawing-room, on a stool by the window, at mamma's feet. It is a pity the whole of your pretty arms cannot be seen in the portrait. I can recognize the brooch and earrings also. Now I shall have you framed. Either you will hang under Sultan Mahmud, Prince Milosch of Servia, and General von Krauseneck, my chief, or stand on my writing-table. The mouth and eyes are speaking; in every respect it is just like you, and I give you my hearty thanks for this dear, beautiful present. Don't be vexed that I have had the pleasure a few days earlier than it seems you intended; it will all be renewed on the 26th.

As my colonel is very anxious for me to remain with the army corps, it is unlikely that I shall be removed. I am still waiting for an intimation, and will then decide about a place of abode. Best love to papa and mamma. Please give a kiss from me to my fair ethereal sister-in-law, with the little hands, white teeth, and silky hair, however angry she may be at it. Adieu, adieu.

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Friday evening, 22nd October.

You cannot imagine, dear good Mary, what a delight your portrait is to me. I should have begged you for it before, but that I have a horror of bad portraits, especially if they are like. There are such disagreeable resemblances. This, however, is not only a speaking likeness but also a little work of art, and the artist who drew it must have been a really good one. It is hanging over my writing-table now in a very pretty, golden, rococo-frame, and when I enter the room my first glance falls upon it. The expression of your face is so well caught, and, when I look at it a long time, I often feel inclined to say, "Well, little Mary, do speak a word!" I shall have a good copy made for father, for I shall not give this up again. I must tell you that you paid your first visit here yesterday. The Patows wished so much to see you that I put myself into a cab and drove off with you to them.

My toothache has vanished, since you wished that you

could relieve me of it. I hope, though, that I have got rid of it without your being troubled with it.

I am breaking my big grey horse now into a short gentle gallop. It is a capital lady's horse, big, handsome, quiet, and safe. I hope we shall have some nice rides together through the Tiergarten. I am riding a good deal just now—to-day three horses,—which suits me excellently. Altogether I am in better health than I have been for a long time.

Tuesday, 26th October.*

Yesterday evening John came creeping up in the dark, and was greatly taken aback when I chanced to open the door instead of my coachman. He was hiding something under his cloak which he would not let me see, but handed over to the servant. Early this morning the latter brought my cocoa in a remarkably handsome cup, painted with my coat of arms, a present from your kind brother; and, directly after, an extremely pretty, dainty cushion, worked by loving, industrious hands. A thousand thanks, dear good Mary. Why, where do you get the time to accomplish such neat, difficult work in addition to all your writing and sewing for your trousseau? The cushion is delightful, and an ornament to my room, which was already greatly beautified by your portrait. Once more my hearty thanks, you dear good soul.

Cousin Edward Ballhorn has invited John and myself for this evening.

Thursday, 28th October.

To-day, dear Mary, I received your letter on the Heligoland paper. My hearty thanks for your good wishes. Pray God that he may grant their fulfilment. For the rest, I really don't quite know myself whether my birthday is on the 26th or 28th. But why do you write in English again, all of a sudden, when you really write German just as well? Your last letters have been so very charming. Best love to mamma, papa, and Jeanette. Adieu, adieu, my good Mary.

Ever your faithful friend,

HELMUTH.

* Moltke's birthday.

Letter to his Sister Augusta.

Berlin, 31st October.

DEAR GUSTA,

You will receive in the accompanying box a portrait destined for Mary, which is supposed to represent me. John thinks it frightful; the Ballhorns say there is a likeness but find many faults with it. I cannot judge properly myself, but can well see that the artist has made me much too young, and has painted in my cold and the fatigue caused by the sittings. It will, however, please Mary perhaps, and I entrust it to your charge to be delivered to her.

My very best love to her, but the time is so short that I shall hardly now be able to write to her to-day.

Councillor Francke, of the Danish Chief Customs, with whom I have business about the railway, has just left me. He is to go back in a week, and pay a visit to the Poels at Itzehoe. I suppose you will see him. Please show him some attention for Fritz's sake. He also is acquainted with Adolph.

John communicated to me part of your letter to him, and I am glad to see that you have arranged everything so nicely and prettily in your new abode. I hope to be able to visit you there at Christmas.

I cannot write any more, dear Gusta, my head is burning. The devil is abroad to-day, what with conferences, business, dinner, cold, letters, and visits. I will write more fully another time.

With warm love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

DEAR MARY,

Only my best love for to-day. Don't think that I shall ever look at you as grumpily as I am doing at the portrait. I expected to get a letter from you to-day, but it is too late now. You shall hear from me very shortly; for to-day, I can only say "Adieu" from my heart.

Yours faithfully,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, Monday, 1st November.

MY DEAR FAITHFUL LITTLE MARY,

It is already nearly midnight and I have not yet managed to write you a few words. However, I must not let the day pass without thanking you for your dear letter from Hamburg. Your letter contains nothing but good news. I am glad you have made the *trip to Hamburg*, and are returning with such beautiful purchases, and only wish that you may have given my old papa at Wandsbeck the pleasure of a visit. He would, of course, be justly annoyed if you did not, as one can get out there in a cab in half an hour. Of course you went to Streit's? How did you like the opera? When we were there together we saw such a stupid piece, and the parting spoilt our enjoyment. What would you have said if I had put my head out of one of the Prussian post-chaises all of a sudden? It was by no means an impossibility.

Your patient plodding at my book makes me laugh. Don't torment yourselves, dear children, but read something more interesting.

The railway business really gives me an unconscionable amount of work, considering that it is all done gratis.

It is a pity that you have had such bad weather! You will have found a letter from me awaiting you on your return. Have you got my portrait yet, I wonder? or am I betraying my secret as you did yours?

Tuesday.

I never get to my writing till the evening, dear sweet Mary, when I am already quite done up with business. Just now you will doubtless be sitting again in your cosy nest at Itzehoe. Here, too, we are having *rather a bad, misty, cloudy, foggy, damp weather*, but it does not stop me from having a ride twice every day. I am going on with my baths too, and am quite well.

You write with regard to the *high fashion* of Mrs. von Patow, that it is all one to you what people think of you. Ah, little Mary, but you must learn that too; I should so like every one to take to you. Beauty always challenges criticism, and you must conciliate people by an obliging,

cordial, and easy manner. "L'homme doit braver l'opinion public, la femme s'y soumettre" ("Man may defy public opinion, but woman must submit to it"). I am remiss as to the first half of this proverb, don't you be so with the second.

I received a Turkish letter yesterday from Hafiz Pasha, but do not know what is in it. It is being translated first. Now, however, good night.

Yours devotedly,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, 5th November.

God bless you, my little Mary; the postman has gone past my door to-day without bringing me news of you, but without doubt something for me is on the way. Sometimes I feel as if I knew for certain that you were thinking of me; at this very moment, for instance. It is past ten o'clock; you are making your preparations for sleep, are tripping once more before the glass with your night-cap, blowing the light out, saying your evening prayer, having a few more minutes' chat with Jeanette, and then, whilst you are dreaming, my old face hovers before your mind's eye. Recollections of the jessamine arbour and the last waltz of the last ball are mingled with the picture of a bright Christmas-tree, of linen for your trousseau, and of the cliff of Heligoland. A ship with a bright pennon bears you over the sea to a green land of flowers, laughing like Hope, and peaceful as the sleep in which you are lapped.

At the moment that you will be reading my letter this evening I will be standing just in front of you, only you will not see me, because your beautiful eyes will be looking down at the paper and the ugly scribble. If you were to raise them suddenly, you could not help catching sight of at least the tail of the shadow of my lilac dressing-gown, which I have on at this moment. I believe a little in magnetic affinity, and an old Arab told me a story of how we can behold in a crystal mirror the image of the person who is thinking of us. But only a faithful, pure heart can see anything in the crystal; most people see only themselves in it, as in an ordinary mirror. And now, good night.

6th November.—It is "silent midnight, when sorrow and

love alone are awake, and some one has still to write his report for to-morrow. So good night, dear little Mary."*

8th November.

I have just got home from a ride, and find your dear letter of the 4th inst., dear Mary. I have not asked for leave yet, because one of my colleagues is absent, and another is ill, but I hope to arrive a few days before Christmas, and spend New Year's eve with you. Adieu for to-day, sweet Mary.

Yours devotedly,
HELMUTH.

(Undated).

I have just returned from the celebration of the centenary of the Berlin opera house. Performances were given of selections from pieces of all the different composers who had for the last hundred years worked for the theatres of our country. The entire court was present, and altogether there would be as many as fifty persons in the large royal box. The performance commenced with an original composition of Frederick the Great, which, if really composed by Frederick himself, was much finer than some of the pieces which succeeded. Next came a duet with a chorus by Graun, from "Cleopatra," which was quite after the style of his church music. The instruments in use at the different periods to which the compositions belonged were maintained on this occasion, and during this piece only a few violins and violas were employed. Cleopatra and her Carthaginian ladies came on the stage in crinolines with powdered hair; Cæsar—who took a soprano part, for he was a woman—appeared with his Romans in hair-bags and pump-hose as supplements to the togas, and upon entering they took their helmets off most politely, each making three low and most respectful courtesies and bows. All the succeeding songs approached more and more to our present standard, the species of instruments employed became more numerous, and the melodies became more pleasing. After having survived the "Als ich auf meiner Bleiche," Gluck's

* "stumme Mitternacht,

Wo nur Gram und Liebe wacht,"

Und wer zu morgen noch Vortragsachen macht,
Drum, lieb Mariechen, gute Nacht.

powerful choruses sounded quite familiar. Winter's beautiful compositions, "Das unterbrochene Opferfest," and "Kind, willst Du ruhig schlafen?" pleased the audience exceedingly; and then, at last, Mozart took the leading place, and paved the way for the newer music. We had the overtures to "Belmonte" and to "Constanze," and a scene from "Don Juan." After Mozart came Beethoven with his great harmonious overture to "Egmont," which was of course encored; and after Beethoven came Spohr, with his unsurpassed duet from "Jessonda"—"Theures Mädchen, wirst mich hassen." From the "Freischütz" the concluding scene of the first act was selected for performance, and of the more recent compositions that wonderfully sweet ghost-like overture of Mendelssohn, "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" one almost fancies that he can see the fairies dance. The finale was Maiseder's music to the ballet "Die Sylphiden."

To-morrow I am on duty, and will be present at the new palace at Potsdam, at a performance which has been ordered to be strictly reserved for the court and several persons of classical tastes. The last performance of the piece which is to be played to-morrow occurred two thousand five hundred years ago. The piece in question is the "Antigone" of a certain Sophocles. I am afraid it will be rather difficult to discover the heir who can claim his percentage of the takings; if there is such in existence now, very likely he will be an oarsman in the harbour of Constantinople.

If you take the *Allgemeine Zeitung* you must have read an article in it bearing my monogram, —|—, and entitled "Germany and its Germanic Neighbours." Do not, I pray you, repeat this to any one who lives in Danish territory, else I shall not be allowed to cross the frontier again without being directly confiscated at the Langenfelder custom-house.

Berlin, 9th November.

I returned here from Potsdam yesterday evening. On Saturday I was present at the performance of the "Antigone." The little theatre in the new palace is exceedingly well adapted for the performance of a piece like this from the ancient classics, for the seats are arranged in exactly the same way as you see them in the old theatres of Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy—for example, in those of Pompeii and Herculaneum,

—namely, in a kind of semicircle and rising by steps. Down in the centre, corresponding to the place where in olden times the rulers and judges used to sit, were the seats for the king and his courtiers; behind these were the ladies, and higher up still the gentlemen. The stage itself was arranged quite after the ancient style. The background represented the front of a temple with three doors; and in the orchestra, or what we call the proscenium, was placed an altar, into which they stuck the prompter, a personage unknown to the ancients. Around this altar were ranged the choruses who represented the voice of the people, and who published a sort of running critique of the events.

It is most extraordinary that a piece which was written so many thousands of years ago can still claim a living interest. In this tragedy of Sophocles one already finds the conflict between the family and the State. Creon, king of Thebes, had overcome one of his subjects who had risen in rebellion against his country, and had slain him, and decreed that the corpse should not be buried, but be left as a prey to wild beasts, such a fate being supposed in those days to prevent his soul from entering the realms of bliss. Antigone, the grandchild of Œdipus, is the *fiancée* of Creon's son and the sister of the murdered man. She defies the decree. "This command is not that of an immortal," she says. "If Creon had slain my son or a friend I could get me another, but I cannot have another brother, since my mother and father are dead." Accordingly, she buries the dead, and brings upon herself the wrath of the king, who condemns her to be entombed alive in a rocky sepulchre; "but worthy of fame she descends, and, with praise upon her lips, she enters the chamber of death. Not lingering illness took her away, neither was she slain by the sword of the avenger, but of her own choice, alive, unaccompanied, she goes to Hades."

The amusing part of it is that Creon, from his point of view, has acted perfectly rightly, because without obedience no human society can exist. As he traces this idea to its utmost consequences, he comes to reflect upon the sentiment of piety which has a higher origin than all human creations and decrees. A soothsayer announces to him that he has incurred the wrath of the gods, because he is keeping from the earth what belongs to the earth, and because he has buried one who sighs for air and light. Now he would like

to redeem his fault, but it is too late. Antigone is no more, and his son has committed suicide. "Of what use to you are authority, and riches, and power, if joy does not abide in your house?" sings the chorus. "Much more precious than the enjoyment of fortune is a foreseeing mind. Always have a respect for what is divine. The daring man has to pay for daring words with wretched doom; then in his old age he learns how to become wise."

It would not be a difficult matter to write a thoroughly Christian modern piece of the same tendency as the "Antigone," for down to the present day the statute law constantly comes into conflict with the "rights which come into the world with us."

After the "catastrophe" we partook of an excellent supper, which was not part of the piece, and which was of rather more modern origin.

On Sunday, at midday, the king gave a grand luncheon at Sanssouci, and in the evening a performance of "Faust" at the casino of Potsdam was honoured by a visit from the whole Court. The text was read, but the choruses were performed on the lines of the wonderful composition of the late Prince Radziwill. Unsurpassable is the Easter hymn, "Christ is risen," the influence of which is so great that it tears the poisoned cup from the lips of the despairing one; and one can form an idea of what he means when he exclaims, "My tears flow, the earth receives me again!" The piece will be repeated at the opera house to-morrow. On Monday a *parforce* hunt took place. Besides the four royal princes there were present about fifty gentlemen in scarlet coats, all mounted on most beautiful horses. Nearly all were English horses; I, however, rode my little Arab. At nine o'clock we started from Potsdam, and rode at a gallop to the wood of Kunersdorf, which is two miles distant. We tracked a boar, and before long the beaters unearthed him among the thick brushwood. The fifty hounds which had been kept upon leash were immediately let loose, and with horns sounding the whole company started in full pursuit. The animal was wise enough not to come out into the open, and kept all the time in the wood. My little Nisib is very fiery, and there was no holding him in. It is really astonishing how well these horses run over the most uneven ground, over walls and roads, and over trunks of trees and stubble. After rushing on like this for

over half a mile, we at last reached a plantation of young firs, which was so dense that we could not by any possibility get through it. Each did the best he could to work himself out of it, and then we reassembled. The dogs, however, had got scattered. Nobody knew where the pack was, and all hurried off to seek them. In this way the whole company became dispersed, and it was only after a two hours' struggle that the greater number managed to gather together on the road close to the little town of Belitz. Only three young officers had the good fortune to run the scent to earth. The hog, which proved to be an immense boar, had run for over two miles, and then, tired with the exertion, had stood at bay. Two dogs were dead, six were frightfully hurt, and the boar had to be killed with an axe, as none of the gentlemen present had a hunting-knife. None of the *piqueurs* was present, so that there was no proper *hallali* cry. At a hunt which took place eight days before, the boar swam across the Havel, with the pack after it. No other course was left to the huntsmen but to run one and a half miles round to Spandau, cross the bridge, and then follow the chase, in consequence whereof only sixteen out of one hundred and sixty-four came to the *hallali*, besides which two horses fell down. On the present occasion no accident happened, and all turned up at dinner at Kunersdorf. I like my horse very much better, now that I have seen what he can really do. He was as fiery when he returned from this ride as he was at starting.

After dinner was over I drove with my prince to Potsdam, and thence went by rail to Berlin. Having thus covered twelve miles of road, we went to the theatre, then I paid a visit to the Patows, and after that enjoyed a splendid night's rest. My friend Laue has been promoted to the rank of major on the staff, and although he has been raised, as it were, over my head, yet I am exceedingly pleased at his good fortune.

Thanks for your compliment—that the portrait does not look nice enough. I have got over my cold, but have caught another already in exchange. I am very glad that you paid father a visit. Here, too, it is bitterly cold already; but the sun often struggles through in spite of it, and then it is so comfortable behind the flower-pots in my rooms, which face the south. Well, good night, you dear, good soul, hidden in a dear sweet body. Sleep well, and don't you dream of

Berlin again without my appearing, or, I tell you, you will have me appearing in Itzehoe without your seeing me.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

Berlin, 18th November.

I have for the last fortnight been sitting over a piece of work which is of a very head-splitting nature; logarithms and differentials wander about at random in my brain, and every moment a sine or a cube root falls to my pen. I expect in a few days to be delivered of a learned and thorough treatise on railways. My state of health is in harmony with the circumstances in which I am at present, but I consume over my bulky writing many pinches of snuff.

The little bush is shedding its leaves, but thrives. I have in bloom a huge *Canna Indica*, and a fine gum tree with broad green leaves, quite a tropical growth, which reminds me of the beautiful warm south, where such wretched weather as we are experiencing here is only known by hearsay.

25th November.—I am still always sitting amid all kinds of calculations relating to railways; but at last I begin to espy land, and expect soon to have my work complete. Tomorrow I shall have the interesting occupation of writing my name fifteen hundred times over; that is to say, on that number of share certificates which have to be signed by the directors. I am still always going on with my baths, and every morning when I rise from bed I place myself under the spray. Although I have to scribble away a terrible lot of ink, I manage to take rides once or twice a day, and feel on the whole very well. Spring is always, however, my bad time. As we are in deep mourning over the death of the Queen of Bavaria, we who are members of the Court cannot at present go to the theatre; I am, therefore, for the most part, left alone at home. Tobacco, too, has gone from me, and, in short, I am having really a most miserable time.

1st December.—It is now eleven o'clock; but, nevertheless, I feel inclined for a little chat with you. I have just returned from a concert in the opera house, and have not yet got over the enthusiasm which it roused in me. One Sivori, a pupil of Paganini, and inheritor of his violin, played. I have never heard anything like it. The history of the instrument, too, shed a peculiar mystery around it.

Sixty years ago there dwelt in Italy a man who, even in early youth, was of exceptional ugliness. Long raven-black hair hung wild and straight about his pale sallow face. His face resembled the extinct crater of a volcano, and his features were expressionless, except when moved by passion. In the latter case they became convulsed with savageness, and the gleam of the dark eyes betrayed the heat of the interior, just as the fire of Etna burns under its cover of snow. A disposition like this was not likely to attract the world. Men hated him, women despised him, and he was alone, quite alone in the world.

Every man seems to develop some special faculty which makes up for the absence of others. So Pietro had a decided turn for music. In his little house at Ravenna he used to spend his nights wandering up and down, and playing the most doleful melodies upon his violin. On one occasion, about midnight, he opened his window, the panes of which consisted of paper steeped in oil, and gazed out into the clear sky with its multitudes of stars, none of which ever smiled upon him. All of a sudden a clapping of applause from fair hands near him fell upon his ears. It was his neighbour, the beautiful Ancella. The same thing was repeated the following night, and soon Pietro became inflamed with an intense love for the young, rich, and beautiful girl, and then not only his violin but also his melodious voice became the interpreters of his sentiments. By-and-by ties of affection sprang up between the two, but as yet Ancella had only heard him, and he trembled with anxiety when he thought of the first time she should behold him.

Some one has very properly remarked that men lose their hearts through their eyes, and women through their ears. Ancella loved Pietro, and would have loved him though he had been ten times as ugly as he was. The Italian, however, could not understand this, and with raging fury a fierce passion grew in his heart. He distrusted everybody, including even himself and his beloved, and he worried her to as great a degree as he loved her. Her tears, her vows, her protestations, her reproaches appeared to his view to be only fresh proofs of her guilt, and when he considered himself to be in a position to prove her unfaithfulness he became so excessively miserable that to cure his despair he forced himself to believe her assurances. I cannot imagine what unhappy accident it

was which, in an unlucky hour, gave her an appearance of unfaithfulness. One thing alone is known, namely, that Ancella was one day found dead, pierced to the heart with a stiletto, and that Pietro went to the authorities and gave himself up in the hope of having an end put to his life, which he now found quite insupportable.

He was not destined, however, to get exactly what he wished. He was first sent to the galleys; but, being found to be too feeble for the heavy work, he by-and-by was incarcerated in a solitary cell. Night came, and fearful phantoms seemed to descend from the roof and menace him; they approached close to his straw bed; they stretched their bloody claws towards him. He screamed, but no one heard him. The company of the most miserable criminal or of a dog would have been a godsend to him; but he was alone, utterly alone. But no! His violin was there. He seized it eagerly; and hardly did he draw the bow across the strings ere a wonderful sweet, plaintive, reproachful, pardoning melody fell upon his ears. It was Ancella's voice, just as it often was when she appeased him and remonstrated with him, when she flattered him, and when she cried over him. It became clear to him that the soul of Ancella had been transported into his violin. He assured himself that a portion of his guilt at all events had been atoned in consequence of his boundless misery, and that the deceased woman, who was now present with him, who spoke to him, and whom, enclosed in his instrument, he could clasp with his hands, had freely forgiven him. But then first one string broke, then a second, then a third; a cry of misery resounded in the cold vault; it was the death-sigh of the victim. The unhappy man falls back exhausted on his bed; lifelessness, not sleep, overcomes his senses, and keeps him in a state of unconsciousness, the last consolation for deepest sorrow.

Next day, the prisoner with strange eagerness implores his gaoler to procure him three violin strings. His whole existence, good and bad, depends upon his having these; but he has no money wherewith to purchase the sympathy of the hard-hearted man, no words wherewith to win him over. He gazes mournfully at his dear instrument. Only the G-string remains. But it is just this string which recalls to him again the deep alto voice of his beloved. During the long days he sits motionless, gazing vacantly before him, but as soon

as night throws her shadows down he takes up what is the only consolation for his misery, and, unheard by anybody, plays the most wonderful melodies. It was at this time that he composed the sad melody of the song—

“Das Glück, das einst mich hegte,
Ist meiner Brust ein Dorn,
Die Liebe, die mich pflegte,
Ist meinem Schmerz ein Sporn.
O, wende deinen Spiegel,
Erinn'ung jener Zeit,
Und drücke, Nacht, dein Siegel
Auf die Vergangenheit.
Die heisse Thräne zittert
Auf meine Brust herab,
Mein Leben ist verbittert,
Ich wünsche mir das Grab.” *

Thus he fiddled through many a long night. By continual practice he overcame every difficulty arising from the imperfection of his instrument. What others could not do upon four strings he accomplished with the greatest facility upon one. Thus through ten long years he fiddled away, though no one ever heard him play, and when at last he came out from his damp prison cell into the wide sunny world he did so as a perfect master of his art.

He now adopted a strange name, and travelled about in distant countries. A sense of awe long prevented him from exhibiting his accomplishments to the public, for the sounds of his violin spoke more clearly than words could do of the state of his soul. Necessity at last, however, compelled him to turn his talent to account. Before long the name of Paganini became known over the world. Thousands of listeners streamed into the gilded opera hall to hear the wonderful stranger. There he stood, deadly pale, exhausted, until the first stroke of his bow enlivened both the player himself and the attentive multitude. The tremendous applause which followed did not move him. Like one distracted he gazed at the thousand-headed hydra of the public; his soul was somewhere else, and he relapsed into himself again as soon as the last sound of his strings had died away. This

* “Fortune, which once smiled upon me, is now a thorn in my breast. Love, which once cherished me, is a spur to my pain. Oh! turn thy looking-glass, which calls yon time to mind, and thou, oh Night, place thy seal upon the past. The hot tears trickle down my breast; my life is embittered, and my only desire is the grave.”

man, who was fêted by all, hurried away shyly and misanthropically to his den. There he used to count again and again the heaps of gold which filled his box, but not the slightest satisfaction did they give him. Perhaps he did not yet possess enough. He frequented gambling saloons, staked his all on one card, and won, or it might be, lost ten times over, without the passion of a gambler tending in the slightest degree to fill the awful void in his soul. His violin was his only real consolation.

Now his melodies are no more. His breast has heaved for the last time, and his bones rest in some unknown spot. For though he returned like a worn-out pilgrim, who has to endure the torment of a ripe old age, from the countries whose barbarous languages were distasteful to him to the orange groves of his native land, yet the last benefaction of a sacred resting-place was refused him at Rome. Only his violin now survives, and to the present day the spirit of poor Ancella hovers in it.

Well, if this story is not actually true, yet it might quite well be so, and on listening to the violin one cannot fail to become convinced that it is. I, at all events, believe thoroughly in the truth of the story, just as I have narrated it, and as it is now past midnight I can only bid you good night, and try to forget those tunes on hearing which a nervous gentleman sitting next to me went so far as to faint. But though one's nerves were like threads, that music could not fail to touch them.

5th December.—Please do not repeat the story of Paganini as vouched for by me, for I do not wish his heirs to bring an action of slander against me on the ground that I have accused him of the crime of murder.

I did not think that you had any special taste for music. If you have, do take lessons again. You need not become a proficient; the chief thing is that it should give you pleasure, and I, too, love to hear music. Adieu for to-day, sweet Mary.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Schwerin, 12th January, 1842.

It is only to-day, dear Mary, that it has proved possible for me to write you a few words. From eleven o'clock when

I left you, until four I had to wait in a cold room for the arrival of the coach. A ball was in progress in the town of Hamburg, and as in consequence all the usual waiting-rooms were occupied, I was relegated, with some more of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, to an immense room, at the farther end of which was a large stove, in which a couple of peats smoked like a cigar. Probably Mr. Stove felt cold himself, and he looked enviously at my footwarmer, which he would, I feel sure, have liked to have thrown over his bandy legs. I had sufficient time to make some philosophical reflections on my change of circumstances, and to draw a comparison between the warm cosy room in which I quite lately sat by your side in a comfortable easy-chair and the dark hole in which I now found myself, with the further prospect of a journey through the night in a royal, Danish, express-lumbering-torturing-stage-monster.

When the diligence arrived it was found that she had broken a limb on the shockingly bad road. The blacksmith accordingly had to be fetched, and it was three o'clock before we started. The roads were fearfully uneven, and it was no use trying to go to sleep. At all the stations we found cold rooms for our refreshments, and it was only when we approached the frontier of his Scandinavian majesty that we met with roads which were worthy of a European civilization. When we reached Pinneberg it was already daylight. It was eleven o'clock when we arrived at Hamburg, and as I had not time to drive to Streit, I at once placed myself in the vehicle and drove to Wandsbeck, where I engaged post-horses to enable me to get to Boizenburg by nightfall. I found father exceedingly well and jolly, and it would not have been difficult to have induced him to accompany me to Berlin. I arrived at Boizenburg at eight o'clock, conversed with my engineer, and slept for two hours. It was now high time that I should proceed to Schwerin, so, starting by the express coach at two o'clock in the morning, I arrived here yesterday morning at eleven o'clock.

I immediately sought an audience with the grand duke, who walked about with me till two o'clock, showing me his various parks, buildings, stables, etc. At three o'clock I had to lunch with him, and, hungry and half frozen as I was, I thoroughly enjoyed it. In the evening a sort of lottery was held, at which the grand duchess presented the winners with

some very pretty glass articles, none of which, however, I succeeded in gaining.

I slept soundly till nine o'clock this morning, and now must finish this letter, pay several visits, and then proceed by the express coach to Perleberg, where I stop overnight, and from which place I expect to reach Berlin to-morrow evening.

I have very often been with you in thought. Enjoy yourself thoroughly at Kiel; on the 18th I shall see you waltzing on the polished floor in your pink ball-dress. I am curious as to how you liked the place. Adieu for to-day, dear good Mary.

With devoted love,

Your old

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Betrothed.

Berlin, 14th January.

My own dear, sweet little Baby,

I arrived here last evening at ten o'clock. The air was of a dull, snowy description, but it was not very cold. I am at present sitting once more in my *pink velvet nightgown* in my green leather easy-chair; orders from the war office, railway business, newspapers, and begging letters are strewn over the table, and I can hardly find a blank spot upon which to write. I am very fond of seeing my room in good order, and yet I have an invincible horror of cleaning. It is scarcely twenty-four hours since I arrived here, and already the whole place looks dreadfully disordered.

This forenoon I drew up my reports, at midday had luncheon, and then went out to look for apartments. In the evening I visited the theatre, where a very pretty new French piece was performed. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, who is betrothed to Princess Mary of Prussia, was there. And just now I am sitting in my usual posture, and am thinking about my dear little Mary.

My large white horse had been unwell during my absence, but he is now recovered. A possible purchaser of my two Arab horses has arrived upon the scene. I have asked a high price, namely, one hundred and forty Louis d'ors. I do not like parting with them, yet in some respects they are unsuitable

for me, and if I can get eight hundred thalers for them I shall sell them.

15th.—This morning I took my bath, and at midday went to make my report. After luncheon I rode out, the weather being very fine.

Did you see the finely tapering horn of the moon in the sky to-day, little Mary? I am always glad, and say a short prayer, like the Mussulmen, when I see the new moon. Please give me a full account of the ball. Are the pink dresses ready, and do they look nice? Did you look *very lovely and bewitching*? Have I won my bet, that the duke would dance the cotillon with you? To-morrow is Order day at the Castle, and so I will close, for the festivities take up the whole day. *God bless you, dearest Mary.*

Yours for ever,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 18th January, 1842.

MY LITTLE MARY,

I have thought of you very often to-day. About seven o'clock, I suppose, you would be beginning to dress, to have your hair made up, to put on the red ball-dress, and to hold the flowers to your hair to see the effect. At eight o'clock you would be driving to the Castle, and entering the brilliantly lighted hall. Soon the music would ring through the spacious halls, and the first waltz would enliven the somewhat chilly company. Now it is just about eleven, and you may be dancing the cotillon before supper, in which, I am perfectly certain, the duke* will be your partner. You will scarcely have had time to give a thought to the absent one. All the same, I hope you will enjoy it thoroughly, and that you will be admired, and that the gentlemen will pay you attention, provided always that when you get home to-night, and are slowly and critically taking off one article after another before the glass, you will give just one thought to your most faithful friend, and remember that, of all the glittering crowd, not one cares for you like your old Helmut.

I should like just now to stand unobserved behind the

* Of Glücksburg.

musicians for a moment, and see whether you look very happy, whether you talk when you have a partner who has anything to say, and whether you are often asked to dance. I do not say good night to you to-day, for I don't suppose you are thinking of going to bed yet, and when you get home, you will go on talking till early morning of all you have seen. I only hope it may all have been enjoyable. You dear good soul, be merry and happy. *God bless you, my heart.*

While you are gliding about on the polished floor, I have been sitting at my writing-table, preparing some twenty dispatches. For this reason I am already quite tired and stupid, and shall therefore put down my pen.

Thursday, 20th.—Your dear letter of the 16th inst. from Kiel, dear Mary, gave me great pleasure, especially the assurance that you enjoyed yourself thoroughly during the three weeks that we spent together. I always feel as if I were limping far behind your youthful, light-hearted feelings, and without insincerity and assuming a part, I cannot appear otherwise than you saw me then. But, if you are content with me, in spite of that, there will be nothing wanting in the future. If you will be yielding, and not, as you put it, *strong-headed*, I shall be much indebted to you; but I should by no means like you to give up your independence and your own opinion. On the contrary, you will certainly only become dearer to me the more your character develops in independence of thought, as it has in the course of these last three months, during which I had not seen you. You have in that time grown a year older in mind; and you have grown prettier too, little lady. I am glad that you had so kind a reception at Kiel, and that you really enjoyed yourself there.

Monday, 24th.—I have taken a residence* for you, with which I hope you will be pleased. You have a delightful little boudoir, with an outlook on the fine open space at the Potsdam Gate. The trees of the Tiergarten commence close to our house, and you can mount your horse there without riding through the town first. We have a pretty balcony, too, and bedrooms for the whole family, including all the uncles and children. It would be quite wrong of them not to visit us.

Adieu, you dear good soul! Don't forget me in the

* No. 1, Potsdam Place.

excitement of Kiel and balls and your trousseau, but let me hear from you soon. With devoted love,

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 27th January, 1842.

I was quite surprised, dear Mary, to hear that you were at Itzehoe again. I thought you were going to stay on for another ball on the 25th. I am glad to know that you are safe home again, and can look in upon you now in thought every hour in your pleasant everyday surroundings.

Now, give me good advice, little Mary. The post of adjutant on the prince's staff is likely to be vacant by the 30th of March. In that case it would be desirable for me to be here, for "les absents ont toujours tort." Two or three removals to the provinces will be made, and whoever gets the appointment here must take over the duties of the post at once, for it is just the post in the Army Corps with the greatest amount of current business. So it is very desirable that I should be back here again by the 1st or 2nd of April. Before this date I can easily get leave for four weeks, afterwards the application will not be received so favourably.

The question now, however, is whether, taking into consideration the arrival of relatives, especially Fritz and Betty,* the trousseau and your papa, it is possible for the wedding to take place eight or ten days earlier. There is the further drawback, that I cannot furnish our quarters beforehand, as they are not vacant till the 3rd of April. However, one or two rooms, at least, can be furnished in a few hours with the things I have already, and at the worst we might stay for a day at the hotel. I should like you to hold a council of war on the subject with mamma and papa, and write me what you think.

Did you see the splendid eclipse of the moon the day before yesterday? Here the sky was quite starless. But the moon stood behind your house, and I expect you were enjoying yourselves so much that no one saw anything of it. I was always wanting to call you.

* Moltke's elder brother and his wife. He was at this time Postmaster at Apenrade.

But now adieu, you dear good soul. Warmest love to papa, mamma, and Jeanette. Write to me soon.

Yours for ever, dearest Mary,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, Thursday, 3rd February.

MY SWEET LITTLE MARY,

You cannot imagine how long the time seems to me when I think that it is not yet four weeks since I left you at Itzehoe. Meanwhile, winter is gone. At least, it is thawing here, and is fearfully muddy, and it seems as if spring intended to come soon. I have not been able to make up my mind to dress again and go out, but have stayed at home and worked. Now I am sitting down, and wishing that you were here.

It would certainly be a good thing if our wedding-day could be definitely fixed, especially on account of the relatives, in particular Fritz and Betty, as the former has to get leave first. Much as I should like to set out to you next month, it, nevertheless, seems to me, after taking everything into careful consideration that the most sensible course for me is to wait here till the 30th of March, and then take my four weeks' leave for Holstein, for which I have already applied to the king (in addition to the royal consent). I shall then, of course, not be able to arrive before your birthday,* but at the earliest about the 10th of April. On the other hand, it will then be possible to make the necessary preparations in our new abode, where I must have some rooms painted, a doorway made, and all sorts of alterations besides. I should like so much to bring you at once into a properly furnished lodging. I do not suppose that the trousseau will be ready so soon either, and I only wish that affairs here may be settled by the end of March. If we agree that the wedding is to be in April, I shall leave it to mamma to fix the day for which the relatives are to be invited.

The way we are to travel must also be considered. If I take my own little carriage, the posting will cost one hundred and fifty thalers. Again, if I travel with my own horses, we shall be a very long time on the road, because I dare not

* 5th April.

overwork them. If we choose to go by steamer as far as Magdeburg, and thence by rail to Berlin, it will certainly be the cheapest way of travelling, but not the pleasantest, and I should like to bring you away in regular state.

Your intercession for the Arabs resolves me to take no further steps to meet the terms proposed to me. I have fixed for them the high price of eight hundred thalers, which the man will hardly give, and so I shall probably keep them, and be able to fetch you with them, if you like.

I had fully hoped to receive letters from you yesterday, and John, too, had counted confidently on a letter from Jeanette. Whether he has had one to-day I don't know; he came here while I was out, and left the lithographed portrait of your grandmother, which is a speaking likeness. I shall have it framed for our new abode. What would I not give if I could have as good a likeness of my own dear mother!

Now, how are you, dear soul? Well, I suppose; for you are among your own people, and have certainly plenty to do, with your sewing and preparing of your trousseau.

I hope mamma has got my letter, and will soon communicate with me. Best love to her. I have drunk a small glass of the bottle of Madeira, which she gave me to bring away, every morning at breakfast, and it has lasted till to-day.

I suppose I shall have to stay quietly in Berlin this summer, and, provided that you are there, I shall not at all object. I hope, however, that we shall have plenty of visitors. In any case, however, dear Mary, we will make a longer journey, and, I hope, visit England too, even though we have to wait for this three or four years. For the next year I must abandon all thought of any long absence; that is, if I obtain the second post on the commander-in-chief's staff. After that leave will not be refused me. You will see very shortly an article, —|—, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* about railways by an old ill-tempered author, not unknown to you. Is not mamma going on with her baths? You should try them too; they suit me capitally.

I was lately present at a splendid performance of "Don Giovanni." I have also heard Liszt several times, seeing him as one ought to see him. He is unsurpassable; but the piano-forte is a very poor instrument at a concert.

Now I will close. I hope confidently to receive letters from you before long, for it will soon be a fortnight since I

have heard anything of you. But I know that you are often thinking of me, and that you never go to bed a single night without including me in your pious prayer. God bless you, sweet good soul.

Ever yours most devotedly,
HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, Sunday evening, 13th February.

MY LITTLE MARY,

Your dear letter of the 10th arrived yesterday, and gave me great pleasure, for you seem cheerful and contented, and have doubtless plenty to do with your preparations. Well, there are only ten more weeks, and then you will be altogether my own dear little wife. Yesterday evening I paid a visit to my comrade Oelrichs, captain of horse on the staff, who has also recently married. He is no younger than I, and his wife only two years older than you, and very pretty too. You will be sure to like these people very much; they send their kind regards and offer their advice and help if you should need it. I heartily wish the time were come when we shall live together so comfortably. May God give his blessing to it. Let us always be quite sincere with one another and on no account sulk. Better to quarrel than that; but best of all to live quite in harmony. I dare say you have noticed that I am sometimes moody. Just leave me alone on those occasions; I shall be sure to come back to you. I will, however, take pains to improve. From you I wish good humour and even spirits, and when possible a cheerful *temper*, compliance in trifles, orderly housekeeping, neatness in dress, and above all things that you go on loving me. It is true that you are very young to enter a totally new sphere of surroundings; but your good sense and, above all, the excellence of your disposition, will soon make you at home in intercourse with other people. Be persuaded, dear Mary, that kindness to every one is the first rule of life, and saves us many a trouble, and that it is possible to be on good terms, even with people whom you do not like, without insincerity or want of good faith. The natural friendliness of a kind heart is true courtesy, and the finest polish. In my case a bad bringing up and a youth of privations has often choked this feeling,

and still oftener checked its utterance, and so now I have but the acquired coldness of a haughty courtesy, which seldom attracts any one. You, on the contrary, are young and pretty, and will not, God willing, know any privation; every one will treat you with cordiality. Do not, then, omit to be amiable to people in return, and to make friends of them. This to a large extent, of course, depends on your conversation. There is no question at all of saying anything witty, but when possible say something kind, and, if that cannot be, at least let it be felt that you would like to do so. You are far removed from affectation and insincerity; that sort of thing wearies one directly, for nothing but truth can arouse sympathy. Real modesty and absence of pretension are the true protection against annoyances and mortifications in the great world, and I may almost affirm that with these qualities shyness and awkwardness are out of the question. If we do not try to appear other than we are, and to usurp a higher position than becomes us, neither rank nor birth nor numbers and display can discompose us. But if man has no inward consciousness of his worth, and is obliged to seek it in the opinion of others, he has always to read the eyes of strangers, just like some one who wears false hair, and has to look in every glass to see that nothing has got awry. I confess, however, dear Mary, that I draw these fine lessons from myself. My manners are nothing but shyness, varnished over with self-confidence, and *usage du monde*. The many years of repression in which I grew up have permanently injured my character, suppressed my feelings, and stifled right and noble pride. It was not until late in life that I began to build up again from within what had not been destroyed. Do you help me, then, from now on to improve. You yourself, however, I should like to see nobler and better, which is the same thing as being happier and more contented than I can now become. So be modest and unpretending, and you will be of a calm mind and at your ease.

I shall be glad to see people paying due court to you, and I have no objection to a little coquetry. The better terms you are on with everybody the less opportunity people will have for saying of you that you favour individuals. You must be cautious on this score, for men seek to please, first for the sake of pleasing, and then that they may boast of it, and you will find far more captiousness than charity in Society.

It is certain that I shall very often fall short of other men whom you will see here. At every ball you will find some who dance better, and dress better, and at every party some whose conversation is livelier, and who are better-tempered than I. But your discovering this need not prevent your still loving me best, provided only that you believe that I care more for you than any one else. Whenever something should turn up that you cannot tell me, then be on your own guard against yourself. And now, give me a kiss, and I will have done with lecturing. I am glad that little Ernestine* is now well again, and that little Henry* is thriving. Love to mamma and papa.

One thing more, dear Mary; when you are writing just read the letter you are answering through again. It is not only the questions that require to be answered, but it is well to touch upon every topic mentioned in it. Otherwise the exchange of letters grows more and more meagre, mutual ground vanishes, and people soon reach the point of only caring to communicate what is important. Now life consists for the most part of small and unimportant matters. The little affairs of everyday range themselves into hours, weeks, and months, and in the end make up the happiness and sorrow of life. That is why real intercourse is so much better than correspondence. People tell one another the merest trifles, but have a difficulty in finding what seems worth the trouble of writing about.

Well, it is now midnight, and I suppose you are already asleep, unless you are still chatting with Jeanette. My love to her. Good night, you dear good soul.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Undated.

MY DEAR LITTLE MARY,

Your sweet letter of the 9th inst. arrived yesterday. Don't draw too glowing a picture of our abode, for it is by no means as pretty as yours at Itzehoe. I expect now to reach Itzehoe about a fortnight before the 27th, and should like to have a room secured for me at the hotel beforehand.

* The younger sister and brother of his betrothed.

I shall in all probability travel with my own horses, which can be put up at the inn. I do not suppose that we shall be able to get as far as Hamburg on the wedding-day, on account of the Danish state roads, but we shall be able in any case to find lodgings at Elmshorn or Pinneberg. I suppose we shall have to spend one day at Wandsbeck, and then in four days reach Berlin, where everything will by that time be in order.

I shall only write you a few lines to-day as I am very tired, not having got home till two o'clock. There was a grand ball at the opera house. All the seats in the pit had been removed, this part being raised so as to make it level with the stage. In this way the immense house had been changed into a huge dancing hall, which was most gorgeously decorated and illuminated by thousands of lamps and gas jets. The orchestra soared aloft in a balloon, and all the boxes were filled with handsomely-dressed ladies. Those who danced were *rather* of the class, which Montaigne describes as *la tourbe de la société*. There was a variety of processions, quadrilles, throngs, heat, and dust. The mob of upwards of three thousand persons, however, who looked down on the scene from above, was very entertaining. The best feature of the whole affair was an excellent supper, which had been laid for twelve persons in the latticed royal box near the stage. This was partaken of by the Prince of Prussia, my master, Prince Albrecht, the Crown Prince of Württemberg, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Prince August of Württemberg, and a few aide-de-camps, and went off exceedingly well.

I am very glad that you are so satisfied with your trousseau. We will thank papa prettily for it. Don't work so hard as to prevent your going out for walks, but be sure to keep well. Good night, dear heart.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 16th February, 1842.

MY SWEET LITTLE MARY,

Help me to pass away the time; it seems to me to be standing still at present. The relaxing spring weather depresses me, and still more the lack of intellectual excitement and of familiar intercourse with sympathetic relatives

and friends. I find the opera tedious, and shall not enjoy it again until I see you admiring its magnificence. In society I see hundreds of people, in none of whom I take any particular interest, and I do so long soon to see again a little circle of people who have some fellow-feeling for one another. Here my only recreation consists of stiff parties, and my only occupation dry official letters. Your letters are the only bright spots in this tedious existence, and when I have read them through four times, I know them by heart. But I must not weary you. Good night, sweetheart mine; I press you to my breast. Sweet repose!

I sit down again to write, but I have nothing more to tell you except that I think much of you, and count the days till I shall be with you again.

16th.—Last night I was at the Italian opera, when they played "Norma," and to-day I saw a very excellent French piece. The performers act splendidly. I also went for a long ride on one of my Arabs, which did me a lot of good, and cured me to some extent of my hypochondriacal disposition. It is, however, constantly foggy and rainy, and the dear sun no longer makes its appearance.

Sunday.—In the beautiful hall of the Academy of Singing scientific lectures are given, in which the Court and many ladies of the best society take part. Each Saturday a different professor reads a theme which he himself has selected. After hearing a lecture upon microscopical infusoria, I went first to the opera house, where Liszt gave a concert, and then to a meeting of the officers of the staff which takes place once a month in the evenings. At this also reports have to be made, but it finishes up with an excellent supper. After that I had been invited to a party at the Russian ambassador's, the time fixed being ten o'clock. This pleasure, however, I denied myself. I have to go to Vincke's this evening, and so end for to-day, dear Mary.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, Thursday, 24th February.

Your loving letter of the 17th inst., dear Mary, only arrived to-day. I had a letter from my father to-day. He seems to be very cheerful and well, but will probably not come to Berlin again before the spring. He does not intend

to go to Itzehoe until the day before the wedding, and will then only remain a few days after our departure. I believe that this will just suit mamma, for she will have quite plenty of guests beforehand.

I have had your portrait copied here for my father, and will forward the drawing by John. It is not quite so good as the original drawing, but still it is like you, and it is pretty. At the very time that you were unwell, I was also very poorly, owing, I suppose, to the weather, and the sudden transition to spring. Just now we are having the most lovely weather, cool indeed, but delightful sunshine.

My most heartfelt thanks, dear Mary, for your loving words and your good opinion; but, unfortunately, what you call modesty is only just appreciation of myself. Well, I trust that when once you are with me, many things will be altered for the better. Of the women whose acquaintance you will make here I think you will get on best with Mrs. von Oelrichs. For her worthy husband's sake I should like you to be on good terms with Mrs. von Patow.

Warm greetings to all your household. Good night for to-day, sweet Mary. Write to me soon, and with full details, for the least trifle in your daily life interests me more than all the politics in the world. Adieu, my life.

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 4th March, 1842.

MY DEAR GOOD MARY,

From your last kind letter I perceive that you have quite recovered from your indisposition. The time for seeing you once more is now drawing near, and in four weeks I shall be preparing for my departure. I certainly have no objection to fixing an earlier date for the wedding, only please inform Fritz as early as possible. When you write, be sure to tell him from me to take a somewhat longer leave of absence, so as to be able to extend his journey a little further, if he likes.

Sunday, 6th March, 1842.

I have sold my Arab horses. I had put a high price upon them, and this has, contrary to my expectation, been

paid, namely, one hundred and forty-five Louis d'ors. I am sorry to part with the dear creatures, but I am wise to do so. They are so small that I cannot use them for military purposes. With the price which has been paid for them I can purchase a couple of even better horses.

John will be leaving here in a week to go to you, and I shall follow as soon as I have made the more pressing arrangements in our new house. It will be vacated by the 2nd or 3rd of April, after which I expect to be able to get it ready in a few days. If this weather continues things will soon be green, and I shall hope to introduce you to your new abode at a beautiful time of the year. It is really remarkably pretty then in the Tiergarten.

Have you no news as to when Fritz thinks of coming? I cannot rise to the point of writing a sensible letter to-day, dear Mary. Love to all our dear ones. You shall soon hear from me again.

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, Sunday, 13th March, 1842.

MY PRECIOUS, DEAR LITTLE MARY,

The nearer the time comes in which I shall see you again, the less I care to write letters. It is a little bit your fault, for of late your letters have grown shorter and less frequent than formerly, and you make no mention in them of the subjects that I touch upon in mine. But, after all, they always contain what interests me most, namely, the assurance of your kind and loving thoughts of me, and that is the great thing. When we once share joy and sorrow, and have more ground in common, there will be no lack of matter to communicate. We still live in separate spheres, united only by the one feeling of warm affection. I know your world certainly, but you do not yet know mine. I am interested in everything that you tell me about your surroundings and doings; but I can tell you little about my acquaintances and my life here, because they are strange to you. You will soon, however, be acquainted with my surroundings here. Your mind will soon adapt itself to them, and my delight will then consist in seeing that you are happy in your new life. God grant that it may be so!

I met an acquaintance yesterday, Dr. von Aschen, from Heligoland. He inquired after you all, especially after Ernestine, of whom I was able to give him the best of news. He entrusted me with a number of kind messages, especially to mamma.

Be sure to send me word as soon as you know when Fritz and Ludwig are likely to reach Itzehoe. I only hope the weather may be as beautiful as it was last spring; but it is really too lovely just now, and I am afraid we shall get the cold afterwards.

Good night for to-day, dear sweet Mary. A thousand greetings to all and to yourself, dear good child. May your slumber be sweet!

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 26th March, 1842.

DEAR MARY,

Thank you for your kind letter of the 19th inst. It is very nice that we should both have written at the same time without having arranged it beforehand. I was at preparation on Thursday, and at communion early yesterday, which was Good Friday. Our thoughts must have met at this solemn act. I trust that it may be the beginning of a life of constant improvement and happiness for us.

You write me that you are often depressed, and then again in high spirits. To tell the truth, that is by no means such a good thing as a calmly equable, cheerful disposition, but every one is so in his early youth, and I hope to see you *sweet-tempered* too. Cheerful equanimity is not only a great happiness, but also, in so far as it depends upon ourselves, a duty and a merit. Let us strive after it on both sides, and have no moods, sulks, or pettishnesses, or if they do occur, let us see who is ready first to stretch out a hand in reconciliation. Some one has said that there are only two kinds of marriages—those in which the husband is under petticoat government, and unhappy ones. I desire nothing better than to be at your mercy, and it will be your part to bring me to that point by your gentleness, compliance, and kindness.

The little greys are still in Berlin. You will see them here. Our quarters will be vacant on the 31st, and I hope to leave here on the 3rd or 4th prox°. I shall only be able

to travel slowly, however, with my young horses, and shall not reach you before the 10th of April. Will John take apartments for me and my coachman, and stabling for two horses for a fortnight? I am looking forward exceedingly to spending this time with all my brothers and sisters and relatives.

Easter Sunday.—Good evening, my dear little Mary. Yesterday evening I heard a very fine rendering of Mozart's "Requiem" at the opera-house. To-day it was universally thought that the principal promotions and removals in both armies would be announced when the parole was given out; but nothing happened, and I am still in uncertainty whether I am to remain here or go somewhere else. The former is probable, but the latter is nevertheless possible. As the king starts for Potsdam to-morrow for a week, the announcement will probably not be made till the 3rd of April. Then there will be another week's delay before the nominations of the staff come back. I shall, therefore, perhaps have to start sooner, and we shall not be able to make our arrangements till our return, after all. In this last event we shall have to spend the first few days at a hotel. To-morrow fortnight I hope, in any case, to be with you, my sweet life.

Mind you send me word whether the clergyman who is to marry us wants a certificate from the clergyman here that the banns have been published in this place three times. It is to be done in the garrison church for the first time to-morrow.

Best love to mamma, papa, John, Jeanette, the little ones, and all acquaintances. Good night, dear Mary. A pleasant, joyful meeting.

Ever your faithful friend,

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, 31st March, 1842.

DEAR MARY,

I am just thinking about setting my affairs in order for moving, so that I can only send a hasty answer to your dear letter. I am sorry that you should fancy me already on the way. Do not expect me before the 10th. I should like to come for your birthday, but that is absolutely impossible, as I must wait here till the parole is given out with reference to the changes in the army, and this will not be announced

till Sunday, the 3rd, at the earliest. I will try with pleasure to be in Glückstadt by the 8th of April, which is more likely, though I hardly think it can be managed. It may quite well happen that I shall have to stay here till the 8th or 9th of April if the nomination of the chief of the staff is not returned at once from the cabinet.

This afternoon our abode will be vacant; but I can make no arrangements, because as yet nothing is decided about the changes. However, I shall engage masons and painters, and the furniture we must choose together. Taking everything into consideration, I am afraid we are doing things on too large a scale. We can see our relatives and friends, but anything like style we cannot keep up, and a carriage would be an unjustifiable luxury if my position did not render it necessary for me to keep three horses in any case.

What you say about our stay in Heligoland is true, but the fault was mine not yours. The course of treatment had made me nervous, and I was very much exhausted and depressed. This spring I have been in *low spirits* again, just in the same way; but I hope I have got over it now. The cold of the winter always suits me well; but when the weather breaks up then comes my bad time, my spleen, until the weather grows fine again. When you are with me, you will doubtless banish all my ill-humour. Adieu; a speedy meeting.

HELMUTH.

To his Betrothed.

Berlin, Sunday, 2nd April, 1842.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

A thousand good wishes for your birthday. I deeply regret not being able to convey them by word of mouth, but that was quite impossible. Everything is in a dreadful muddle here. Mason, joiner, carpenter, painter, and locksmith are hammering and scraping round me, dust is lying thick on all the furniture, and I can scarcely find a corner in which to sit down. It has been going on like this for three days. However, I am now so far advanced that I shall be able to start to-morrow, or at latest the day after. By the time we arrive here our quarters will be painted, the floors polished, and the curtains put up, and we shall only have the furnishing left, which can be done in a couple of hours.

I must conclude, as I have still to break in our horses, one of which is rather troublesome. Excuse this hurried letter, dear Mary. If you saw all that I still have to do before my departure, you would pity me. Once more a thousand sincere and hearty good wishes till we meet again.

With constant love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

*To his Wife.**

Undated, Glienicke, 8 a.m.

Good morning, little wife. How have you slept? I hear that the prince is coming to Berlin to-morrow, but whether at midday I don't know. What horrible weather! Be sure to have good fires, so that we don't get frozen, little woman.

Your tea kept me awake yesterday till midnight. I fancy, too, that green tea is very injurious. To-day we are keeping the Princess of Prussia's birthday, and she will spend the evening with us. Already the cannon are thundering, but the festival is rather a damp affair on account of the persistent rain. Give up your bath for to-day, as you cannot walk as it is. Adieu. I am looking forward to seeing you again to-morrow.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Undated.

Good day, dear Mary. How are you getting on? I have sent William for my bay, so that I may ride about a little in the cool of the morning in this beautiful neighbourhood.

We dined yesterday at midday at Sanssouci, in the beautiful cool marble hall. During dinner there was very good music in the ante-room; the fresh herrings, truffles, grouse, snipe, ice, and champagne tasted very good. The king asked me if I had been in Berlin the whole time, to which I replied that I had spent some time in Brunswick. The queen asked if I was already married, to which I replied "Unfortunately, yes." In the evening we had tea on Peacock Island, in front of the palm-house, and we went home by water, and had lovely warm weather.

Early this morning I took a long walk through the park. At noon we are to be at the palace again, and in the evening

* Moltke was married at Itzehoe on 20th April, 1842.

I suppose we shall see the fireworks, which are let off at the station platform from the Brauhansberg. Adieu, little Mary, don't let the time drag. Till we meet again!

HELMUTH.

P.S.—To-day you are busy, but to-morrow you might go to the Ballhorns. Have you had no news from the Patows? They are certain to invite you shortly.

To his Wife.

Doberan, 8th August 1843.

MY OWN DEAR LITTLE MARY,

Our departure had to be delayed till a quarter to one o'clock, as we had a new vehicle, upon which about a thousand experiments had to be tried. After breakfasting with his royal highness of cutlets and mushrooms, we made our journey in nice weather and without any interruption, except the changing of horses, to Neu-Strelitz. It had been arranged that we should take tea with the grand duke there, but a mounted messenger who met us informed us that the court had gone on to Neu-Brandenburg, four miles farther on, where the town authorities had made preparations to receive the young prince most heartily. We arrived there with hungry stomachs at a quarter past nine o'clock, having travelled eighteen miles in eight hours. The town, with its fine old towers and beautiful cathedral, was decorated with floral ornamentation. We drove up to the gate of the castle where the grand duke himself received his guests, and we then partook of a very much-longed-for supper. This was followed by a torchlight procession, after which came music, singing, Bengalese illuminations, toasts, and leave taking, and then at midnight we seated or rather threw ourselves down in our carriage. This last is exceptionally comfortable; the seats are so constructed that you can lie at full length on them, and, needless to say, I slept soundly until sunrise.

The country through which we drove to-day is very fertile, and most luxurious cornfields alternate with beech forests and small lakes. Very pretty does Rostock appear, with its ancient cathedral, fine walls, towers, and old gabled houses like those in Lübeck. One can see that it had once been a Hanseatic town. Doberan also has a most charming situation, and includes an old cloister, surrounded by dark

green beeches. From this place we drove immediately to the sea-bathing place, which is an hour's journey distant, and close to which the dowager grand duchess has a fine cottage, prettily situated on the shore at the borders of a dense beech forest. A most lovely lawn, equal to that at Glienicke, extends almost all the way to the shore. The grand duchess received me with her usual kindness and amiability. I took advantage of the occasion to have some splendid sea bathing. The air was very fresh, and the water delicious, the bottom being quite free from pebbles. I felt myself very much refreshed after it. About two o'clock we dined in the cottage *en petit comité*—the grand duchess, the grand duke, Princess Louise, a lady in waiting, General Rauch, with Miss Blanche and Miss Rouge, the prince, and myself. Codfish, with butter and mustard! Heavenly! After dinner we had a walk in the adjoining beech forest, whence beautiful views of the sea are to be obtained. At five o'clock I drove with the prince to Doberan, and although fearfully tired, sat down to write the foregoing lines to you, when I had to go again to the sea bathing. After that I had tea in the open air with some splendid music—forty performers—and then a ball. I danced a contre dance with Princess Louise, and allowed myself to be fetched several times. Finally we had supper in the cottage, of which five persons partook. After that, by delightfully clear moonlight, we drove home at great speed, when I slept till seven o'clock.

When I awoke it was some time before I could realize where I was. I have a magnificent suite of three large rooms in the palace. Hardly had I finished my coffee when I had to dress hastily, and drive again to the cottage. I took my second bath, and drove afterwards with the prince, the grand duke and the princess to the great stone, weighing five hundred thousand pounds, which has to be transported to the bathing-place over a distance of one and a quarter miles. The monster reclines upon a set of rollers, and advances at the rate of about one thousand feet a day over a species of railway, the hinder part of which is constantly detached, and then put in front again. It will require two months to finish its promenade.

The builder who is superintending its transport has erected upon it a small wooden hut for himself. This hut weighs no more as compared with the stone than a fly does with reference

to the apple upon which it sits, and so the ingenious man gets carried along to the watering-place gratuitously.

At midday to-day the entire court dined at the *table d'hôte* in Doberan. After dinner we had coffee in the open air, and then went shopping. Afterwards I paid my visits. At a quarter to six we take tea in the open air, and then go to the theatre, where "Lucretia Borgia" will be performed.

So much of myself; it is very pleasant here on the whole. I wish you were here too. The grand duchess, the princess, and the Misses Rauch have made anxious inquiries after you. I suppose you are sitting with papa on the balcony. Give him my best love. I am curious whether I shall still find you in Berlin on Tuesday. Settle it exactly as you like best. Your fame has spread through the length and breadth of Mecklenburg, and every one says that I have the prettiest wife in Berlin. You know, I am related to every one here in the third or fourth degree.

10th.—To-day the devil has apparently broken loose. It is just ten years since this watering-place, the oldest in Germany, was founded. Since six o'clock guns have been continually discharged, and music has resounded. I have just had breakfast, and intend now to run to the beach for a bathe. After that there will be a grand festivity, at which the chief guest will not make his appearance, namely, the laying of the foundation stone upon which the big stone, which is still a mile* away, is to rest. On account of his great corpulence you must not expect him to be punctual. Then at two o'clock there will be a great dinner, coffee at the camp, and in the evening a ball at Doberan; so that we shall have a great quantity of entertainments. I only wish that you were here this evening.

The opera was very fine yesterday. After supper I walked with the grand duke and the prince by moonlight until eleven o'clock.

Adieu, my sweetheart, I must conclude, in order that this letter may go to-day. With heartfelt love,

Your old

HELMUTH.

* A German mile = $4\frac{3}{4}$ English miles. Throughout, distances are given in German miles.

To his Wife.

Doberan, Friday evening, 11th August.

Dear Mary,

After I despatched my letter yesterday I drove with the prince to the beach and bathed. The sea was smooth as a looking-glass, and the boats were decorated with plentiful bunting. In honour of the laying of the foundation stone a short speech was made, then several things were placed in a bottle, and after that the (little) stone was deposited amid the thunder of artillery, the event being completed by a few knocks of a hammer dealt by the royal hand. When this was over, I sauntered about in the wood, and subsequently drove in the omnibus with the other members of the court to the race-course. This is a very slow amusement, which is everywhere the same. The prince was judge. In the course of an hour and a half this business was over, and we drove back here, and went to dinner at the *table d'hôte*, when four hundred guests sat down. The heat was insupportable, and we sat a very long time. Toasts, speeches, firing of guns, champagne and ice, all after the usual style. The dear grand duchess seemed very much affected; it was the first time she had appeared in Doberan since the death of her husband. After dinner she retired, and did not even reappear at coffee time. In the evening there was a ball in a fine well-lighted hall, the floor of which, however, was not polished, but rough, and there was a dreadful atmosphere of cooking, owing to the heat. A dance with the princess, and a few turns with the ladies, conversations, introductions, and much ennui fell to my lot. Costume, white cravat, with the order *pour le mérite*, velvet waistcoat, white unmentionables, and patent leather boots. The ball was kept up until one o'clock. Then came supper.

I wish you had been there. A coach full of officers from Schwerin was ordered here; they were very good dancers.

This morning I drove with the grand duke in his gig, and bathed. Then it was racecourse till two o'clock. The dinner was at *table d'hôte*, where the members of the Court sat together, and when three hundred of the bathers sat down. Now it is tea-time.

12th.—Last evening the Court drove *en famille* to the cottage at the Holy Dyke. I took tea with the ladies in the

garden. We amused ourselves immensely, for they do enjoy a laugh, and teased me about my absent-mindedness.

They accused me of the most incredible confusions; but I don't owe them anything on that score. We went to the theatre, where "Night and Morning" was fairly well played, but we were too full of fun, and roared instead of cried. The heat was disgusting. In the evening I did not go to the banquet, as I wished to sleep well for one night. I wonder whether you are on the steamer just now?

This morning I drove down to bathe, then went to the racecourse, but left before the steeplechase was decided, as I had to go to the coach-office to inquire as to our return journey, which has been fixed for Monday. We lunched at *table d'hôte* at midday, and partook of coffee in the open air at the camp. Their highnesses are always extremely amiable with me. I have just smoked my cigar, entered several roads into my map, and what is to come next I cannot say. In the evening there is, unfortunately, another dance.

13th.—I had a most delicious bath, and, after it, went for a walk in the wood, driving back here alone. The driving here is real fun. A light hunting-car, with splendid horses, coachman and footmen in crimson with blue and gold, all most elegant. Towards evening yesterday I visited the beautiful cathedral of Doberan. It is a lofty light building, with slender columns, and is full of reminiscences of Catholic times, since there are still preserved in it twenty altars, though only one of these is in use. Here are buried the old Dukes of Mecklenburg, the Bishops of Doberan, and many noblemen belonging to well-known families. One of these last had caused the following inscription to be put up for him in large legible characters—

"Wick Düwel, wieke wit von mi,
Ick scheer mi nich en Quark üm di.
Ick bin en mecklenborgschen Eddelmann,
Wat geit di, Düwel, min Supen an.
Ick sup Kaltschal mit Jesus Christ,
Wenn du, Düwel, ewig dörsten müsst." *

Last evening we again had *thè dansant*. It was not so hot and full, and was pleasanter than on the last occasion.

* "Off with you, you Devil, off with you from me; I don't care a fig for thee. I am a nobleman of Mecklenburg; what has that, you Devil, to do with you. I drink cold punch with Jesus Christ, whilst you, devil, must thirst for ever."—(*Low German.*)

Of course I did not dance at all except in the contre dance with the princess, who also did me the honour to fetch me for the cotillon. I had, besides, just a few rounds with the nicest of the ladies. I had a long and interesting conversation with minister Lützow about railways, etc. After supper I went by myself for a walk of over an hour. It was glorious weather, warm, clear moonlight, and the little town with its beech forest looked splendid. This evening they lock us up again in the theatre.

14th.—As we leave this place almost at once I must rush down to the beach for another bath. Yesterday they gave "The Huguenots," but it was very badly done. Then we supped, and afterwards saw fireworks. Now, then, you know what my life in Doberan has been. I hope you too are enjoying yourself. Do not give yourself any unnecessary trouble, but take care of your health. God protect and guard you!

With best love, from your

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, 15th August, 1843.

Here I am, sweetheart, sitting in our dwelling-place, which looks to me utterly dismal and deserted without you.

Yesterday morning we drove to the Holy Dyke and had some sea bathing; then we said good-bye to our good and amiable hosts, had breakfast in Doberan, and about eleven o'clock left without any other obstacle being presented to our progress. At sunrise to-day I awoke close to the toll house on the road to Tegel, whither we had ridden on the last occasion but one, and at half-past five we arrived here. Berlin seems to me now to be most abominable. The drought of the last ten days has dried everything up. It is windy, hot, and dusty, and I miss very much the fine cool sea air and the green beech woods. My prince started off to-day at once with the king for Stettin, as the ceremony of opening the railway is to be performed to-day. At eight o'clock he returns, and most probably I shall go almost immediately with him to Glienicke, which I am very glad to do, as it is so comfortless at home here. I trust that you will soon give me the pleasure of a detailed account of your journey. Have you had fine weather? I am very glad that you enjoyed yourself fairly well.

Evening.—I am not going to Glienicke. Good night, sweetheart mine. God bless and guard you! My best love to all at Itzehoe.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, 18th August, 1843.

MY LITTLE WIFE,

How are you getting on? Are you suffering much from the heat? It is fearfully dry and dusty here. I went yesterday to Glienicke. In the evening we had tea with their majesties on the balcony of the marble palace, and supper in the open air under the orange trees of the terrace at Sanssouci.

This morning, after bathing in the Havel, I drove over here with the prince, and I purpose remaining overnight, as important military duties have to be attended to to-morrow. It seems a horrible void here now that you are away. God be praised that I have not to stop here another three weeks. The princess saw you driving shortly before your departure, and declares that you looked charming.

Evening.—I spent the whole of this hot day at my writing-desk. At midday I went to lunch at Kemper's. In the cool of the evening I should have liked to have gone for a ride, but as I was on duty I had to confine myself to going to the theatre. A stranger, Mr. Döring, played exceedingly well, but the heat was dreadful. I have just come from Kranzler, where I regaled myself with ice instead of having supper. I miss you every moment, my little heart. I work as hard as I can, and hardly leave my little corner room. I find the others so dreary, since you are no longer here to put things in order. *God bless you!*

19th.—After writing to you yesterday, I laid me down to sleep, being very tired. I slept so soundly, however, that M. had to knock with both knuckles for about half an hour at my door before she succeeded in rousing me. She said that a dreadful fire was in progress. At first, I did not feel at all inclined to rise, but by-and-by I observed that the house of the Waldersees reflected a ruddy glare, and that it was as light as if it had been day. The fire seemed to be on the Wilhelms Place, but before long we were informed that

it was the opera house which was burning. I dressed myself hastily, and proceeded to the spot. The moment I passed the gate of Brandenburg a most splendid illumination met my gaze. The statue of Apollo, which surmounts the projecting peristyle of the opera house was lighted up as if by magic, and the columns of the staircase were quite distinctly visible. At the back the red glow ascended to the skies. Upon the nearer side of the Friedrichstrasse it was already raining dense showers of sparks, and the heat was decidedly sensible. At the end of the Linden a company of Uhlans blocked up the street, and only the military and firemen were allowed to pass through. The consequence was that the whole of the fine square in front of the University, Opera Place, and the street adjoining the Catholic Church were kept free from the crowd, and the magnificent buildings which surround these places, the palace of the Princes of Prussia, the library, the Catholic Church, the castle, the cathedral, the arsenal, the university, and the trees, were all illuminated in an indescribable magnificence. In the midst of all these the opera house blazed up like a volcano. I left the building at the beginning of the ballet, since which time some sparks must have ignited it, for an hour later the place was in flames. Where everything is most inflammable it would be next to impossible to try to extinguish a fire; accordingly, the mass was allowed to burn itself out, all the energies of the firemen being directed towards saving the surrounding properties, especially the library, which was much exposed, and the palace of the Prince of Prussia. The princess is indisposed, and at the time the fire was discovered, the prince was sitting by her bedside. The wind, which fortunately was rather feeble, was blowing exactly in that direction. The roof was, therefore, covered immediately with soldiers and firemen, who, however, could hardly maintain their position, owing to the intense heat. Both the above-mentioned buildings were kept constantly watered, the large fire engines pouring forth continual streams of water upon them. With a terrible crash the roof of the opera house fell in, whereupon an immense column of fire blazed up. At the same time shouts for help rose simultaneously from the different roofs round about, but fortunately none of these took fire, so that the danger was soon over. Through the huge windows of the opera house one could distinctly see the interior of the

building, which was completely lighted up. The large room behind the royal box had not yet fallen in. In that very spot, not quite two hours before, I was walking backwards and forwards because of the coolness that was there. But by this time everything was in a glowing and burning state. I remained looking at it until one o'clock, and, I fancy, the flames are not yet quite extinguished.

To-morrow I shall no doubt have a letter from you. I am so longing for it, my dear, dear little Mary. I did not think that I should feel the separation from you so much.

Evening.—At midday I had a complete dinner at Meinhardt's Hotel for the sum of twenty silbergroschen, and it was an extraordinarily good one. In the evening I rode by way of the Unterbaum, the Moabite Bridge, and the pheasantry to the Tempelhof mountains, from which I have just this moment returned home. Count Nostitz has kindly invited me to his garden this evening at eight o'clock. Were you not there before you left? Prince Adelbert inquired for you yesterday. Good night, dear, good little wife.

Sunday, noon.—To my great joy I have just received your letter of the 17th inst. You have indeed had enough to try your patience through the delay in seeing your relatives again. I am surprised, however, that you had cold, rainy weather on board the steamer. In Doberan it was delightful that very day. At tea-time I shall be wishing myself over with you, for here it is lonely enough. Unfortunately the opera house, where I purposed going to see "The Huguenots" this evening, has gone and got burnt down. My horses remain my only resource.

I am very glad that you purpose riding at Itzehoe, for I know how much you enjoy it; but every horse does not go like your grey, so pray be cautious. What sort of a horse have you, and where did you get the saddle? You must never let the bridle slip out of your hand as with the grey. Don't forget that. For the rest, it must be delightful to ride at Itzehoe. Best love to all.

It is hot and windy here. The air is filled with thick clouds of dust, and I do not go out on the balcony at all. I am counting the days before my departure; it is a bad time here.

Well, I will conclude now, in order that this letter may go to-day. Adieu, dear good little wife. Look after

and recruit yourself, and enjoy this intercourse with your family.

With best love, from your

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, Tuesday evening, 22nd August, 1843.

DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

How are you faring? I imagine you will have my last Sunday's letter to-day or, at any rate, to-morrow. I am by this time getting accustomed to my temporary widowhood, and have thrown myself with all my might into my work upon the campaign of 1828. To-day I sat for eight hours uninterruptedly, from seven to three o'clock, and wrote a whole section. Afterwards I went to a splendid *table d'hôte*, where I enjoyed my meal exceedingly, except that opposite me sat a man who had lost his nose. The dinner lasted a pretty long time, and I did not get home until half-past four. There was not much to be done there; the couch, a cigar, and the newspaper. At half-past six I rode on my white horse, Frederick mounting the chestnut, to Schönhausen. On my return I drank a glass of beer at Pankow. The evening was a starry one and fine, and I rode back through the town.

I shall be obliged to send on the horses either on the 1st or on the 2nd of September. The white horse must be shod one of these days. I myself shall go by rail on the fifth or sixth to Halle, where I shall meet the horses. Then I shall continue my journey straight to Kösen, where I purpose staying overnight, in order to take a delicious wave or plunge bath either that evening or in the morning. On the following day I hope to arrive at Erfurt.

We have a foreign actor here, named Döring, who plays exceedingly well. Yesterday evening I saw the last act of the "Merchant of Venice," in which he took the part of Shylock. After to-morrow he will play "Nathan the Wise." He is much better than Seidelmann. During the last splendid performance at the opera house the Prince of Prussia lost two of his large plate glass windows, each of which cost two hundred and ninety thalers, through their cracking with the intense heat. Can you imagine that? Right across over the broad square. Good night, you dear heart. Sound sleep to you.

Thursday, Noon, 24th.—Sincere thanks, my sweetheart, for your diligence in correspondence. You gave me a pleasant surprise, for I scarcely expected another letter from you so soon. I was doubly delighted at its contents, and that you are all so well and cheerful. Your old papa's lines, too, seem written with a firm hand and in good spirits.

Yesterday rain fell here for the first time since the eighth of this month, and to-day also it has rained during the whole forenoon. I spent half an hour at the theatre yesterday, when the "Daughter of the Regiment" was put on the stage.

Evening.—To-day we had the visitation of a dreadful thunderstorm with such violent rain that even the peace-loving gutters overflowed. It has not got much cooler, however.

I breakfast nowadays of cocoa and small bread, and at midday I invariably have a good square meal. After that I take nothing more all day, either in the afternoon or in the evening. Eating is such a bother in the evening, and I sleep much better without it.

25th.—After working for four hours I took a bath, rode my white horse, went to deliver my lecture, and then returned home to work. Before dinner-time I visited the picture, which is on exhibition, and on my return dined most heartily. In the afternoon I was idle for a bit, then rode the chestnut, which begins to get sensible. I saw an act from the "Czar and the Carpenter":—"It is long, long ago," and heard the beautiful air which the emperor sings. Now I shall refresh myself with a glass of beer, and then get on with my work. Our thoughts doubtless meet sometimes, dear Mary. God bless you, dear good heart. This letter shall be despatched to-morrow.

Truly yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, Sunday evening, 27th August, 1843.

DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

To-day at noon, after writing the whole morning, I received your kind letter. I immediately stretched myself comfortably on the lounge, and lighted a cigar, so as to read it with the utmost enjoyment. How I should enjoy a day

with you at Itzehoe; but that cannot be very soon. I shall be in Erfurt till the 27th of September, after which I shall not return straight to Berlin, but go with the carriage and horses to Lüneburg for the manœuvres there. They will be over by the first week of October, and then I am off to Holstein. I should like best to go to Itzehoe, but I must really see about taking a few sea baths, for I have never yet quite got rid of the rheumatism in my back. As you cannot get a horse in Itzehoe, I suppose I must bring the grey with me, after all. Perhaps the most sensible course would be for me to go to Heligoland for three weeks, and then join you towards the end of October; but I have already promised Ludwig to go there.* I have already done part of the reconnoitring on my journey to Doberan with the prince, and the rest we shall accomplish together on our way home by Schwerin. I assure you I have no lack of work; now that my little wife is not continually coming into my room, I sit writing for six or eight hours together. My work is progressing too, and I shall have finished the first part of my book before going to Erfurt. I have been presented here to the Archduke Stephen. He was also at the theatre the night that it was burnt.

This evening I saw the last two acts of the "Crown Diamonds." Good night, sweetheart. I am longing for rest; pleasant sleep! I am glad that you go to bed early, and take care of yourself.

Wednesday, 30th.—The Berlin and Potsdam garrisons were drilled the day before yesterday before the king at a place which is about half-way between the two towns, near Zehendorf. About seven o'clock I rode out on my white horse, and was back again by one. We covered about four miles in addition to the distance ridden over during the manœuvres. The horse was as fresh when he returned as he was at starting. The king also assisted at the drilling of the pioneers yesterday behind the Hasenheide. Among other events was the explosion of a mine, containing four hundred-weights of gunpowder, which was a grand sight. I have to lecture to-day.

Thursday evening.—Don't be vexed, dear Mary, that I have not written for such a long time; but, now that my departure is at hand, there is so much to be done and seen to. I am not leaving till Wednesday, the 6th. The horses, however, go off on Monday, at noon—I have to be away early

* To Femarn.

to the great cavalry drill—and then I have also to think of everything that is to go with them. I have been trotting about the whole day, and I mean to pack up this evening.

I would like so much to finish my “Campaign” before leaving here. I take advantage of every hour I can spare, and hope that my efforts will be successful.

Friday, midday.—I rode out to drill this morning as early as six o’clock. There were ten cavalry regiments on parade at once; in another eight days we expect seven more, which will make in all ten thousand horses. The king was present, and among the other spectators were three Danish officers, including a certain Count Blucher. As I have to go out again to-morrow morning I shall only be able to send the horses off in the afternoon. Much love, especially to mamma.

Berlin, Monday evening, 4th September.—At last, dear sweetheart, after seeing to most pressing matters, I am able to have another talk with you.

I dined yesterday with the king. During the drive home the prince commanded me to accompany him at once to Frankfurt on the Oder. It was then a quarter to six, and at six o’clock the king’s special train departed, so that I had only just time to put a few articles in my portmanteau and jump into a cab. On the road we met William, who was sauntering along quite innocently. The prince stopped to take him up, and got him to drive us to our destination. Of course I arrived at the station at the last moment. I rushed up to Buddenbrock, and asked him, “Am I in time?” “Yes, you are in time!” answered the king, whom in my hurry I did not observe on coming up. In two hours and five minutes we accomplished the journey of eleven and three-quarter miles to Frankfurt.* The whole of Frankfurt was illuminated, and the town was so much altered for the better since my last visit five years ago that I was unable to make myself at home in it. Schöler and myself were quartered with the prince in a fine hotel. Through crowds of people and lines of troops we made our way to the king, who was engaged with the ceremony of nailing up the colours. Four militia battalions received colours. The king, the princes, and the high dignitaries present on this occasion knocked each a nail into the staff. After the ceremony was over we had supper, and then retired. The following morning I took a very early walk

* Moltke’s former garrison town.

through districts which recalled to my mind many a recollection of my former long sojourn there. At eleven o'clock I drove to the parade ground, which is situated about a mile from the town. The square on this occasion was composed of the entire IIIrd Army Corps, consisting of fifteen thousand men. The liturgy was sung by men attached to the troops, then divine service was held, and then the presentation of the colours to the respective troops was proceeded with. After that the march past took place, but the dust was so bad that it was with difficulty one could see the splendid troops at all. Some of the battalions on the ground had left their quarters as early as three o'clock in the morning, and only got away at seven, so that they were sixteen hours under arms. We who were members of the Court party managed to sit down at a richly-laid table as early as three o'clock. I met a great number of old regimental comrades and friends. Most of them were still lieutenants or captains. In the afternoon the town gave a festival at the Buschmühle, which is situated about a mile out, and from which we enjoyed a most beautiful view across the oak forests and the meadows of the Oder. At twilight we drove homewards. In the wood were stationed bands of music, and bonfires were lighted in the vineyards all around. On our return we visited the beautiful new theatre where they performed "The Sternberg Estate" very creditably indeed. About nine o'clock there was a tattoo of ten massed bands of music, with an accompaniment of three hundred drums. After that we had supper, and finally we retired to rest. This morning I took another saunter among many, to me, well-known spots, and at eight o'clock drove to the battlefield of Kunersdorf where manoeuvres took place. These lasted till quarter-past one o'clock, after which we returned home as fast as our horses could carry us. We lunched at the king's, and then returned. I have discharged while here a lot of business, both visits and letters. Now I am thoroughly tired, and will do nothing but thank you for your dear letter of the 2nd inst. Do you, dear soul, never forget me. I am already looking forward to our meeting in the autumn. I am very glad that you are going about so much. You will have to put on the strait-jacket of conventionality again soon enough. I think we will leave it as it was, and believe that, God willing, it will be all right. The honeymoon is over, and I am much fonder of my little wife

than even before the wedding. My eyes will not keep open any longer. I start early the day after to-morrow. My next letter to you will be from Erfurt. Adieu, dear sweetheart.

Your old

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Kösen, Thursday evening, 7th September.

YOU DEAR, GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

Here I am, sitting in the "Brave Knight," just where we were four or five years ago, but alone this time, and, moreover, just beyond the gateway where the aforesaid knight is riding along on a wild horse or mad dog.

That a departure from a place is a disgusting business you will, I fancy, have lately experienced. It seems almost as if one is held in one place by a tangle of a thousand threads, some of which must needs be unloosed, while the remainder must be torn asunder by force. Should you imagine everything to be ready for your going away, you will most certainly find, just as you are on the point of starting, that there are still a thousand little duties to be settled, and after you are fairly on your road you will find another thousand which you have quite forgotten. But now we are off in hot haste to the station, for they are ringing for the third time, so that, fortunately, it is too late to attend to anything else. If you don't break something across your knee you will never come to anything in this world.

The journey from Berlin to Halle is well known to you. When I started on my journey, I was jolly tired in consequence of all the running about and work I had at midday. The only passengers in my compartment besides myself were a Jew and Mrs. Jewess. I observed, therefore, a most ingenious silence all the way to Halle. *En route* nothing extraordinary occurred, except that, in looking out of the window for the first time just before Wittenberg was reached, I lost my cap. My politeness, which is always *chapeau*, must have been very noticeable at Cöthen, where I had to wait on the station for half an hour. At Halle, where we arrived at seven o'clock, I found Frederick, whose hat I immediately confiscated, and then went to the hotel, where I was but indifferently put up, though I slept soundly. This morning I waited

till nine o'clock to see if that confounded cap would turn up by the next train; but the idea does not appear to have occurred to it. I went for a walk to the Giebichenstein, and the fine new house of correction, after which I departed. I find that I cannot ride on the stallion so quickly as I can on the white horse. The former was rather nervous and, above all, lazy. The chestnut had at last almost to drag him along. From Merseburg I followed a field path, which, without touching Weiszenfels brought me a mile nearer Naumburg, and was just as good, if not better, than the road. The Saale is crossed by a ferry, and the road then proceeds through a beautiful valley surrounded by high wooded slopes past Schulpforta to Kösen, at which place I arrived at three o'clock. The weather was delicious; not too warm, and yet not cold; for September may generally be considered to be the loveliest month of all the twelve sisters. Immediately after my arrival I had a splendid bath. First I took a salt water douche, then I went in the whirlpool, in which the current is so strong that it requires all your strength to keep yourself up. It was so delightful that I could not tear myself away, and I stayed a long time in the water. After that I had dinner, immediately after which I went out again. I can't imagine what tempted me to take you last year to the lower *Gradirhaus*. The upper one is situated in a much higher locality, and there is a splendid view from it. It is five hundred yards in length, and from seventy to eighty feet high. The same wheels which cause the motion of the wave baths also raise the salt water by means of a series of pumps from a depth of six hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and then carry it through a height of two hundred feet to the upper part of the *Gradirhaus*. From this lofty point it then trickles down again dropping from branch to branch. The hygrometers register six degrees when plunged into the salt water as it comes up fresh from the earth, but during its subsequent slow descent the wind disposes of many particles of the water, leaving the salt behind unabsorbed by the air, so that after the salt water has been pumped up four times and passed as often through the bushes under a pretty sharp dry wind, the instrument registers only two and a half degrees. The remainder of the water held in solution is then easily removed by boiling, the salt remaining behind in the caldron in the form of crystals.

From Kösen alone is extracted yearly one thousand four hundred loads of salt, each load consisting of ten tons at two hundred and four pounds per ton, thus making up an annual production of nearly three million pounds of salt. Now, as you know very well, a pound of salt will savour a good many soups—sometimes even over-savour them. Each ton of salt, too, costs seven thalers, so that, as the gross product each year amounts to one hundred thousand pounds, I should be very glad to have this little piece of salt for even a year only.

I plucked a branch from one of the thorns, and found it incrustated with salt to the thickness of a finger. This salt which adheres to the bushes is, however, bad, and the thorns must, when deeply incrustated, be renewed. One remarkable fact about the matter is this, that while the thorns, which are placed on the west side, only endure for six, those on the east side will remain in use for ten years. The explanation of this is that the salt becomes deposited only on the windward side, and that in this locality west winds are of more frequent occurrence than east winds, which leads to the result that the west side is much sooner encrusted, and therefore rendered useless.

From the Gradir-haus I sauntered through a lovely wood to the ruins of the ancient castle of Rudolsburg. This old tower has a peculiar charm, in that it brings under our notice a period long gone by, and conditions of life which have nothing in common with those of the present day.

Uhland says, "Ah, wanderer, thou doest well if thou sleepest among ruins, for then in thy dreams you will rebuild them in a loftier style.*"

This is certain, however, that our noble forefathers lived less comfortably in these castles than we do nowadays at No. 1, Potsdam Place. They protected their various little dark apartments by a lavish expenditure of walls and towers and battlements and bridges, yet, after all, they surpass our own modern buildings only in the quality of the views. It is quite possible that, after the lapse of a thousand years, our descendants will gaze upon the remains of our fortresses with an astonishment similar to that which we exhibit upon gazing at these ruins, and will be unable to understand why the inhabitants of a whole town should be shut up so tightly

* "Wand'rer, wohl ziemt es Dir, zu schlafen unter Ruinen,
Schöner baust Du sie wohl träumend Dir auf."

and so uncomfortably simply for the purpose of protecting them against the fierce attacks of outsiders, for very likely some of these fortresses will be still in existence then just as we have at the present day specimens of the lances of the robber knights.

With thoughts like these I sauntered about till sunset, and the full moon rose. It is a delightful warm evening. On the slopes opposite me I can distinguish the white walls of the many little huts belonging to the vineyard labourers. The countless succession of beams at the saw mills sigh monotonously under my windows, and close by the Saale roars over its weir. I shall now go for a short walk in the open country, and then I must stretch out my weary limbs. Good night, my dearest heart! I shall fall asleep with my thoughts fixed on thee.

Erfurt, 10th September.—The morning before yesterday at half-past six o'clock I sent Frederick on with the carriage along the steep road which leads from the valley of Kösen; while I first of all rode my white horse to the smithy, as he had cast a shoe, and then followed after the carriage, which I overtook near Eckardsberge. This is not a nice road, and the constant ascents and descents so fatigued my horse that at midday I rested for a time at Weimar in the Russian hotel. The sun was intensely hot, and it was not till evening that it became reasonably cool. I arrived at Erfurt about five o'clock, and put up at an inn situated on the grass plot close to the coach office. The stabling here is good, and I have two passable rooms, which I shall keep for a fortnight. Yesterday I paid all my visits. Erfurt is of an extraordinary extent; this is due to the fact that it formerly was a free city containing seventy thousand inhabitants, whereas now it has only a population of twenty-seven thousand. Within its walls are large extensive gardens, on entering which one can hardly believe that he is in a fortified town, as the space in such towns is generally very limited.

You can have no idea of the splendid excursions which can be made around Erfurt. Yesterday afternoon I went with Major Reusz and his wife to take coffee at the Steiger. We sauntered through beautiful gardens within the town to the roads of the Dalbergs. The Dalbergs are a celebrated German family, and had some duty or other, what I do not know, at the coronations of the emperors at Frankfurt. On each occasion of this

kind the herald had to shout, "Is there not a Dalberg here?" for as long as there was a single Dalberg no other but he might perform the duty in question. Nowadays the Dalbergs are extinct, and so is the race of Roman kings or emperors. The last Dalberg was coadjutor and archbishop of Mainz, to which bishopric Erfurt belongs. It was to that Dalberg that the pretty road which bears the family name owes its origin. Passing through a narrow exit we come out into the open, or, as it might be called, the holy land of Goschen; that is to say, into a valley which is made very fruitful by the roaring waters of the faithful springs which rush through it like silver threads. On the higher grounds the most delicious kitchen vegetables are cultivated and sent to the markets of Berlin and Frankfurt on the Maine; while in the trenches celebrated water-cresses grow in abundance. Even the harvest, which in this locality occurs twice a year, is succeeded by another of all sorts of fruits. Water is to be seen rushing about in every direction, and the valley of the faithful springs reminds me vividly of Lombardy and of several districts in Asia Minor. Behind this valley rises the wooded slopes of the Steiger, which are beautifully situated, and extend right down to the village of Hochheim.

This morning I paid a visit to a new wave bath, which has been recently opened, and which is so exceedingly strong that it is almost impossible, or at all events, requires the greatest exertion to stand up in it. I sustained in it a rather severe knock, but the bath is so delicious that I mean to visit it every day if possible.

Monday evening.—Yesterday afternoon I visited both the fortress and several other interesting parts of the old town. First I went to the cathedral. You must remember the two beautiful churches in the open space, the one the church of St. Severus, with three pointed towers close to one another, and close to it the old cathedral, which has been built upon arched foundations. The tower is a very ancient one, and is built in the Byzantine style, but the nave is of a later period, and not quite so fine. The latter is, however, on the whole, magnificent, especially noteworthy being the lofty choir in the interior and the high painted windows. There, too, is the monument to the Counts of Gleichen. The two Gleichens, two castles on two very similar peaks, are situated about a mile from here, and these counts were the most powerful nobles in the

neighbourhood. They had a gate into the town reserved specially for them, and through that gate no one else dared to go. One of the counts went with Frederick Barbarossa to the Holy Land, where he was captured by a Turkish emir, and made to work like a slave in his gardens. The beautiful daughter of the emir assisted him to escape, in return for which service he had pledged his word of honour that he would take her with him as his wife. The unfortunate circumstance, however, was that he had at home a wife already, who probably would not have liked that sort of thing at all, but he got out of his dilemma very easily, for, having gone to Rome, he got the special permission of the pope to keep both wives, in consideration of his having given his plighted word, and as he had at the time thought that his original wife was dead. Only a few years ago a bed for three persons used to be exhibited at Castle Gleichen, and in the cathedral you can still see the knight standing between the two ladies, who look at one another with anything but an amiable cast of countenance.

Outside the walled terrace upon which the cathedral stands one may still behold some steps belonging to the *perron* which led up to the pulpit under the open sky. From this it was that Tezel used to sell absolution from sins. One day among his hearers was a knight who approached him, and with a heavy purse in his hand besought him to give him absolution from a capital sin which he was about to commit. Subsequently, when the worthy Father was journeying towards Arnstadt, he was attacked by armed mounted horsemen who robbed him of his well-filled cash-box. The monk proceeded to curse the robber and consign him to the lowest hell, whereupon the latter passed over to him the absolution which he had purchased from him not so very long before. But this absolution trade was destined afterwards to produce a blaze of quite another kind. From the cathedral you get a view of the beautiful tower of the convent of the Augustine monks, in which Doctor Martin, then a monk unknown to fame, lived a very retired life. From the narrow cell in which he here lived it was that the light of a new faith was sent forth, a faith which allowed play to human thought, but which set Germany, France, England and the Netherlands into a blaze, broke the supreme power of the emperor, separated Flanders from Spain, deposed English

royalty, brought about the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, until finally the whole of Europe was placed on a new footing by the peace of Westphalia. We looked over the Petersberg and the castle of Cyriak, as also an old cloister which is now a formidable fortress. In the evening I was invited to the house of the governor, where I had to play twelve *rubbers* of whist, only getting back at midnight. This morning, about half-past six, I rode over to see the infantry drill, and then made a reconnoitring tour of the parade grounds. At twelve o'clock I got home again, upon which I immediately mounted another horse, and rode to the mill for the purpose of taking a wave bath; then I had dinner, and after that I visited, in the company of some friends, a small castle, which is situated an hour's journey from this place in a forest on the Steiger. I have only just now, that is to say, at seven o'clock, returned.

I am continually wishing for you here, sweetheart, to show you the beautiful view. However, you are better there at Itzehoe. Love to all; and now good night, dear soul.

With faithful, heartfelt love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Erfurt, Sunday morning, 17th September.

I was greatly pleased, my sweet Mary, at receiving your dear letter of the 10th inst. the day before yesterday. It is full of good news of yourself and our dear ones, and I am glad that you are so bright and well. To me, too, the time will be very long till I see you again, and I will give up the Lüneburg manœuvres with pleasure. I may, however, possibly be obliged to accompany the prince, and even if this is not the case I shall still have to pass through Lüneburg on my way from here to Hamburg. It is forty-five miles to Hamburg, and as the manœuvres here only come to an end on the 26th inst. I cannot get to Hamburg before the 4th or 5th of October. If Cai and Jeanette* were to put off their journey till then, and mamma were to come with them, perhaps we could accomplish the trip to Femarn. We would go with our own carriage and horses as far as Lübeck, up

* She had meanwhile become engaged to Baron Cai von Brockdorff, who held a legal appointment at Glückstadt.

to which point there is a high road. Beyond this, however, we must use post-horses for the lovely trip by Eutin or Cismar. We might stay a week and then return by Plön and Neumünster, and perhaps papa will send horses to meet us there. My horses would have to go to Itzehoe in the meantime. Then I could there tell whether I could still manage to go to Heligoland for a fortnight. If I am to get your answer to this letter before I leave here, you must write at once, for on Monday, the 25th inst., we go into quarters near the Gleichen, whence I shall most likely have returned here again by the 26th.

I have become quite at home here, and have made some most agreeable acquaintances. The weather is magnificent, and we have drills each morning. About one o'clock we have dinner, and in the afternoon take excursions into the surrounding country, and not a day passes without my having a delicious wave bath. I have already taken ten.

A few days ago I drove to Sömmerda, where the cavalry is stationed, and yesterday we had a grand ball in the Casino here. The toilets of the ladies were very simple, but, as a rule, exceedingly beautiful; dahlias and china asters were freely worn in the hair. The dancing was very successful, only the mazurka not seeming to take. I left about ten o'clock, but enjoyed myself very much indeed. At midday to-day a grand dinner was given by the brigadier to the officers commanding the regiments and to the *crème* of the staff. It was excellent, and lasted for about three hours. My place, however, was directly in front of the broad leg of the table, and I had to sit all the time with my legs crossed under me like a Turk. In the evening I took a long walk, and now I should like to sleep, as I feel dreadfully tired. To-morrow some grand manœuvres take place about a mile from this place. The horses are right enough, but Frederick has sprained a muscle in mounting. My white horse excites the general admiration of the cavalry here.

Don't be cross, because this letter is so confused, stupid, and short; but I am so tired that my eyes will not keep open. I have not been in the house for two hours all day, having been on my legs or in the saddle the whole time. *God bless you, dear, dear Mary.*

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Erfurt, 24th September, 1843.

YOU DEAR, GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

Yesterday I had the happiness of receiving your interesting letter of September 18th, for which a thousand thanks. The prince is coming this evening, and I hope then to hear something more about the journey to Lüneburg.

I have had news from Berlin for you. Frederick has a letter from his wife ending thus: "I have no other news to tell you, dear Fritz, except that, just after your departure, five rascals broke into the major's wine-cellar. The D.'s have just sent to the Oelrichs to get a non-commissioned officer to sleep there." (?) That is all that I know at present. As it is certain that there were five of these fellows, I suppose they were surprised and disturbed. Perhaps Schöler, who is coming this evening with the prince, may know something about the matter.

Otherwise all is going on well here. The manœuvres passed off exceedingly well, and on the night of the 21st-22nd included a bivouac or encampment in the open air. Immediately after the preceding manœuvre had come to an end, cooking operations began, and the officers partook of a cheerful meal in a large tent, in the course of which they drank most lustily. When it was quite dark the general ordered a squadron of hussars to mount and surprise the outposts of the opposing party. As several of the horses were lame, he himself mounted my chestnut on this occasion, while I took my second white horse, as the first had done a great deal already that day. In a deep hollow we came across a vehicle, when the chestnut shied and made up a steep bank of twenty feet in height. The soil, however, gave way under him; but, with a few strong leaps, he recovered himself. It looked a neck-breaking business, and if the horse had not possessed extraordinary strength in his haunches, or if the rider had not given him the reins he must have tumbled over backwards. Directly after this occurrence we came upon an outpost of the enemy's cavalry; they shouted out, the sentries fired, but were driven in and retired; and then we advanced at full speed upon the brightly burning bivouac fires, round which the men were cooking, singing, and dancing.

The ride was a daring one as the soil was exceedingly rough and cut up by deep crevices filled with water. One could not think of stopping, for the hussars were clattering close behind us. Fortunately we found the passable part of the little mountain stream which covered the enemy's position. My horse stumbled through all right, and all of a sudden we found ourselves in the midst of the hostile camp. Now began a most indescribable turmoil; all the trumpets sounded the signal to mount, the drums were beat, the officers rushed out without knowing what the matter was, and all took to their arms. Naturally several sharp reprimands were given on account of the outposts having been arranged so badly, these not having been sufficiently supported by infantry, but the whole affair gave us a pleasant picture of a warrior's life.

To-morrow and the day after the two final manœuvres will take place, and at these the prince is to be present; this is a day of rest, it being Sunday. Now I must go to report, then I shall have my fifteenth wave bath, which will probably be my last. At half-past five in the evening we expect the prince. Adieu for to-day! How I am looking forward to our meeting! When I once get you back, I shall never let you go again.

27th.—Schöler did not know anything more definite about the burglary, and as no one has written, perhaps it may not have been so serious, after all. To counterbalance this, your fine white horse is lame. He has torn away a piece of his hoof in going over the stony ground. The veterinary surgeon pronounces it as not dangerous, and has only ordered the application of cold fomentations. At the same time the horse must have a complete rest for at least eight or ten days, so that I shall not be able to bring him to you at Itzehoe, as I intended. It is very fortunate that this affair happened just at the end of the manœuvres and at this place, where Reusz can receive the horse into his stable, and can have it cared for. I shall have to send for it to Berlin later on.

The prince returned yesterday again to Berlin, and leaves on the third of next month in the "Prinz Karl" to go to Lüneburg by water. The colonel and Kleist accompany him. I have still got the leave-taking, packing and paying operations before me. After these duties are performed I hope this afternoon to make a short march in advance, perhaps as

far as Weiszensee, going on to-morrow to Nordhausen. And now adieu, sweetheart, or rather till we meet again. As there's not time for me to receive another letter from you here, I shall hope to find news at Lüneburg.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Weimar, Belvedere, 2nd June, 1844.

DEAR MARY,

If I only knew that you had arrived happily and were safe at Glückstadt or Itzehoe! You have certainly had bad weather on your first journey alone. At Magdeburg it poured with rain, but cleared up the very next day, and the Brocken gleamed in the sunshine with a silvery covering of snow. I suppose you had to stay in the cabin almost the whole trip. Was it very full? and who met you at Hamburg? I trust that you reached Glückstadt by Thursday, where Jeanette will have been expecting you.

There is no chance of an answer to my questions before my return to Berlin, so I will send you some news of myself now.

At half-past eleven the prince was still engaged with lecture matters; then we had outlets for breakfast, drove to Prince Albrecht, and then to the station, where we arrived in good time. With the exception of one rainy day we have had most delicious weather, especially charming being the day which we passed, after the drill at Maisdorf at the foot of the Harz was ended, at Count Asseburg's. The situation of this nobleman's estate is beautiful beyond description. After a good dinner we rode over the green meadows of the valley of Selke up the mountains to the old castle of Falkenstein, which the count has restored, and in which last year he entertained three kings, namely, those of Prussia, Saxony, and Hanover. The view from the high tower is magnificent. The steep mountain sides are covered with the most splendid beechwoods, deep down in the valley the Selke rushes under the wheels of a paper-mill, and away towards the horizon stretches a rich fertile plain like a blue sea. The towers of Quedlinburg and numerous villages rise out from the extensive plain, and even the majestic cathedral of Magdeburg is visible, although its distance is seven miles. No wonder

that a lively desire arose within me, which said, "Happy is the man who has a piece of land which he can call his own! I shall not be perfectly contented until I have a piece." Close to Maisdorf and near the beautiful Rosztrappe there is a small property for sale at a price of only thirty thousand thalers, and that on exceedingly favourable conditions. A finer situation, too, cannot be fancied. Here I could gladly settle down, were I only the fortunate possessor of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand thalers of which I could dispose. I would not in that event retire from the service, but would continue my duties for several years to come, as I could easily get to Berlin in a day by rail.

We arrived here yesterday evening. The time was about nine o'clock, and we were obliged consequently to sit down to supper in our overcoats. I sat next her imperial highness, the grand duchess, who bears a striking resemblance to the Princess of Prussia. The mountain air here is so cool that a large fire has to be kept up. The younger members of the royal family we have not yet seen. They reside in the Ettersburg, which is one and a half hours' journey from this place. The morning is so inviting at present that I must by all means take a turn through the park, especially seeing that a carriage with two grand ducal stallions is waiting at the door for the purpose of taking me.

Artern, 6th.—My sweet little wife, doubtless the little town from which I am writing to-day is unknown to you. It is situated with its salt-works upon the Unstrut, in the midst of the "Golden Meadow." On one side of it the old Kyffhäuser elevates itself, on the other the castle of Sachsen and the highly fertile meadows are shut in by well-wooded mountains. As it will be ten o'clock before we drive out this morning, I have the opportunity of writing you these few lines.

After a solemn dinner at Belvedere I drove with the grand duke to Ettersburg, where we partook of tea and actually sour milk in the open air. The new shooting lodge of the hereditary grand duke, which is built wholly in *ricocco* style, is situated high up on the border of a splendid beech-wood, and by the light of the setting sun we saw from it the Brocken and a very extensive landscape. The only thing that is wanted, is ten degrees more heat. We only reached Erfurt at midnight.

On the following day the troops were drilled, and afterwards the princess gave a grand dinner, the most noticeable feature at which was a *fricassè* of young peacocks. Trout we have every day. In the evening a grand reception took place at General Hedemann's.* Yesterday morning we went to Langensalza, where the cuirassiers were put through their drill, and after dinner came on here through a magnificent country and in splendid weather.

Berlin, 7th.—We arrived at Wittenberge yesterday from Halle by rail, mustered the troops there, drove in excessively hot weather and through much dust by express coach to Potsdam, and came on thence by steamboat, arriving here at a quarter to six o'clock. In the evening I took a nice ride, afterwards returning to the camp to dine. There I found the Ballhorns, who send many kind messages. Adieu, sweetheart, I shall hope to get full accounts soon.

Yours devotedly,

HELMUTH.

11 p.m.—This evening I rode my chestnut, first to the horsepond near Schafgraben, where Cupid became quiet, and then across Charlottenburg. At midday to-day I dined at Meinhardt's most heartily—young peas with salmon, asparagus, bread pudding, etc. In the evening I sent for some sour milk, but had to content myself with sweet. I am going to Glienicke as the general is away. It is very sultry, and I have sat a good while on the balcony. I hope we shall soon have some rain, as the dust is unbearable. The empress does not come to Stettin until the 28th, as the young Princess of Hesse is ill; the royal family of Mecklenburg is here.

Did you see the beautiful eclipse of the moon last Friday? We watched it from the lofty castle at Merseburg. You are invited to the ball at Count Pourtales' on Saturday. I am already beginning to long for you. If I could only bathe, too, in the beautiful Baltic! I have quite a craving to do so. On reading your letter through again, I fancy that you will not go to Apenrade till Thursday, June 13th. I hope soon to hear from you that you are getting on well, and are coming here with mamma and the children. Now good night! God bless you!

HELMUTH.

* Of the Danish army, who had shown great kindness to Moltke when a cadet at Copenhagen.

To his Wife.

Berlin, Sunday evening, 9th June, 1844.

YOU DEAR, GOOD, LOVING LITTLE WIFE,

Walking up and down the room to-day in the cool of the twilight, I felt as if you must step out from one of the doors, or be hidden behind the curtains. Make the six weeks pass quickly; I am longing for you, and care nothing about going out. I have been neither to the theatre nor anywhere else. At midday I generally go to Meinhardt's, and in the evenings I ride, walk, or sit down by myself on the balcony to enjoy a bowl of sour milk. Heat, drought, and dust abound. Whole branches of syringa bushes are with their beautiful blossom completely dried up, and the corn is already quite yellow. It has just begun to rain, however, which is a great blessing, except for the Sunday pleasure-seekers, who come in large crowds through the gate. In every direction is to be heard the shout, "Cab!" How glad I should be if I were with you at Apenrade. And now, good night!

Tuesday evening, 11th June.—At half-past five I rode to Schönhausen, and thence through the town back by the Gesundbrunnen. Last night I went to the theatre; it was the farewell benefit of Grünbaum, and only single scenes out of several pieces were performed. The heat, however, was so intense that I could not endure it, and therefore came away and rode on horseback. To-day I have finished correcting my "Campaign," the manuscript of which I shall send to Stuttgart. In a few days our chief leaves, when there will again be plenty to do. Good night, little heart! Best love!

Wednesday.—How I am looking forward even now to your return! Well, you will be off to Apenrade the day after to-morrow. Your appearance will be a great delight to John at Kiel. As you are going by water to Flensburg, you will not see poor Victor,* unless he puts in an appearance at Flensburg or Apenrade. Do write me how things seem at Fritz's. Betty is sure to have made everything very cosy. I only wish I were there too! However, you will have a great deal to tell me on your return. Will not papa come

* Moltke's youngest brother, who died of tracheal phthisis.

here with mamma? Of course you will bring the children with you?

The dragons ride past here every day, and look very much disappointed when they see nothing but my grey coat. The Prince of Prussia will say that I have walled you up. His royal highness is ill at Glienicke, and Prince Frederick is ill too. It is a real deprivation to me not to be able to ride out with you in the evening. Now that there has been some rain the Tiergarten looks lovely again. I dined to-day at Edward Ballhorn's, and am just back from a ride. I never know what I am to have for supper. I am not hungry, and milk does not agree with me, so that I have had nothing either yesterday or this evening, and am waiting for you to pour out my tea again. There is Fritz's clock striking eleven, so good night.

Friday, 14th.—I heartily hope, dear Mary, that you may now be at Apenrade in safety. Here there is an awful storm; black clouds are lowering in the sky, but the rain will not come. You must have had a great deal to go through if you have had such weather at sea. It was very violent here till about midday, and I trust that before that time you reached the shelter of the Flensburg harbour. Perhaps, too, you decided to travel by land? Let me hear from you soon.

Had you been with me to-day when I went through the Brandenburg gate you would have got an excellent view of the emperor. He passed quite close to me on his way to dinner at Charlottenburg. To-morrow he goes first to Stettin, whither the Prince of Prussia accompanies him, and then on to Petersburg by steamer. The Grand Duke of Schwerin and Princess Louise go with him. My prince has got a genuine cholera, complicated by cramps in his legs, fainting fits, etc. As yet he has not improved much, and I sit with dozens of papers requiring signatures, which I cannot get from him. I have been writing the whole evening, and cannot go on.

Your most devoted, faithful old

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, Saturday, 15th June, 1844.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I had just sent off my last letter to you this very morning when I received yours from Itzehoe. It really

touched me. The abominable weather of yesterday, at the very time that you were at sea, makes me really anxious, and I heartily wish to hear soon that you reached the harbour of Apenrade safe and sound. A little sea-sickness is said to be an excellent prelude to sea bathing, and you must have splendid waves dashing up to-day. We have been visited by a dreadful storm, and during the whole day there has been a constant rain, which, however, does not seem to be able to lay the fearful dust, as it still whirls over the roads in dense clouds. Even the lake in the Tiergarten is surging like an angry ocean, all the goldfishes have become sea-sick, and the statue close by has let its garment drop. It is new moon to-night and there is also at the same time an eclipse of the sun for the benefit of our antipodes in New Zealand. It won't be visible here because of the darkness of night. Perhaps these events are the cause of the weather being so strange, but let us hope that to-morrow it will be fine again.

The prince is almost himself once more. With the exception of my dinner-time, and my tour on horseback, I am almost the entire day at my writing-desk. I have received during the last eight days no less than four hundred and ninety-five letters, which I have had to open, read, sort, and in part answer. Then I have to revise fair copies, make many corrections, affix signatures, and prepare for the printers. Of course nothing must be omitted or passed over.

I have therefore enough on my mind, and would much prefer to be with you at Apenrade. But that is out of the question this year, and I console myself by thinking of the delightful time when you will be here with mamma.

Write me full accounts of the journey, the sea voyage, and Fritz and Betty. The neighbourhood is said to be lovely, and the beechwoods must be in all their beauty. The Patows, Prince Lynar, and the Endels send their kindest remembrances. Do write me word of Adolph. He was to come back on the 1st of June. It is just twelve, and I conclude, begging you not to spoil the beautiful present by longing for the future. Half of our separation is already nearly over, and our meeting comes nearer and nearer. I hope you will get quite strong. Good night.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, Wednesday, 19th June, 1844.

MY SWEETHEART,

To-day you have at last gentle rain for your bathing, a very necessary thing. It has been so refreshing, and the Tiergarten is at the height of its beauty. It is to be hoped that this is the beginning of some warm weather again. If I were only with you, how I would splash! There can be but little swell. Be sure to bring a handful of pretty shells and stones with you from Apenrade. Don't forget; for you will be able to make them into something pretty here.

The prince is well again, and delivered the lecture here to-day. The chief is not back yet, and on Saturday I am going to Glienicke to lecture. The races began to-day. This morning a hussar officer, Lieutenant Riebeck, had a fall in front of our house. He got up again, but immediately afterwards fell senseless on the pavement. I had him carried up here. His boots had to be cut off, his foot had swollen so quickly; afterwards he drove home in a cab.

Adolph is certain to look you up at Apenrade. Mind you write me about your future plans. You must be at the seaside, however, for three weeks; but I hope mamma is not beginning to make difficulties about the journey. You know that you only got leave of absence on condition of bringing her with you. Of course you will take the children with you?

It is a very good thing that you are not here just now. You would get nothing out of me, for I sit writing all day long. If only one of the confounded letters that I have opened to-day had been from you! About twenty more are lying beside me now, which must be answered by to-morrow. I cannot get time to read them. Do you play whist in the evening? Yesterday evening I played with Count Monts at Edward Ballhorns, and this evening I took a ride with General Musurof whom I met. The Grand-duchess Alexandra is said to be in a hopeless condition. Severin has furnished the emperor's abode at Kissingen for sixteen thousand florins, and now he is not coming, after all. He must have had a bad journey. Serious fears are entertained

for the empress, whose health is already very much shattered. Good night, dear heart, pleasant slumbers to you!

Friday, 21st.—I am in a fair way to write you as piteous a letter as your last to me was. No news of you either yesterday or to-day, and yet you must have been a whole week at Apenrade by this time. Well, I suppose I shall just have to wait till Sunday for it, the two longest days in the year. There is a report here that a large English steamer has been wrecked off Heligoland. That is not very reassuring! Now I shall go sorrowfully to bed and think of you.

Sunday, 23rd.—A thousand thanks, my sweetheart, for your kind letter of the 17th and 19th inst. Your charming description of Apenrade makes me quite sad. How I should enjoy being there, bathing in the lovely sea, and taking meals in the green beechwood! But that cannot be. Schöler has got leave from the king, and Kleist is ill, so that only Borecke and I are left to do the work. The chief arrived to-day, but is off again shortly. The prince starts for Italy this very day, so that I shall not go to Glienicke at all. I have to make the best of it here, and console myself with the thought that before the moon, which is now looking lovingly into my room, is new again, you will arrive here with mamma. The day after to-morrow, little wife, you will have been four weeks away already, and I suppose you will be staying away another three weeks. I am counting the days; this solitude is becoming very tedious to me. I greatly miss my chief recreation—a ride with you in the cool of the evening. I don't know where I shall have to take my sea bathing; perhaps after all I may still have to go to Heligoland. How nice it would be if I could go through the course of treatment at Apenrade now. Would that I only had a clod of land, and were my own master! Very best love to Fritz, Betty, and Gusta. Adieu, sweetheart.

Ever yours faithfully,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, 25th June, 1844.

YOU DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

This evening I keep fancying you are thinking about me. You have been away four weeks to-day. You

must take the twenty-one baths at Apenrade, and as you put off the first two days, I suppose you will stay till Sunday week. Then I allow two days for the return journey, two, at the most, at Itzehoe, and two or three to get here, so that if my calculation is correct, you will reach Berlin by Sunday, the 14th, at latest. I have still eighteen days to wait. I should like it to keep on raining till you come; it is very warm, too, and most fertilizing. The dust is gone, and the trees are gloriously green.

To-day Benny* ran beside me as I rode out. He has accompanied me several times now. However, I met Hohenlohe, and perhaps our pace was too quick for him, so that he was obliged to turn, and now he has gone off and not come back yet. It is most vexatious.

This evening there was a monster concert at the Hofjäger, given by all the bands of the garrison for the benefit of the poor. But it is of little use, for the people of Berlin are not in their element. All the same, they are going homewards now in crowds, for it is beginning to rain again.

I hope to hear from you soon as to your daily doings. I wrote to my father yesterday. Don't forget that there is a birthday on the 12th of July. Good night, sweetheart.

Thursday, 27th.—Best thanks for your notes of the 20th and 22nd, which tell me that you have walks through green oakwoods and waving cornfields. It must really be pretty at Apenrade. Do write me what you do every day; it interests me greatly.

I am going on the same as usual. Dining at Meinhardt's, riding in the evening, sleeping like a top at night, and ringing people up in the morning. I take my baths every day. Although we dine very well, I long for some simple home cookery again.

But how can you answer for not taking the little boy into the sea with you? Are you afraid of his growing too healthy? He is just at the age when sea bathing strengthens one for one's whole life. But perhaps you have enough to do with the one little squaller. Your method of preventing Ernestine's screaming by holding her under the water is to be approved up to a certain point, and by persevering in the treatment you may stop her noise altogether. I fear it is rather early for you to bathe now. Here the heavy rain has cooled the

* A dog.

atmosphere a good deal. I hope the Eger waters will not spoil your good course of bathing. You must be sure not to go cold into the sea, but as warm as possible, even in a perspiration, provided the lungs are not heated, so that it is impossible to undress too quickly. Your getting so good an appetite is the surest token that bathing suits you. I suppose you cater for poor Fritz. In Copenhagen when "tydske Marie" was with him, he kept an excellent table, and I can still taste the strong broth and the great joints of roast veal. Sleep if you like after bathing, but before dinner, if possible.

Their highnesses do not leave till Monday. On Saturday we all go out to Glienicke, as it is the birthday of monseigneur. I really ought to stay there then till my departure; but, as the chief is off again, Schöler will remain there on duty for the few days remaining. Borcke is back again, but Kleist is still unable to do duty.

Benny is figuring in the newspaper to-day. As he (fortunately) leaves behind no property, either personal or real, which may be confiscated in accordance with the provisions of the law on deserting the first time, he will be punished by a thorough flogging if taken.

To whom then did you give your piece of china? Is not everybody amazed at your industry? Sophia and Mary* are now taking lessons together. When you come back, you will be able to paint over several useful vases that have got flaws and cracks.

And now I will just entrust you with another very difficult piece of diplomacy. Do just see whether it is absolutely impossible to induce Fritz and Betty to come to us in Berlin for a longer time in the autumn or whenever they best can. It will be *hard work* certainly; but, if you get mamma to help you, I have no doubt that you will be able to bring a snail out of its house, and persuade an oyster to take a walk over the lime trees. Make a regular set at Betty; you will be able perhaps to effect that also by persistent ducking in the water. But mamma had better not put me off with only a fortnight's visit. Above all, don't stay long at Itzehoe. Don't you know anything at all about Adolph?

The new house opposite us has become very nice; it is to have a flat roof. How is John getting on? Give him a

* Edward Ballhorn's daughters.

pressing invitation. It would be splendid if he were to pay us a visit. I should like to invite all Holstein.

Oh dear, I cannot go on. Adieu, Mary, I am sending this letter off that you may not begin to weep again, though the sheet is only half filled up.

Ever yours,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, Saturday, 29th June, 1844.

MY DEAR SWEET MARY,

What abominable weather you are having to-day for bathing, and still more for drinking the waters. Here we have had only nine degrees of heat, and no doubt you have put it off for to-day. See that you do not get ill.

We were off to Glienicke to-day for the prince's birthday. The king and queen and the whole family, big and little, came for the *déjeuner dinatoire*. The Prince of Prussia made anxious inquiries after the "Turkish lady."

Prince Frederick is going to make a journey to Copenhagen but in complete incognito. He goes by steamer by way of Swinemünde. Prince Adalbert goes for a grand tour by way of Greece and Egypt to the East Indies, and perhaps also to China. Oriolla and Gröben are going to accompany him.

To-day I had a letter from my papa, who starts on the 4th for Apenrade in a one-horse carriage. Adolph leaves Copenhagen on the 1st of July; he has been offered an appointment at the supreme court of appeal at Kiel.

I am reading "Consuela" with the greatest interest, and in doing so cannot help, in spite of utter difference in the outward circumstances, tracing in the characters the greatest resemblance between you and "Consuela," and unhappily also between myself and Anzeleto. I am curious to know what you will think when you read the book. It is true that I am only in the first volume, but utter absence of vanity, the faithful love, the constant strength of mind, united with gentle compliance, is just your portrait, and I believe, moreover, that, if deeply wounded and injured, you would not have it in your power to forgive a great injustice. Consuela's conduct is so splendidly straightforward, while Anzeleto is only too like one of those men who are trained by life in the world. Miss Helwig made a comparison to-day between you

and ——, which exactly expressed my opinion; I was quite proud of you. May God preserve you, my dear heart, from the storms of life; but I am convinced that in misfortune you would develop a greatness of character, of which you yourself have no idea.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—No letter came on Sunday, and my hopes are now fixed on to-morrow. It keeps cold and rainy here, and I hope that the Tiergarten will still be green and not grey on your arrival. But for bathing the weather is bad. Benny is lost.

“*Consuela*” ought to end with the first volume, and even the last chapter of that ought to be left out. Afterwards it becomes a regular novel, in which the interest depends no longer upon the characters but upon sensational occurrences.

The whole Schulgarten street is blocked up, because a channel is being made and walled up there to carry off the sewage. It will cost twelve thousand thalers and relieve us of the smell of the drain in our courtyard. The white horse has one of its feet rather swollen. I am giving him a rest now, and get him taken to the water every day, so that you may find him in good condition on your return. A large terrace is being built in front of the castle.

Just at present it seems to me as if you had already been an age away. However, it will not last much longer than a fortnight now. I hope you will start on the 13th, after father's birthday. Don't stay longer at Itzehoe.

Berlin, Sunday, July 7th, 1844.—Yesterday, my dear little wife, I received your sixth letter of the 2nd inst., and my letter left here the day before yesterday. You will probably receive it on Monday or Tuesday, and I am impatiently awaiting your decision. I must just tell you now that, in consequence of a resolution of the people of Hamburg, the general assembly at Ludwigslust will, I suppose, be postponed till to-morrow. As Borceke has left to-day, too, I am quite alone here, and cannot think about going away. But to make a journey of three or four days to Holstein later on at my own expense will not do, so I must just make the best of it here, in any case. I should be very glad if you came; but, as I said, for two or three weeks it is not worth the expense it would entail. As you have the children with you, why should you wait at Itzehoe? Perhaps the best course will be for you to go back again with mamma, even if it is a fortnight sooner, for, if

you had to stay four weeks here in Berlin, I believe you would be ill.

I cannot imagine Adolph returning to Copenhagen, without stopping at Apenrade, where so many relatives are assembled.

Writing just after meals, however, is not good. Does the course of waters suit you, and have you still a good appetite? Here it keeps rainy and cold. In the morning at your bathing-time we seldom have more than twelve degrees. How many baths have you taken? I hope that little Ernestine had a happy birthday. Give father my best love and thank him for his affectionate letter.

I cannot help laughing at Henry, when I think of him at his sea bathing; he howls dreadfully no doubt. I hear Ernestine's screams even here. Do tell her that there is no sea here, and that we drink chocolate every day.

But how do you mean to make the return journey? With post-horses? If you start early, travel part of the night, and send a courier on in advance, you will save in lodgings for the night the additional expense of posting.

Bethusy has gone to Copenhagen with the prince. Yesterday evening I was at the Geographical. The Oelrichs are going to Bremen in eight or nine days, *via* Hamburg. Here comes the letter-bag. Adieu, my sweetheart, fare thee well, and may the letter-writing soon come to an end. A thousand hearty greetings to all dear relatives gathered at Apenrade.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Brother-in-Law, Cai, Baron von Brockdorff, at Glückstadt.

August (No date), 1844.

DEAR BROCKDORFF,

We have heard with great rejoicing the daily expected tidings of Jeanette's confinement.* My wife will certainly go to you for the christening, but I shall not be able to congratulate the pretty young mother by word of mouth until later. On Sunday, the 8th of September, I am going to Merseburg to take part in the exercises of the Army Corps, and remain there until the 23rd. Then, if there is only decent weather I should like some sea bathing. I do

* 21st August, 1844.

not know whether the steamers run from Hamburg to Heligoland or to the Faroe Isles so late as the end of September. In that case I should go to Hamburg on the 25th, but if it is too late, or we have bad weather, I may go to Ostend or England, where one can bathe late in the year. Mary will start from Potsdam by steamer, on Saturday the 7th, or Monday the 9th of September, and arrive at Glückstadt two days later. I shall come to Itzehoe for her at the beginning of November, and hope to entice our honoured mother-in-law to come with her.

If you intend to make use of the grape-cure this year, you will have to fix the christening for an early date. I only hope some of them may ripen. Where shall you go for it? To the Rhine or to France?

Please tell Jeanette how heartily I rejoice in her happiness. I hope your little daughter * may resemble her, and give her much happiness. I have heard nothing of my brother Adolph for a long time. I should like to have met him again this autumn in his cosy home at Glückstadt. If my sister is still there give her my love.

Adieu, dear brother-in-law. I shall not give up the hope of seeing you this autumn. Excuse my bad writing. Kindest regards.

Your brother-in-law,

HELMUTH MOLTKE.

Letter to his Wife.

Querfurt, Wednesday, 11th September, 1844.

I hope, dear Mary, that you are quite rested now after your journey, and are recruiting yourself at Glückstadt, and taking your breakfast with Jeanette. To-day, too, no doubt, papa will be coming with the children to fetch mamma. I hope to receive news of you in a few days, and I trust nothing but good news.

To-day the troops have nothing to do, so that I am able to spare time to write and tell you how I have been getting on. After arriving at the terminus at Halle, on Sunday last, at six o'clock, we drove in the prince's carriages, which had been awaiting our arrival, to Skopau where we found the complete corps of officers of the seventh division assembled,

* Wife of Bodo von Bülow of Schwerin, Privy Councillor of Mecklenburg.

and where we partook of a first-rate supper. Our quarters, which were in the houses of the peasantry, were very bad indeed. Above all, I cannot accustom myself to the beds, which consist of a multitude of pillows and mattresses filled with the feathers of fowls. I am glad that I have my sheets with me, and that I can cover myself with my horse-rug.

On Monday we were engaged in some manœuvres. The rendezvous was one and a half miles distant from this place. We drove there with the prince in a four-in-hand with outriders. The horses were sent forward beforehand. My white horse went splendidly. The manœuvres consisted of a series of attacks across a field of gigantic cabbages, yet he never made a false step. The weather is very fine, except that it is fearfully dusty, there not having been a drop of rain in this part of the country for the last six weeks although the rest of the world has had little else. Yesterday at midday I dined with the prince, the party being limited to the staff and the officers of the Weimar army. The latter are very much upset on account of a sad accident. One of our men had been shot by one of the Weimar sharpshooters, while some shooting practice was going on. The poor fellow died yesterday, and the *post-mortem* examination showed that a bullet had pierced his lungs. He was the son of a rich distiller of Nordhausen; he was quite resigned to his fate, asked for a pipe and tobacco, and only expressed a regret that he was unable to take further part in the manœuvres. Whether this bullet had been purposely shot it is difficult to say, but that is hardly likely. More probably the cause was criminal negligence in the manufacture of the ammunition. When dinner was over we, that is, Schöler, Borecke, Hohenlohe, and myself, played skittles in the garden, after which we joined the prince, and with him visited the old castle and the chapel, both of which are of very old date. In the evening was a grand torchlight serenade, in which four musical bands were engaged, and then tea at the prince's. My quarters here are exceedingly good, clean and roomy; the only annoyance being those confounded feather pillows and mattresses, between which one lies like an anchovy in a sandwich.

Skopau, 14th.—I do not, my dear Mary, find much time for writing. Manœuvres take place every morning, and thither we drive with the prince in an omnibus, mounting our horses at the rendezvous, and thereafter swallowing much

dust. After the manœuvres are over we have a grand dinner at which from thirty to forty persons sit down, a band playing all the time, and in the evening we have tea at our most gracious master's, where four harpists from Wandsbeck play, who have been engaged by us for the head-quarters. We smoke cigars during the whole time. In Querfurt we used after dinner even to play skittles by torchlight. With the exception of a cold in the head and hoarseness I am very well.

16th.—Yesterday, which was Sunday, I had to lecture at the prince's. After that duty had been attended to, we went to church. At midday we drove to Lauchstedt where the officers of the cavalry gave us a dinner, at which two hundred sat down. This morning it rained, yet I rode out with Boreke to mark off the parade ground of the Army Corps. The king arrives at Halle this evening, and will be received on the splendid bridge over the Saale near Skopau, where triumphal arches have been erected by the peasantry of one hundred and twenty different townships all belonging to the district under the cathedral of Merseburg. From Halle he will go to Lauchstedt, where we shall await him. To-morrow the field manœuvres begin.

You will see from my letter that writing is not much trouble to me. I hope that the orderly will bring me news of you to-day, sweetheart. Kleist has now arrived, but is still very weak.

Lauchstedt, 19th.—I received your letter to-day, sweetheart, and wish you a thousand thanks for it. You have given me very exact and careful information on every point. But you must know I cannot fix definitely yet the day of my arrival.

On Monday, the 23rd, a grand parade takes place, and after it luncheon at the terminus at Halle. If possible I shall go on the same evening, also by rail, to Magdeburg, after which I go on the 24th by steamer to Hamburg, and on the 25th to Glückstadt. It is quite possible, however, that this journey may have to be postponed till the 26th. Then we shall go together to Faroe, but I am afraid that the ordinary Danish coach will be too bad. If we only knew whether it starts in the morning or in the evening, and how many hours it takes to get to Husum! At the worst we can post, but soon we shall be able to talk everything over. Your letter was a real pleasure to me; it is a flower in the wilderness.

Here at headquarters, which is also the king's place of encampment, everything is fairly jolly. To-day we expect the King of Saxony, and the day after to-morrow the King of Hanover. Among the lesser princes here I should mention the Duke of Glückstadt. A short while ago I was at a grand dinner in full uniform at the king's. On the 22nd there is to be a great *fête* given by the authorities in the king's honour at the castle of Merseburg. Adieu, dear sweetheart. I must be off again directly. Till we meet again!

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Skopau, 23rd September, 1844.

DEAR MARY,

In all one's proposals one should insert "inshallah!" ("God willing") like the Turks. Neinstedt is not sold. Asseberg assures me that it is an excellent bargain, that if I do not take it he will buy it himself, or even take the estate off my hands again if I do not like it. Accordingly I will look at it, at any rate, and hear the proprietor's terms without binding myself to anything.

Under these circumstances my arrival in Holstein will be delayed a few days. Now I only wish this letter may reach you quickly, that you may not be looking for me in vain. I only heard the news about Neinstedt to-night at the Stände-festival at Merseburg, at which Counts Stolberg and Asseberg were present. Adieu, dear sweetheart, I must be on horseback directly, as there is a great parade to-day. The King of Hanover arrived yesterday evening. To-day all the manœuvres come to an end. More before long, by word of mouth.

Ever yours,

HELMUTH.

(Have got the red eagle).

To his Wife.

Kiel, Saturday, 5th October, 1844.

It is now a quarter past six, my sweet dear heart, and I hope that you are assembled by this time over a cup of tea in the comfortable drawing-room. The children will not be in bed yet, and are, I suppose, romping about. As I calculate,

you were at Wrist by four o'clock, and at Itzehoe before six.

It would usually have grieved me to have left you again, my dear heart, and I could not have stayed at the inn here. After the white cloud had disappeared behind the wood of Viehburg, I sauntered by the long path leading to the village of Garden until I came round to the Sandkrug where I enjoyed a cup of coffee and a cigar. I remained at Wilhelminas Höhe and on the beach till four o'clock as you were to be there in your carriage. It began to rain, but only in slight showers. I crossed in a sailing boat, and then walked up and down the avenue by the water side. When it struck six it seemed to me that you must now be at Itzehoe, so I went to the inn, where I took a room in the old house in which, according to the waiter, my papa lived the last time he was at Kiel. Although I had walked all day long, and had not even taken a midday meal, I did not feel in the least fatigued; I fancy it must be the delightful bathing that is strengthening me so. To-morrow I expect to indulge in that again.

I do hope you have arrived safe and sound, dear Mary. I know you understand how to sleep off indisposition, and I trust that you will sleep this night quite undisturbed and calmly.

I am anxious lest it should be stormy to-morrow; the atmosphere is so remarkably close. I have an abominable steel pen that I don't know how to write with, and hence all the blots. It is now nearly seven o'clock, and I will get something to eat.

Sunday.—Good morning, dear good heart. Have you slept well? I trust you are quite well again. I paid a visit to Hedemann yesterday evening, and met his brother there, who had just come from Berlin.

It is extraordinarily fine to-day, and I am going to inscribe myself in the visitors' books, after which I shall have a bath. They say that the king and Prince Charles are coming to Copenhagen on the 8th. Were it not that I am on leave, I would no doubt have accompanied the prince on this journey. Under the circumstances, however, I must remain quite incognito. I have just returned from my bath, and a walk subsequently to the beautiful spot which is situated behind the nursery plantation towards Düsternbrook, and which we visited three years ago when we were engaged. Ludwig

was with us at the time. The weather is, if a few showers are left out of account, very fine; but it is now getting rather stormy.

I assure you I am quite home-sick already for you. If I were not ashamed I believe I should bring this letter in person. Adieu, sweet angel.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Apenrade, 12th October, 1844.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I reached here to-day, Betty's birthday, and at the same time found your kind letter. Thank God that you are quite yourself again. My journey has been somewhat extended. The crossing to Copenhagen was a very good one. We arrived there on Monday at nine o'clock. On board of the ship I met Captain Harder, Councillor of State Rathgen and his wife, and Captain Pachmann; in short, very excellent company. Adolph I surprised at his writing-desk. He is very well and has now got the post of deputy in the chancellor's department. His wife, no doubt, has by this time reached Glückstadt, where she has to make preparations for their removal from here. Mathilde Moltke I found, just on the anniversary of her husband's death, in a very exhausted condition, nursing her Otto; but I understand that he is now on a fair road to recovery. At the Hegermanns I again experienced the old friendly hospitality. The old man who is now eighty years of age, drove immediately with me to Jägersborg to his son Cai. Including the day of my arrival I stayed in Copenhagen altogether eight days, and on each of these I took a bath, although the temperature of the water is six degrees and that of the air five degrees. This agrees with me exceedingly well. On Thursday morning, as early as five o'clock, although the darkness was intense and the wind most violent, we went on board the "Karoline Amalie." No sooner had we made a start than an accident happened. The wind blew the steamer, before her engines had enabled her to get away, against a beam of the pier. The gangway and long-boat were smashed, but the iron steamer withstood the shock. No sooner had we got past Dragoe than the rocking began, and in the Bay of Kjøge and off Møen the sea was so wild that we could only

make progress with the greatest difficulty and very slowly. All those on board, with the exception of the crew, were seasick. As early as three o'clock we had to anchor off Laaland and remain there until the following morning. On Friday the wind at last abated. The course between the islands is a very interesting one, and there is protection there; but it was six o'clock in the evening before we arrived at Flensburg, where I took a much required rest, driving this morning by express coach to Apenrade, an abominable long journey. I have had to promise to remain here until Wednesday. On Thursday morning the steamer leaves Flensburg for Kiel, and I hope to go on by rail to Wrist, and arrive at Itzehoe the same evening. Till then, dear heart, we must wait patiently. I am most earnestly longing to be with you again and at peace. Love to mamma, papa, and the children, and don't forget

Your
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Erfurt, 5th April, 1845.

DEAR MARY,

I cannot allow this day to pass without writing you hearty good wishes. May you spend it in joy and contentment, and God grant you many more happy anniversaries. God keep you, my faithful sweetheart.

I had splendid weather for my journey. The water of the Elbe had so undermined a bridge near Roslau that it was not considered safe for engines to pass over it. Here accordingly our journey had to be broken, and about five hundred passengers got out, and passing across the bridge on foot found a train on the other side which brought us on. We stayed at Naumburg overnight. On the following day we arrived about one o'clock at Erfurt, where I visited the various sights until it began to get dusk. To-day at six o'clock I took a walk over the fortress, and at nine o'clock a conference was held, at which we certainly did not make much progress, several essential documents being missing which will compel us to make fresh inquiries. Afterwards I went with General Hedemann to the parade, and paid some visits. At midday there was a grand dinner at Count Keller's, which lasted till six o'clock. After that I visited the Casino, whence I have

only just now—that is to say, at nine o'clock—returned. Our stay here will last until the day after to-morrow, Monday. On Tuesday I go to Halle. Should the water fall I shall go to Riesa and Torgan and not reach Berlin before Wednesday or Thursday. Is it true that a stone has been thrown at the king? You have no doubt had letters from Jeanette; if not, you will get them to-morrow. I hope you go to the theatre now and again. Love to papa and mamma. It is a very good thing that they are with you, and that you are not quite alone in Berlin. Adieu, my dear heart. I am so tired that I can scarcely hold the pen. See that you sleep well.

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

* * * * *

Moltke was, on the 18th of October, 1845, appointed adjutant in attendance upon Prince Henry of Prussia, who was staying in Rome.

* * * * *

To his Cousin, Edward Ballhorn.

Rome, 31st December, 1845.

At length at the very end of the year I have found a quiet moment this evening, my good Edward, to inform you of my arrival, and to thank you for your kind letter of the 9th inst., which was forwarded to me here from Florence. Your previous epistle reached me in Munich. You gave Ludwig* great pleasure by the enclosure from his wife, for none of the earlier communications, to which she refers in it, have come to hand. He was without any news from his family till Christmas. God be praised that things are well with you all, and that I can give the same report of ourselves. My servant Becker has taken to his bed to-day with a high fever. I have just sent for Dr. Alertz, a German, who is physician in ordinary to Prince Henry and the pope, which will I hope be all the better for him.

But at what point shall I begin my narration to you? By word of mouth over a cup of tea in your pleasant drawing-room it would be a pleasure, but with the pen it is a hard task, and for you a still harder one to read it. Of the

* His younger brother, married to a Miss von Krogh.

journey, then, only so much that, from Munich to Rome, we had the most beautiful weather, with hardly a break. The tour across the Alps was splendid, and we met with snow only on the Brenner. Farther on it soon disappeared. Near Botzen I hailed with delight the first cypresses, and near Verona the pale green of the olives and the first laurels. At this latter place I got rid of my horse, about which another time. Then we posted by Mantua, Modena, and Bologna to Florence, where we rested a little while, for there it was really too beautiful. By the delightful road past Perugia and Spoleto we reached Terni and the glorious waterfall of the Velino. There it was regular summer; we walked through an avenue of orange-trees in light overcoats without cloaks. The mountains with the evergreen oaks, the gardens full of fresh vegetables, the blue sky, and the dazzling sun, made us fancy ourselves back in June. On the 18th of December we reached Rome, and took up our quarters at the hotel. I drove at once to see the prince, who received me in the most friendly manner, and since then I have spent one or two hours with him.

The reports of his highness have been considerably exaggerated, but it is quite true that his room strongly recalls Dr. Faust's den. Every available space from the threshold to the counterpane is covered with maps, books, drawings, pictures, calendars, telescopes, papers, bottles, and such like lumber, which have been accumulating for the last thirteen years. Of course the room cannot be dusted every day, but nevertheless it is not dirty, and I was much impressed by the appearance of the old gentleman. Over his Scotch dressing-gown he wears a large brown shawl, so that his fine head, with its carefully combed white hair and beard, resembles one of Domenichino's pictures of a hermit. It requires the constitution of a Hohenzollern to be able to lie in bed for thirteen years. Yet with it all the prince is always in the best of humours when he is not suffering from an attack of gout. I cannot give you much news about my work yet. For some time I have not put pen to paper.

The emperor took his departure on my arrival, but Prince Albrecht was here, and his chamberlain has no doubt given you my good wishes. We shall by-and-by be seeing a larger number of high personages here.

Our first impression of Rome was most unfortunate. It

commenced to rain on the day of our arrival. The dirt in the narrow streets defies description, and Mary was much saddened by the hungry beggarly appearance of the people. She must have felt many an unexpressed longing for Berlin. And the cost of living at a hotel in Rome was excessive at this time. A visit of twelve days cost more than twenty-five Louis d'or. We made daily expeditions to find quarters, and could not find a single place to suit us. The best were already taken by the visitors who congregate here at Christmas and Easter. Nothing but dark dirty rooms, with gaudy decorations, greenish windows, smoky chimneys, with sixty to eighty steps to mount in small alleys and at exorbitant prices. I have at length decided upon rooms on the Corso close to the prince in a very pleasant situation. There are three rooms with a kitchen and a place for the servants, and for four months I pay two hundred and forty scudi or three hundred and sixty thalers. For fire and light I paid one thaler a day at the hotel, an apple cost two silbergroschen, dinner twenty-five silbergroschen, which will give you an idea of prices. Besides this we are obliged to engage a cook, a boy, and a maid-servant, so we shall not live cheaply.

In the summer everything will be cheaper, and then the prince provides, in addition to the hundred thalers, a further sum for meals, forty piastres for rooms, free conveyance, besides a box at three of the theatres. Thus I am well provided for, and I do not doubt that I shall manage very well.

Christmas Eve was certainly not so merry as last year with the children, or the year before with you, but we were by no means unhappy. I had privately got a fine large laurel tree decorated, and purchased a few presents wherewith to load it. Then we went to Secretary Vollar'd's, very nice people, who are most kind to us.

Since the clouds vanished we have had the most delightful weather. The sun shines as warmly as in the month of May at home. In the garden behind my house the orange trees surrounding the fountains are covered with flowers and fruit, and roses are blooming everywhere. The laurels, olives, pines and winter-oaks look as if it were summer, and even a few scraggy palms wave their green fans in the soft blue air. The sunset from Mount Pincio is magnificent; it is perhaps the most beautiful esplanade in the world.

To-night, New Year's Eve, you are doubtless all enjoying

yourselves together, and perhaps now and then one or the other of you are thinking of us. I heartily wish you health, happiness, and all other blessings in the New Year. Much love to your wife and children, to cousin William, and Jettchen, as well as kindest remembrances to all dear friends, especially the Oelrichs, Kleist, Borce, and Fischer.

I have already been presented to the pope, and have kissed his holiness's hand. In return the *famiglia dell papa* came begging to me next day. The *famiglia dell papa* does not consist of his sons and daughters, but of his attendants and courtiers. It is very strange, all the same, that they should go about begging like that. But everybody begs here, even the suites of the nuncios and ambassadors.

Many thanks for your news; please send more, as the prince likes to hear everything that goes on. It is certainly unfortunate that my quarters in Berlin are still unoccupied, as my expenses here are so great.

If you should see Fischer, please ask him how matters stand with regard to the publication of our Asian map. I should like a few copies here. But please send everything by Witt. Your last letter cost two thalers for carriage, as was to be expected, since it was addressed to Florence. The map of the Bosphorus must also be nearly ready.

The luggage, which we sent by the carriers on the 6th ult., has not yet arrived, although the fifty days allowed expired a week ago. The worst of it is that I had to give up the key, and our silver plate is in the box.

My wife and Ludwig send kind remembrances. They have gone to the opera, but I have stopped here both on Becker's account and in order to write to you at last. It is strange that one has always least time when there is nothing to do. Ludwig seems to be enjoying himself very much in Rome. He is making antiquarian, artistic, and archæological researches in the older parts of Rome, cultivating a taste for Pergolese's church music, and does not disdain a modern dinner and a bottle of Est Est Est. Mary probably misses Berlin more than she lets us know, but her sweet even temper never varies; she is the treasure that I trust God will preserve to me, and she behaves really splendidly in this matter. She certainly feels the parting from old friends very much, but looks cheerfully forward to the future. She makes the best of everything, and is nearly always right.

Now, dear Edward, the clock is striking twenty-three, and the old year has but an hour to live. May he take with him all our troubles, both real and imaginary, for how many do we all make for ourselves. I hope, with all my heart, that the New Year may be a happy and prosperous one for you and yours.

Yours very truly,

HELMUTH.

To his Cousin, Edward Ballhorn.

Rome, 12th January, 1846.

MY DEAR COUSIN EDWARD,

You will, I trust, have duly received my long letter of the 31st ult., which was marked with the number one. Now you will, no doubt, be surprised at this new thick budget, and not without reason. For it makes great demands on your kindness, and on the Berlin cabs.

Well, dear Edward, I will not plague you any more, but start by thanking you for your kindness and trouble. I hope we shall soon have good news of you and yours, and hear how you are getting through the cold winter in your new summer residence. When once the trees are green, and you live in the pretty garden more than indoors, and the air is full of song, the place will be most delightful. But you will of course have to wait some months longer than we here. The climate here is certainly magnificent. We drove yesterday to a villa on the Palatine hills, which is built among the ruins of the old imperial palace. Dark groves of laurel and cypress now rise above the spot where once the "Golden House" of Augustus stood. The fountains were playing on the green lawn, countless roses were blooming above the laurel walks. The orange boughs were bent under the weight of their fruit, and the violets raised their deep purple eyes to the bright blue sky, which arched over the scene. There the Capitol, the Forum Romanum, the vast ruins of the Colosseum, and the whole of the new town, with its three hundred churches lay before us. The old aqueducts stretch over the broad Campagna away to the blue Albanian hills, and the sea glitters like a streak of light in the western horizon. Pine trees and cork trees, laurels, cypresses, and roses, herbs and grass, everything is green. A palm tree with waving

leaves greets us from the Aventine, the gnats dance in the sunshine, and nothing tells of winter but the far summits of the Sabine mountains, which glitter with silver snow. And all this is not by any means fable or embellished, but the bare truth, even though it is the middle of January. For three weeks now we have had unbroken sunshine, and picnics are arranged with less fear of some sudden ill-humoured freaks on the part of the weather than at the height of summer at home. So we drove yesterday to Frascati, saw Tusculum, which is in the mountains three miles distant from here, and got back before the sun sank into the Tyrrhenian Sea and the faint disc of the full moon rose above the snowline of the Lepini hills. The most beautiful shades of colour lay over the Campagna, from red and violet to the deep blue of the mountains. One can see to read manuscript until nearly six o'clock here, whereas you have to light up nowadays at half-past three. I describe all this that those of your family who can leave may be tempted to make an expedition to Rome, and among them my cousin William, and, especially, Julius,* have nothing to prevent them paying us a visit here soon. We have always a spare room ready for dear guests, and Ludwig will tell you how easy the journey is. On Thursday our cousin leaves for Triest *via* Bologna and Venice, and then he will get into winter again, but he will be able to travel by rail nearly all the way to Kiel. The most pleasant journey is over the same route, but in the opposite direction, so that one can at the beginning of February get away from the dirty snow and fogs, and come here into fullest spring, at the same time being present at the ceremonies of holy week, the illumination of St. Peter's dome, and the Girandola at the castle of St. Angelo into the bargain. Is not that enough to tempt you!

Best love to you all from Mary and myself. In spite of the beauty of the neighbourhood, we miss the pleasant society we had in Berlin. If you should see the Oelrichs, the Fischers, and the Bethusys, please tell them how glad we should be if we could have tea with them again. But we have even here seen some Germans, whose company is very pleasant. We have also lately made our round of visits, and so have seen something of high life here. It is composed of the diplomatic body, the Roman princes, and the visitors. At

* A son of his cousin, William Ballhorn.

present we are getting quite a lot of invitations to balls and *soirées*, which unfortunately do not begin before ten o'clock. For the present Mary has to decline them all, for she has no evening dresses. Our boxes have not yet arrived, although the fifty-two days allowed for delivery has passed by a fortnight. I do wish we could get some intelligence of the fate of all our linen and plate. Mary is reduced to two dresses and a half, the brambles we met in our expeditions having retained the other half. Consequently it is quite impossible to go into society, and we cannot get things here, for the prices are double what they are at home.

Now adieu, dear Edward. I am going to give this letter to Louis to take with him, and he will forward it by post from Cöthen or Magdeburg.

With kindest greetings from your

HELMUTH.

15th January, 1846.—Our boxes have arrived to-day. Please, dear Edward, kindly accept the accompanying little souvenir of Rome.

To his Cousin, Edward Ballhorn.

Rome, 26th March, 1846.

We had begun to think that the potato disease, floods, Polish insurrections, and so on, had swallowed up Berlin and Holstein, when your kind long letter, dear Edward, arrived to our great joy. We had been three months in Rome, and not one of our relations had written. We have heard your news both good and bad with much sympathy, especially that you have suffered from bad health and depression this winter. The two go together, and it is difficult to decide which is cause and which is effect. On looking back on one's life one always sees that the real evils we have had to endure are no greater than the imaginary ones with which we tormented ourselves unnecessarily. We ourselves create the greater part of our cares. But it is easier to perceive this than to change it. You must really do something to cheer yourself up, and I should suggest your making the journey here. You can make it both ways for three hundred thalers. I can quite understand that you have to keep down expenses as much as possible, but there is always a Providence which looks after God's children, and I was truly

pleased to hear that your wife and children have been so well, in spite of the scarlet fever and measles, which have been extraordinarily prevalent here also, and have attacked older persons for the second time. I have not much faith in your early spring, but it must now very soon be here in earnest, and then your Villeggiatur in the Potsdam Road will do you all good. But in this rainy season it is really necessary that the side walks should be paved, as they are in the Schulgarten Street.

It was nice that the king should have given your two brothers the red eagle at the same time, and I heartily congratulate them both. It is of practical value for such as are not staff officers, and in the civil service especially it is a recognition of conscientious service. I think you did poor Patow an injustice at the banquet. He was standing near the pictures by the windows, no doubt, and then one only sees an indistinct profile. I believe that he means very kindly to you, but his new sphere brings fresh thoughts, and clients and distinguished men like to be courted! It is best, however, to be able to do without them.

I was much interested in hearing how you kept William's birthday. "E." is really so classically beautiful, as to attract universal attention, and was lovely as a child. Well, God bless them. I sincerely hope you may get well over the final examination, for you are as anxious as your son Charles himself, no doubt. My brother-in-law John, too, is undergoing all the agonies of the Danish Government examination. They probably are both of the opinion that one fool can ask more questions than two wise men can answer.

Poor Count Hoym's recovery is indeed fortunate, for his numerous family are entirely dependent on him. I was very much struck by the statement made without comment on the part of the papers, of the exchange between Stavenhagen and Olberg, for the dismissal of the former takes place at a time when the Vth Army Corps is in the field. How do these things go together? Has Bethusy left Berlin yet? and who is appointed to the IVth Corps? Reisewitz, no doubt. Borcke has not yet written. I am anxious for news from Fischer, whether our Asian map has appeared, and whether, after my five years' work at it, my plan of the Bosphorus is to be brought to completion. I should like to have a few copies of both; they can be sent through with

a parcel for the prince, who has maps coming to him every month.

It is very beautiful here now. The trees are in bloom, the Campagna covered with verdure, and it is pleasantly warm. We have just been driving over a meadow covered with yellow flowers. I thought they were buttercups, but they proved to be narcissus by millions, which filled the air with fragrance. The approaching holy week is attracting a crowd of strangers to Rome. On the fourth of next month the empress is coming with her cortége of grand duchesses, princes, and courtiers. We are daily expecting the Countess Brockdorff, a cousin of my wife's. The scaffolding for the Girandola is already being erected at the castle of St. Angelo, and above all we are looking forward to the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's.

I think I have already told you that I am making a map of the neighbourhood of Rome. One square mile is already done, but there are eight or nine still to do. This work takes me into all the nooks and corners, and I am getting to know the neighbourhood very well. On leaving the walls of the gardens which surround Rome for a half mile on all sides one comes to a perfectly bare region. Mighty herds of cattle pasture there, and are at present coming down from the hills for the grass before it is burned by the sun. They are magnificent creatures, grey, with enormous horns, the distance between the tips of which often measures four feet. Every step one takes startles some lizards of a beautiful green colour, which take flight in all directions. Now and then, too, a snake may be seen winding through the grass. The slopes of the hills abound in all kinds of fowl, which are watched by an eagle from aloft. Whole armies of frightened frogs tumble head over heels into the ditch. If you climb the hills you find, browsing about, sheep and goats, lambs and kids, but are startled out of a dream of Arcady by half a dozen vicious dogs, who display great astonishment at seeing a stranger in their dominions. For the entire Campagna, which in the time of the emperors was covered with villas, and before that even with towns under the Roman kings, is now given up to the animal world. It is true, about one-seventh of this wide fertile plain is cultivated every year, but the labourers come from the mountains, three or four miles, for this purpose, and seldom find a roof under which

they can take shelter for the night. As far as the eye can reach, to the foot of the mountains, neither town nor village, house nor garden, is to be seen, and seldom even a hut, which if there was would be empty. Long rows of old ditches show the direction of the streets made by the Romans through the plain, but the last trace has vanished of almost all their splendid buildings, of their culture and of the forest which covered the greater part of this neighbourhood. Only the mighty arches of the aqueducts extend miles into the distance, and still provide Rome with more than sufficient drinking water. It would be difficult to find another town with so many and beautiful fountains. But despite its deserted aspect, the Campagna remains beautiful, and the interest in discovering the secrets hidden in the neighbourhood is most absorbing, though pursued with the sweat of one's brow.

But now I have reached the last page, and have still business matters to write about. Many thanks for the accounts. They are quite clear to me, and I have no need of any other. I enclose a promissory note. Whether Klaproth is able and willing to pay is very doubtful. He was here about a consignment of guns for the papal troops. They kept him waiting a long time, and then did not take the guns after all, so that he came into very great difficulties. Such things are of constant occurrence here; at this very moment a Roman abbot has left me, who is starving, and yet is not allowed to beg. The worst off are the numbers of our own countrymen, whose Teuton spirit of adventure has brought them here, and whom the enormous rise in prices has brought to poverty.

We are expecting Herr von Usedom one of these days.

Now, good-bye, dear cousin. Mary joins me in love to you all.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Botzen, Wednesday, 5. p.m., 15th July, 1846.

My letters * to you, which follow each other at twenty-four hours' interval, dear heart, will certainly take much longer to reach you. Up to the present time everything has gone

* Moltke went to Berlin to acquaint the king with the death of Prince Henry, which occurred 12th July, 1846.

off without mishap and, in a way, well enough. At midnight I passed through Verona on the Due Torri. The gate was closed, otherwise I should have liked to have had a look at my chestnut. Doubtless Neptune is still in the stables there. I drank iced lemonade in a café. On reaching the hermitage of Verona day began to break, and after refreshing myself with a cup of coffee I drove quickly and comfortably up the beautiful valley. Trient we passed through at ten o'clock in the morning without making a stoppage there. All the waterfalls are dried up, but there is still some snow visible on the loftiest summits. The heat and dust were dreadful. At Neumarkt, the postillion, a healthy good-looking fellow, stood by our vehicle with hat in hand and thanked for his tip. I was in Germany, and, I must say, the incident gave me great satisfaction. One begins to feel a better person, and to have more faith in humanity. I arrived here at half-past four, and shall enjoy the longest rest I can get on this journey, namely, two hours. How well those dishes tasted—trout, cutlets, fried chickens, sweets, and an effervescing country wine! Ah, you dear Germany! I am fearfully sleepy, half *tipsy* with it. I have refreshed myself with a bath and change of linen. Adieu, dear Mary. God bless you.

Your poor

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Sanssouci, 20th July, 1846.

All's well! You will see from my heading, dear angel, that I have left my journey behind. I spent altogether seven days and seven hours in accomplishing it. My programme was as follows:—

| | | | |
|------------|------------|----------|--|
| Sunday, | 12th July, | 10 a.m., | Rome. |
| Monday, | 13th " | 10 a.m., | Siena. |
| " | " " | 6 p.m., | Florence (dinner). |
| Tuesday, | 14th " | 8 a.m., | Bologna. |
| " | " " | 8 p.m., | Mantua. |
| Wednesday, | 15th " | 3 a.m., | Verona. |
| " | " " | 10 a.m., | Trient. |
| " | " " | 4 p.m., | Botzen (dinner). |
| " | " " | 9 p.m., | Meran (a six hours' rest during the night, started at three in the morning). |
| Thursday, | 16th " | 10 a.m., | Mel (passed the Alps, Finstermünz dinner, one trout). |
| " | " " | 6 p.m., | Landeck. |
| Friday, | 17th " | 4 a.m., | Füssen (Hohenschwangau). |
| " | " " | 4 p.m., | Augsburg by rail to Donauwörth. |

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|-----------|------|---|---------|---|
| Saturday, | 18th | „ | 6 a.m., | Nürnberg (by rail to Lichtenfels; at Coburg by midday). |
| Sunday, | 19th | „ | 9 a.m., | Weiszenfels (by rail to Berlin). |
| „ | „ | „ | 8 p.m., | Pfingstberg, near Potsdam, where the Royal Family passed the evening <i>en famille</i> , it being the anniversary of the late Queen's death, and where I fulfilled my sad commission. |

As to the journey, I can assure it is no joke to have to drive for six nights without stopping. I suffered during its continuance more from the cold than from the heat. As far as Botzen it was very warm, and the south wind brought with it a dust of which you can form no conception. Owing to the direction of the wind it always blew with the carriage.

Not far from Botzen we perceived a storm gathering on the mountains, and when I got to Meran this broke over us in the form of wind and hail and loud thunder. It was considered to be too dangerous to venture across the Alps during that night, and therefore I stayed at Meran overnight. Next day the scene was completely changed. The dried-up, glowing rocks were now exchanged for cool damp air, rushing streams, meadows of an indescribably beautiful green, dark green chestnuts and walnuts. Snow glittered on the summits, and the top of the Oertel rose majestically to the height of twelve thousand feet; it is the highest mountain in Europe after Mont Blanc. You find in Meran everything that can be wished for on the score of beauty. There is no more snow, nor is everything parched by the summer heat. Immense plains and lofty mountains, delicious green colours, cool water, old castles, and happy people are what you see there. Gladly would I live in the place. It was passed far too quickly. Shortly before reaching Landeck, to which place we were going, I found the road rendered impassable by a landslide; so the horses had to be taken out of the traces and the vehicle to be carried over by men. It was so cold both on that and the following nights that I could not fall asleep. I was fortunate enough on the railways to arrive always shortly before the departure of the trains. My journey was frequently a fine one, but it was also frequently very fatiguing. I could hardly eat anything at all whilst it lasted. In the mornings I had coffee, and, as for the evenings, one day I dined fairly well, but on the next I had perhaps only a trout. The king, queen, Prince Charles, and all the other

high dignitaries were most gracious to me. I had a room given me at Sanssouci, and slept exceedingly well for the first time during seven nights on a most delightful mattress and between splendid sheets. I was up as early as five o'clock, and drove to Berlin, where I went to see the Oelrichs and Edward. They all thought I had fallen from the clouds. Now, just think, your mamma has been staying with Edward for a week waiting to see Adolph, who arrived from Copenhagen four days later, having had much difficulty in getting leave of absence. They left by rail for Altenburg on Friday. We probably passed one another between Lichtenfels and Bamberg. What a wonderful thing it would have been if we had recognized one another as the train passed, and then been swiftly lost to view.

Tuesday, 21st.—The king left this morning with her majesty the queen for Ischl, and ordered me to await him here. His return is fixed for the 1st of August; but, doubtless, I shall be going before then to Silesia on a visit to Prince William at Erdmannsdorf. All I can foretell with certainty is this; namely, that the remains of Prince Henry will be brought to Berlin by sea round the half of Europe. The aide-de-camp goes with them. Most probably it will be the Prussian corvette "Amazon" that conveys the coffin. It seems to me neither possible nor advisable for you to undertake this journey at such a bad time of the year; but how your return is to be managed I don't quite know yet. But do not be down-hearted, dear Mary. It is a good thing that people are well disposed towards me, and the result of my journey here cannot fail to be satisfactory. All will end well. If only I knew you were safe in Castellamare with cousin Brockdorff! Spare no expense, even if you have to pay the fare for a companion both ways, only do get away from that miserable Rome. I should like to get a letter from you here, for my visit will now extend to the beginning of August. However, I am in good spirits, and believe that all will go well with us.

Every one, and especially Prince Charles' suite, has been inquiring most kindly after you. Prince Charles, the Princess, Princess Louise, Zastrow, Virginia, Kalkreuth, Hoym, and Dr. Weisz are going through Switzerland to-morrow to Genoa. They will be joined on the way by Rudolphi, and Prince Frederick from Bonn will spend the vacation in Rome.

Oelrichs is going on a journey with his wife. I have only seen him for a moment. Just think, poor Usedom has lost his wife. He himself does not as yet know of it.

I have had a good rest here at Sanssouci.

Yesterday at noon Prince Charles requested the king as a special favour to allow me to dine with him. In the evening I had tea with their majesties. The Prince of Prussia is at Petersburg with Königsmarck and Job Witzleben. The princess is at Homburg. Much more that is interesting you will get by word of mouth. At present I am going to Berlin. If I only knew that you were going on fairly well!

I have left the carriage at Weiszenfels. If I have to return by sea I will send it by rail to Berlin. It has worn very well, but the dust and mud have made it rather shabby.

Berlin, Wednesday evening, 22nd.—I am staying at Edward Ballhorn's, and leave early to-morrow morning for Silesia. I have just been talking to William Ballhorn. They all send very many kind remembrances, and are much concerned at your present lonely condition. Good-bye, dear sweetheart. Keep up your spirits, and spare no cost in making the remainder of your stay in Italy pleasant. I expect to reach Rome on the 10th or 14th if the king will only set me free soon. If you are then at Castellamare I will come and fetch you. Perhaps there will be sufficient time left for a visit to Sicily before the "Amazon" arrives. Best wishes, and *au revoir*.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Fischbach, 26th July, 1846.

You dear good true heart! Would that I knew you were in Castellamare with Lottchen Brockdorff with pretty scenery, pleasant society, and as much sea bathing as possible. I am much afraid you may still be left alone in desolate baking Rome. My advice and suggestion will now arrive too late, or I should say get some one to accompany you to Civita Vecchia, whence you could continue your journey by sea. But I hope you have on this occasion again exercised your usual good sense.

I have been here for the last two days with Prince William, who lives a very retired and isolated life with Prince

Waldemar in Fischbach, which is, generally speaking, a jolly and beautiful place. Only Chamberlain Rochow is still here at present. From my window I have a splendid view of the mountains, the Schneekoppe and Ann's Chapel. The higher places are not yet quite rid of snow. On the whole, however, it is pretty nearly as hot here as it is in Italy, only it cools down much more quickly in the evenings. Everything, too, is green and fresh, and the summer is certainly much finer here than in Italy; as to the winter, that is another matter. To-day we went to church, returning in a downpour of rain. To-morrow I go back to Berlin, there to await the arrival of the king. I have written to Adolph and Gusta at Kissingen, proposing to fetch them in my carriage, and take them to Genoa. I will leave the carriage there, and go with them by steamer to Rome. They could remain there or at Castellamare as long as Adolph's leave permits, and then travel with you to Genoa, and return to Holstein by another route. Whether they will agree to this plan I do not know. This will limit their stay at the seaside to three weeks, for I fully expect to be free at the beginning of August. It would cost me about seven hundred thalers, but it would enable you to return in the pleasantest manner. I know of no other plan, for I should not like you to undertake the sea voyage during the equinox. In that case there would be no choice left you but to join cousin Brockdorff.

I hope you received my last letter from Berlin from the embassy.

Berlin, 29th July, 1846.—This month of July seems to me more like a year, so much has occurred in it. I can hardly conceive that it is only a fortnight since I left Rome. Last night I arrived here from Silesia, and alighted at Meinhardt's; I went to Edward's, where I also met William, and we all went together to Sommer's Garden, where I much enjoyed Gungl's concert. I wish you could have been with us. But I am already thinking how much you will enjoy being with us once more. What a different kind of life it will be! I was very glad to find your letter of the 15th at Edward's; the second, written on the 17th, was brought to me at Sommer's. My letters from here will be forwarded to you by favour of the embassy.

I am very pleased to hear that you are with dear Molière at Frascati, and I am much indebted to him. You are a

true soldier's wife. You packed everything on that sad night without forgetting the least trifle. Poor Patow is in a bad state. I inquired when passing by to-day, and received very little hope.

I also had letters yesterday from Adolph and mamma, but no answer to my suggestion. I am very doubtful whether they will agree to it, for they only began the course of treatment on the 23rd, and wish to be back by the middle of September. If the Vollarads should be returning to Germany you might perhaps join them. But it will be all right, and we will make the best arrangements for you.

You are wrong, my dear sweetheart, to be so sad at a short separation. I am quite well, and the outlook is as good as possible. Pecuniary matters give me nothing to trouble about, and a journey to Rome is a pleasure to me. I am quite at ease now that I know you are at Frascati, save that I know you are fretting unnecessarily. Make the most of your stay, soon enough you will be encompassed by grey skies and a sandy plain.

The king arrives on Saturday evening, the first of this month. It is, therefore, quite possible that I shall be sent off during the first days of the month. At the same time it may be just as likely that I shall be detained here eight or ten days longer. Whatever happens I shall not be obliged to hurry on so fast that I shall not be able to travel with more comfort and enjoyment. The moment that I arrive, I shall drive to Frascati, and we shall stay there or at whatever better place pleases us, until the arrival of the "Amazon." It is impossible to foresee what our arrangements will be, but do not worry yourself.

Good-bye, dear good soul. To-day I shall dine with William Ballhorn, to-morrow I shall take the two brothers to Meinhardt's.

To his Wife.

Berlin, Thursday morning, 30th July.

Good morning, dear good little wife! Have you slept well, or are you still asleep? Now that you are at Frascati a weight has been lifted from my heart. But it is a pity you cannot bathe.

The Life Guards and Uhlans are just turning out to the

sound of trumpets to exercise. Little Zastrow looks at me as if he would ask, "How is your wife?" At Sommer's I met President Rönne's wife with her daughter. They have just returned from Franzensbad, and made pressing inquiries after you.

This forenoon I shall include among my many visits one to Miss Amazon, in order to get definite information. According to the official orders she is to start upon the 1st of August, and be back again at Cuxhaven by the 10th of October, which seems to me to be next to an impossibility. If this programme, however, should be maintained, the sea journey would be made quite at the good season of the year. At Cuxhaven they intend to transfer the coffin to a steamer of the mercantile marine, which will then be escorted in state by way of the Elbe and the Havel to Berlin.

Yesterday I went incognito to the Königstädt theatre with William. It is still as bad as ever.

Borcke and Kleist send hearty greetings. I am going to invite them to dinner to-morrow. I am anxiously awaiting Adolph's reply, but do not expect he will agree.

It is highly probable that we shall remain at Berlin for the present, but nothing is settled about it. In that case you shall arrange everything as you like best. I have not seen Oelrichs again, but mean to call on him this evening. He will make the journey with his wife, but it is unlikely that they will meet us at Rome. We cannot tell yet whether it will be possible to make a journey before the arrival of the "Amazon."

Adieu, good, loving, faithful heart.

Your old

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Civita Vecchia, Saturday, 2.30.

DEAR BELOVED MARY.

I could think of nothing but you to-day. You must set out alone, ill and unhappy as you are. May God and your own fortitude help you!

After leaving I found the others still in front of the hotel. I walked along by the castle prison to the end of the moat, then mounted the thick round tower to the top, so that I could be well seen. You had put on your grey cloak, but

had your handkerchief up to your eyes, and did not see me, I expect, although for a moment the boat came very near. The ship was rolling about a good deal, unfortunately, and I can still see the smoke on the horizon. The wind seems to be keeping it back. God grant that I may soon hear that you are safely on shore, and with your cousin. But I hope for the best, that you will console yourself, and possibly the pleasant stay at Naples will make up to you for the parting, which could not be avoided. Let us look forward to the time when we shall go back together with well-filled coffers. It will not be so easy to part us again.

I have ordered dinner, and shall go on board again at dark to take possession of my new quarters. I, too, shall have something to put up with, but it will be all right. But it is sad to think that I shall not be able to send you tidings or get any from you. May God protect you, my dear, dear heart, and reward you for all the happiness you have given me.

My good angel, let your stay be a time both of profit and pleasure to you. Take lessons, make excursions, and, above all, do not worry unnecessarily about me. If there's any great bother I shall follow Usedom's advice. Dinner is ready. Your ship is still visible on the horizon.

Afternoon.—My sweet wife is gone, and the breadth of all Europe must divide us before I can find you again. My dear heart, I did not enjoy my dinner as much as yesterday, and you will care still less for yours. But "All that happens is God's will." This hymn occurred to me and comforted me. And is it not a happiness to be unhappy at parting? Would it not be much worse if we were glad? We will be so happy when we meet again. Let me find you quite well and merry.

One strain runs through the whole stupid letter. I can repeat it in a single word. Farewell, my heart's love! Farewell, and God bless you.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

On board the corvette "Amazon," in the Harbour of Civita Vecchia,
Sunday, 20th September, 1846.

Last night, about six o'clock, after a walk round the fortress, I left the hotel Orlandi, and came on board. The few things, which I have with me to supply my wants, were

soon arranged in my little cabin; and I walked backwards and forwards upon deck until dark, chatting with the officers. In the evening I had tea with my captain, who made a most excellent brew of it, placed a large Danish cheese before us, and amidst the smoke of clay pipes entered into a most interesting conversation with us. After a sound sleep in the somewhat narrow bed, I rose at five o'clock and found the crew already engaged in washing down the deck, which is certainly much cleaner than a dining-table in Italy. The wind was blowing heavily, and the pilot declared that, although here in the harbour the wind was south-east, outside it was blowing most violently from the south-west, a most unfavourable direction for us. The captain accordingly postponed his departure. At eight we had breakfast—tea, eggs, smoked goose, butter, biscuits. Visit of the consul Philippi. I worked at my map until noon. Parade of the crew.

Sunday evening.—Dear good Mary, the wind was so boisterous and unfavourable to-day that we could not get off, and had to remain in the harbour. The captain has just proposed a walk on shore, and I hasten to write you these lines that the terrible storm may cause you no anxiety. I hope you have received my letter of yesterday, and trust that you were not ill last night, and are now safe and sound with Cousin Brockdorff. My dearest love. We shall start to-night doubtless. A prosperous voyage. God bless you.

HELMUTH.

P.S.—Here on board everything is going on well. I spend my time and have my meals with the captain, and find the officers very pleasant company.

In the Bay of Cagliari, Sardinia, Thursday, 24th.

We weighed anchor on Monday, the 21st, at a quarter-past seven o'clock, and proceeded out to sea under a sharp south-south-east wind, which allowed us to direct our course to the southern peak of Sardinia. Towards evening, however, the wind became more violent, the sea ran very high, and our lights had to be fixed on the table. The wind completely split up the jib sail. I suffered somewhat, but kept myself up, and during the night slept through the storm. On Tuesday morning we found ourselves close to the straits of Saint Boniface between Corsica and Sardinia. As, however,

it would be difficult to pass these on account of the west wind, we steered in a more southerly direction under a stiff breeze, and towards evening arrived close to the south-west peak of the last-mentioned island, namely, Cape Boniface. Always the same torments without being sick. I slept fairly well through the stormy night.

On Wednesday little wind and unsettled. I felt considerable relief, and ate with an appetite. We did not round Cape Carbonaro, however. Beautiful phosphorescence. To-day, Thursday, little wind and sea. I feel fairly well, but not very comfortable. We cruised in the Bay of Cagliari. Yesterday I read the "Roland of Berlin;" to-day I can scarcely write, and must therefore soon close. The weather is very mild, the sky obscured, the wind from the west, the sea dark blue. It is very uncomfortable, being rocked about in one's bed by the rolling of the vessel.

On the heights of Algiers, Sunday, 27th.—It is now a week since we started on our voyage, and as yet we have only got half way to Gibraltar. The weather is fine; in the morning the temperature is seventeen degrees (Reaumur) in the air, and eighteen degrees in the water; the wind is favourable, but not very strong. Yesterday we found it very disagreeable, as the swell came from the north, and the ship, which was still heading westwards, was set in violent motion thereby. To-day the sea is quite calm, and we are proceeding under a very mild east-south-east wind. All sails are set, ten on the main mast, namely, the main royal sail, the main top gallant, the top sail, and the larger sails together, with the studding sails on either side. To-day I am quite free from sea-sickness, but feel fagged and tired out, as if I had been enduring great fatigue.

Travelling by sea is either slow or beastly, according as the weather is good or bad. I cannot quite make up my mind whether it would be better to proceed from Gibraltar by land or by the "Amazon." By land the distance is about four hundred miles, the journey consequently very quick but dear, and I should run the risk of arriving at Cuxhaven later than the ship, which would be very unpleasant. On the other hand, if I go on in the "Amazon," there would be before me the wretched prospect of passing several more weeks on a sea which will most probably be stormy.

Dear good Mary, I have been putting down on the

enclosed papers, as often as the weather permitted it, whatever has passed which seemed worthy of note. Nothing, however, occurs, except that one as a rule feels most miserable. On the whole we have fine weather, and I can at all events lie upon deck and read. My thoughts fly very often over the sea to you. I wish I knew that you were safe at Naples. I very much disliked your going there alone, and, besides, there is no hope of receiving any news of you at present. If only we escape the bitter east wind I think we ought to arrive safely at Gibraltar, when I shall try to forward this letter to you by way of Naples, as many English steamers ply between Gibraltar and Italy. I trust you have left your address at the post-office, as I can only direct to Villa Paussaut at Capo di Monte. Did you receive two other letters sent from Civita Vecchia?

Up to the present time everything has gone tolerably well; but the worst is to come, and I wish from my heart that by some means or other I was safe at Cuxhaven. There I hope to find letters awaiting me, and if it so pleases God, also good news from you. It is very annoying that I was not informed before starting that the officers have to provide their own food on board ship and that I am in consequence compelled to be, so to speak, the guest of the captain. If I stay in Gibraltar I shall certainly make my own purchases or board somewhere. I like the captain very much. He is a straightforward and very able man.

Fortunately I sleep soundly, and so escape feeling many a roll of the ship. The latter sails splendidly, and all the other ships which we see are soon left far behind. But when it is stormy, the water pours over the fore deck all the way to the mainmast.

I hope you are having very fine weather at Naples, and are making excursions in the beautiful neighbourhood. Make the most of the time, my good dear heart, and do not worry yourself unnecessarily. I am anxious to hear what arrangements you have made. Writing is getting very wearisome. A decision must be arrived at before reaching Gibraltar; and then I will go on. *God bless you.*

Monday, 28th.—Last night we had a fresh south-easterly breeze. The sea was quite calm, and the ship made ten nautical or two and a half geographical miles per hour. Beautiful moonlight. Yesterday I had a game of chess with

the captain, who is a good player. At midday we emptied a bottle of champagne to the health of our grass-widows. To-day both wind and sea are calm, we are only making three knots, but we keep our course. I had hoped by to-day to have seen the coasts of Africa and Spain. The weather is everything which can be desired.

A remarkable equipage, this of ours! Fancy, the sailors take the altitude of the sun with sextants and then make calculations with the help of logarithmic tables. Everything goes smoothly on board, no punishments, and only on rare occasions even a reprimand. We have two officers (lieutenants), two instructors, the superintendent, the doctor, a boatman, two quarter-masters and ninety-six sailors, of whom fifty are cadets. Only two on the sick list.

I feel well again, although my appetite is bad, and I have further sufferings in prospect. Perfectly well I cannot say that I ever feel when at sea.

Tuesday, 6th October, Roadstead of Gibraltar.—We have been experiencing some severe storms from the south-west. The "Amazon" rolled dreadfully, bottles and glasses were smashed, the soup plates danced about upon the floor. I had to hold on to my berth with both arms so as not to fall out of it.

All of a sudden a stream of water of the thickness of my arm invaded my bed. This went on for two or three minutes, so that I became assured that the ship was sinking. Hearing the tremendous noise the others came in and tried to stop the flow. It turned out that the ship's boy had unscrewed the round piece of glass which serves as a window, and since the wave went completely over the deck, it came down, as can readily be understood, into my cabin. The water had to be baled thereout by the aid of buckets.

Most unbearable was the dead calm which succeeded the storm. The sea was much agitated, and the ship, no longer obtaining support from her sails, shook so much that one might fancy the masts to be on the point of breaking off.

The loveliest day of all was yesterday. Although the wind was high, the sea, nevertheless, was quite smooth as we coasted along the high mountains of Granada. The view was a magnificent one, and we passed so near to Malaga and other small towns and villages that we could actually make out the

inhabitants with the help of field-glasses. To-day it was almost calm, nevertheless we reached the Rock of Gibraltar which we safely doubled. But since sunset we have been tacking about to gain the roadstead.

10 p.m.—We are still cruising between Algeria and Gibraltar to gain the roadstead, where I have decided to land, for it is more than I can stand. It has gone hard with me, and I may possibly regret it; but I am as much reduced as if I had passed through a severe illness. The sea disagrees with my constitution. I have now been sixteen days on board, yet in rough weather am as upset as on the first day. I have settled with the skipper, but I have now only thirty-three Napoleons left. I hope with this to get at least to Paris, where I must see about getting some money from the embassy, which is anything but agreeable. Heaven knows whether any diligences or stage-coaches are running to Spain, for no information has yet reached me. I shall have to push forward with the utmost speed in order to reach Cuxhaven in time. The journey, however, will be very interesting, though also very trying.

You dear good heart, you are my guiding star. Much as I was moved by your tears at parting, the memory of them is very sweet to me. Many a time when I have been very wretched have the thought of you and the hope of seeing you again and the certainty that you loved me given me comfort. God preserve you, and send me good news of you.

I hope to send you these lines by steam-packet. To-morrow I expect to be able to land, at which I shall be well pleased. I leave everything on board, taking with me nothing but Betty's carpet-bag, the black suit and linen.

In case I should not have time to add more to this, accept a thousand best farewell wishes, you dear good angel Mary.

Yours faithfully,

HELMUTH.

Gibraltar, Wednesday forenoon, 7th October.—It is strange you cannot get away from the confounded sea. I have just landed; but there are no inland communications, so this evening I must again take passage in a steamer for Cadiz, whence we go up the Guadalquiver to Seville and Cordova, and then I hope by express post to Madrid. It would be annoying were a revolution to break out there. Something

is dreaded in consequence of the queen's marriage on the 4th, though it will scarcely be so bad as that. Thank God I am ashore. Gibraltar is highly interesting, but I must now get under way. I only wish I had a little more money with me.

Cadiz, 8th October.—I wanted to send off this letter in Gibraltar, but the steamer bound for Italy had unfortunately already started, and as letters by the overland route must go by Paris, I may as well take it myself. You, poor soul, will be long without news, though to be sure I shall be longer still. We must both live on hope.

Gibraltar is superb. A huge bluff, fourteen hundred feet high, rises isolated out of the sea, and is connected only by a low strip of land with Europe. From the telegraph you see the town and harbour far below your feet; facing you, scarcely two miles (German) distant rises a similar cliff at Ceuta on the African side. A wide prospect is commanded of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The governor, Sir Robert Wilson, greeted us with a royal salute from the upper battery, and gave me permission to inspect all the fortifications. A good dinner revived me after a long fast, for, on the one hand, the fare on board was very bad—and dear—while, on the other, qualmishness prevented me from eating. Now we had good meat, fine kidney beans, splendid Malaga grapes, and other good things, and the pull up the hill had sufficiently whetted my appetite. At six in the evening I sailed with the "Queen," a magnificent steamer, very dear, but very good, like everything English. It was a glorious evening, mild as the fairest summer. The moon rose behind the lighthouse, and we glided away as on a broad stream between Europe and Africa. Even the Atlantic was perfectly smooth, and before sunrise we were already in the harbour of Cadiz. I took my chocolate, ate some grapes, and had a stroll through the town, which is very pretty and clean; the streets narrow but well swept, though otherwise without anything specially noteworthy. There is a fine almada or public promenade on the seawall, planted with a few stunted trees. Here you see almost as little vegetation as in Venice; in Gibraltar it was quite African, all gardens enclosed by aloes with flower stalks twenty feet high, and cactuses full of fruit. Now, 10 A.M., I am on board the Spanish steamer plying on the Guadalquivir. The corvette wanted to leave yesterday evening; but it was a dead calm, and to-day a west wind, so that it can scarcely make head.

against the swift current. I must confess I wish for a little adverse wind to get the start of her, for I should be very sorry to reach Cuxhaven later than her. So far all goes well, my dear little wife. *God bless you.*

Madrid, 14th October.—Good dear soul, how shall I tell you all I have seen. I was lucky enough to get a seat at once on the diligence in Seville, whereas my fellow-travellers had to wait eight days. Seville is highly interesting, its architecture quite Moorish. The people live in the courts, where fountains shaded with orange and palms trees spring up from the marble pavements. Overhead is a canopy of vines, while couches, chairs, mirrors, and pictures are disposed beneath arcades supported on slender pillars. It is quite charming. In Cordova also everything is still quite Moorish, especially the cathedral, formerly a mosque. We took three nights and four days to reach Madrid.

We arrived here the day after the queen's marriage. Nothing is to be seen of the dreaded disturbances though the streets were occupied by the gendarmes in strength. Madrid is very beautiful, especially the palace. The acquaintance of a Frenchman who speaks Spanish, and with whom I travel to Paris, has been very pleasant and useful. But for him I had fared ill, for nobody here understands French or any other language. At the inn there were no quarters to be had, and only yesterday evening we found accommodation in a private house. To-day we have been round the whole city, and I am just back from a bull-fight, where we saw the queen and her consort, the infantes and the Dukes of Montpensier and Aumale. I cannot understand how women can look on at such butcheries. Twenty horses and nine bulls were killed in the arena, but on this occasion no men were slain, though they often lay under the horses and the furious bull. At four o'clock to-morrow morning we start again for Bayonne. Good night, dear heart; I think oftener of you than I can write.

Bayonne, October 18th.—After three nights' travelling I arrived here at noon yesterday, but will have reluctantly to remain till to-morrow. At first the journey was very unpleasant, the country bare and bitterly cold. It is really an incredibly arid land, which, however, grows more interesting the nearer you approach the Pyrenees. Here are some remarkable high-land regions affording a fine view of the sea. To-day the sun

shone out, and we have had altogether a very enjoyable trip. But I have only thirteen Napoleons left now. May the confounded "Amazon" only journey no faster than I! This troubles me at times. The last few days the weather has been very boisterous, and I am glad to be on *terra firma*, although the danger is greater in a Spanish diligence than in a Prussian corvette. Yesterday the leading mules—we had a team of ten—turned aside and drew the lumbering diligence with twenty-one persons into a ploughed field. It might just as likely have been a precipice. We had great difficulty in getting the waggon on to the road again; but all ended well.

Paris, Wednesday, 21st.—Here I am at last in Paris. We arrived late last night, about eleven o'clock, and drove to Notre Dame. As yet I have seen nothing more, and now I must first of all get this letter posted. This evening, or early to-morrow morning, we leave for Cologne, for with this steady west wind I am afraid the "Amazon" may overtake me. So far all has gone well. I shall write you immediately from Hamburg, or else from Cuxhaven, where, God willing, good tidings of you await me. I have only eight Napoleons still remaining, and I may perhaps arrive in Hamburg with the last stiver; if not, I must get an advance in Cologne. Since the 13th I have been travelling eight nights continually, but feel quite well. God give you a thousand blessings.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Hamburg, Streit's Hotel, 27th October.

YOU DEAR GOOD SWEETHEART,

Do you still love me? You see from the date that I have got over my land journey of nearly four hundred miles (German) in eighteen days. And I not only reached here yesterday morning safe and sound, but also, to my great relief, before the "Amazon," no news of which are yet to hand. With these constant south and west winds I had feared she might be before me, so I travelled twelve nights without stopping. Even in Paris I only remained one day. I went in great suspense to our ambassador, for I should have been much put out if the prince's body had already been sent on to Berlin.

Now I can await the event here, but have reported to the minister of the house that I disembarked at Gibraltar.

Alas, there is no news as yet from you, dear Mary; but I have sent word to Cuxhaven that letters for me are to be forwarded here at once.

Altogether the journey has been beyond all hope rapid, prosperous, and inexpensive. In Paris, where I had unfortunately a fearfully wet day, I called on Baron von Arnim, who had recently lost his wife. Then I rushed about, saw the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Champs Elysées, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Bazaars, in short, the outer aspect of the great city. It is indeed a magnificent place. I wish you could have looked at the Palais Royal shops with me. Everything is there that can be imagined or desired. The state of my purse, however, would not allow of my making the smallest purchase. On the evening of the 21st I took my seat in a comfortable railway-carriage, reached Brussels next morning, during a lovely sunset passed glorious Liege, and the valley of Chaude Fontaine through sixteen tunnels, which four years previously we had seen in course of construction, then over the viaduct, a hundred feet high, to Aix-la-Chapelle, arriving at eleven p.m. in Cologne, so that in little over twenty-four hours we travelled far more than a hundred miles for three Napoleons. I drew an advance of thirty thalers from the Cologne postmaster, to whom I had to deliver a despatch from the Paris embassy, by which my identity was abundantly established. But of that sum I used only ten thalers, so that the whole journey has cost only thirty-two Napoleons.

Beyond Cologne the communications are interrupted, the postal service not being continuous to Hamburg, so that travelling is much worse than in France. The forenoon that I had to pass in Cologne I devoted entirely to the cathedral. Really a great deal has been done. When we visited this church together, no idea could be formed as to how the thing was intended to be carried out. Now the side walls of the central nave are already rising, and the choir, temporarily cut off by a partition, is finished and consecrated. In less than three months I have now seen St. Stephen's in Vienna, the Florentine Cathedral, St. Peter's in Rome, the Cathedral of Seville, Notre Dame in Paris, and the Cologne Minster; but I can assure you that this choir alone produces a greater

effect than any of the other churches, which, nevertheless, are the most sumptuous in the world. The whole of the nave may be expected to be finished in ten years. Then there still remain the two towers, five hundred and thirty-five feet high, one hundred feet higher than any hitherto completed edifice, though I, at least, shall never see them finished.

From Cologne we went by Hagen and Soest, where there is a good inn, and pumpernickel is served with your coffee, to Minden and Hanover, then by rail to Celle. From Paris onwards I was also fortunate in meeting pleasant company, a German merchant from Petersburg, with whom I took a special conveyance to Harburg, but was unable to cross the Elbe that evening.

To-day is the loveliest weather. I went to Wandsbeck. In the churchyard I at once came upon an iron cross with the inscription, "Frederick Philip Victor von Moltke, Royal Danish Lieutenant-General, born July 12, 1776, died October 19, 1845. I have been steadfast in the faith." I arranged with the sexton for a weeping willow and a few flowers to be planted on the grave, which is enclosed by six granite posts and a chain. The house is now a fruit-shop. I passed through the palace garden behind to the little garden where were still all the little beds which the old gentleman had himself laid out, and the trees he had planted. God give him peace!

On my way back I saw the foundations of the new station, read the paper at the Union Club, and had dinner at the *table d'hôte*.

If no news comes from Cuxhaven to-night I am going by train at eight o'clock in the morning to Glückstadt, coming back at four o'clock, so that I shall be here again at 6 p.m. I wrote this morning to Gusta, asking her to come with Burt and myself to-morrow at noon to Jeanette's. It would be very nice if I could spend my birthday with our dear ones. I hope with all my heart there will be good tidings of you, my love. I have often worried about your going all alone to Naples; but I have, all the same, every confidence that you would have known what to do in a much more difficult situation. I will conclude now for to-day. God bless you, you dear true soul.

Hamburg, Wednesday, 28th October.—I arrived to-day at ten o'clock in Glückstadt. The sun was shining brightly, and the Brockdorff's cottage, with its creepers, looked very cheery.

I went right in through the open door. Jeanette was in Cai's room working at a pretty piece of embroidery on black velvet, while little Ernestine was standing by, looking at pictures. Cai was out hunting. My first inquiry was for news of you, but they had none for me, and were expecting on the contrary that I should be able to give them some. That certainly causes me great anxiety, for we arranged that you should write from Naples direct to Holstein, as they believed you to be at sea, and would naturally have been very anxious about you on account of the terrible storms this autumn. Our hopes that mamma would have had news of you were also disappointed. I fervently hope there may be a letter from you at Cuxhaven. They take sixteen days on the way.

At one o'clock Burt, mamma, and the children arrived. Jeanette was very flourishing. Her little Ernestine is rather delicate, but little Sophie is very pretty, and as big as her elder sister. She has just Jeanette's beautiful blue eyes. The baths have done mamma a great deal of good, and the children got on famously at Apenrade. Ernestine is sweet, and has any amount of hair and a pretty slender figure. The boy has grown nearly a head, is very strong and stout, and really very jolly when he tells his little niece about the pictures and plays the piano with his thick fingers. The two children played a duet very nicely. They were both very prettily dressed. Adolph accompanied the Rathgens from Kissingen to Geneva, the Rigi, and Berne, and is now doubtless overwhelmed with work as usual.

I had to leave at half-past three, directly after lunch. Brockdorff, mamma, and Jeanette went with me as far as Elmshorn, where the train stops half an hour. Papa came on here with me, but returns to-morrow. The "Amazon" has not yet arrived.

Hamburg, 31st October, 1846.—Thousands of thanks, wife of my heart, for your dear, long detailed letter—ended on the 6th inst., that is to say, the day we arrived at Gibraltar. Now a great weight is off my mind, and I am going to send on the good news to Glückstadt and Itzehoe. It was very good indeed of the captain to escort you himself. Countess Lottchen would not have looked after you so well. Were you not very ill on the ship? It was very stormy. I am surprised that with it all you were able to enjoy the beauty

of the scene after passing Cape Miseno. I can quite fancy that you would sleep soundly after it all, and the sea-sickness may have done more to make you better than the homœopathic pillule. I am glad to hear that you have such a nice lodging at Capo di Monte. My dear sweetheart, take all the good that is granted you, and enjoy to the full the beautiful country and bright skies.

Here it is wet, muggy, cold, and stormy, the sun can no longer struggle through, nowhere the smallest patch of blue sky, and the gnats which worry you don't sting us. Only you should often have a carriage and drive about to your heart's content to the Posilippus of Margellina and the beautiful Campo Santo; don't forget also to ride to Camaldoli. To be sure the entrance is barred against you, as you might cause the pious fathers too much distraction, but close by there is a little place set apart for ladies, where you will have almost the same wonderful prospect. The San Martino monastery is unfortunately closed to you. I hope you will carry out the project to (visit) Sorrento. Only you should alight at the Cocumella, but on the left where the balcony is, and then don't forget down in the garden to taste the oranges that have been two years on the stalk. When there I got a whole box full for a piastre. It is worth while going there for these oranges alone. But then you must also go to Capri, provided the sea is calm. The blue grotto is very remarkable, but finest of all is the Palazzo Tiberio, where you have at your feet the precipice a thousand feet high. Monte Solare in Capri is also very beautiful, and I advise you at least to mount the steps to the Barbarossa palace, where I gathered narcissuses in December. Anyhow I am glad you are so pleased with Naples. Yes, it certainly is somewhat brighter than Rome, which I assure you I don't want to see again. You can make the trip still easier by land to Baiæ and Cape Miseno, and that is wonderfully fine. I recommend (a visit) to Solfatara and Lake Avernus less. Pity you do not take the residence in the Lucia, which is so extremely pretty and cheap. In winter the district is thoroughly healthy, and you are near everything. Is not the position of Castell Ovo most remarkable? The cave near the railway between Castellamare and Salerno is said to be very grand; I do not know it. If you can get to Amalfi, don't on any account miss it. You leave the railway a little before reaching

Salerno, and then drive there in about two hours by a paradisiac road. It is one of the finest that is to be seen. It was on this road that Severin witnessed the ruin of the world. You write nothing about the fire and lava which the papers say Vesuvius is throwing up. I hope you may ascend it; the effort is not at all so great, but it must be done cautiously. The trip is said to be often somewhat risky.

I am glad you are going on so steadily with your drawing. I noticed the little sketch of the castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter the first thing, and am delighted to have it as a souvenir of them, and because it was made by you. Don't neglect your Italian, and if possible try to learn a little of Italian cookery.

We also had the benefit of the storms you describe. They drove us over to Africa, but the worst was the dead calm afterwards. For the sea was very rough, and as the sails no longer helped to balance the ship, she rocked about like mad, and we thought the masts would have broken off half-way.

Don't be surprised, dear angel, at the want of connection in this letter. I have been reading yours, and answering just as it came. Please write to me very often, and tell me of all you are doing. As I remember Naples very distinctly, I can easily follow you about everywhere in thought. I should like to have told you what reception I had in Berlin, and whether my somewhat unauthorized journey had been unfavourably commented on in the highest quarters. But my chief anxiety is allayed now that I have news of you; and for the rest, that will soon be all right. Of the "Amazon" nothing has been seen or heard, and it is impossible for her to arrive during this fog and east wind. She has met with very bad storms, and I hope that no disaster has befallen her.

How long I may have to wait in Berlin for a decision cannot be conjectured. It's a terrible pity we have to make the return journey in the bad season; it might be so beautiful. It is really hard that, although the "Amazon" has not yet been even signalled, I cannot be safely absent a single day, else I should have so gladly gone to Itzehoe. The shipping company's steamer has already been fourteen days here. It appears that the corvette is to come up to Blankenese, where the landing is to be effected quite privately. Then I take

the coffin to Bellevue, where it will be carried in solemn procession to the cathedral.

This evening I am going to see the Hähnleins who are very good to me. They have already given me two dinners, with delicious oysters. To-morrow I shall be there again at noon. I have not been to the theatre at all, but I went with your father to the oyster tavern. I wish I could send you some; here they are better than anywhere else. In Paris they were not good at all. The grapes will do you good; that is something that we have not got here. Mr. Gern is playing at the theatre just now. But now I will conclude. Good-bye, you dear sweetheart, keep well, and do not worry. Don't be thinking always of the time to come, but enjoy the present. A stay at Naples is quite worth while making the most of.

1st November, early.—Now this letter shall go at once. Yesterday evening the Duke of Augustenburg arrived at Streit's; the band serenaded him, but I was not at home. The day before yesterday old General Hegermann's youngest son, William, arrived here. The whole family is going to Nice for the winter; perhaps we shall see them.

Adieu, dear good sweet angel.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, Meinhardt's Hotel, 8th November, 1846.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I do not yet know whether the long letter I sent you from Paris on the 20th ult. has reached your dear little hands. I also sent you a long and detailed letter from Hamburg on the 31st ult., which I hope will reach you by the middle of this month, and told you in it that I had received your first letters from Naples. I made a mistake in the date of my birthday, and you knew when it was better than I. I thought I had spent it at Glückstadt, instead of which I had but just reached Hamburg.

Just after receiving your letter of the 6th, I set out by train for Horst, and proceeded through Retwisch nearly as far as Legersdorf very comfortably in a coach and four with a landed proprietor. The sun was shining as brightly as it ever does in the north, and I wandered with great delight through the beautiful fir forest above Breitenburg to Itzehoe

where I arrived at twelve o'clock. The old squire * was sitting alone in his favourite place at the breakfast-table, a cigar in his mouth and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. Mamma was upstairs with Eleanor Brockdorff.† She had just had a letter from you, and there was an exchange of news between us. I heard of your enthusiasm over Mount Vesuvius, and was very pleased to know that you were taking advantage of and enjoying the beautiful neighbourhood of Naples. We had a delicious dish of codfish and snipe for dinner, and the squire produced a bottle of champagne. The children are even sweeter than they used to be, and the boy especially, I cannot help saying it, is incomparable. Strong, tall, well-behaved, and merry. After dinner I drove through Krempe to Glückstadt. I arrived there that evening with some Krempe cake for little Ernestine, and remained the night at Cai's. Jeanette is charming and blooming as a rose. Yesterday was Cai's birthday, and Count Fritz ‡ and the Burts were also there. On returning to Hamburg next morning I found the news awaiting me that the "Amazon" had at last entered Cuxhaven. At six o'clock on the morning of the 4th I drove with von Hähnlein to the Grasbrook, where wreathes of light vapour were rising from the steamer "Prinz Karl," into the cold air; here was also Vice-Consul Stegmann. We started, but owing to a thick fog had to anchor for a quarter of an hour at Flottbek; then we steamed down by Glückstadt to Brockdorf, where we found the corvette at anchor. After running alongside of her, I sprang over, and was greeted in the friendliest manner by the whole crew. The corvette had had a frightful voyage; she had run over a hundred miles west from Gibraltar out into the Atlantic before meeting a west wind; then about the latitude of Cape Finisterre she had to weather a fearful storm. For four days all port-holes had to be closed, and then it is pitch dark below, but you cannot remain above, the whole deck being swept by the waves. They were scarcely able to light a fire for cooking, and of stoves there are none at all on board. The officers assured me that they had themselves stood it manfully; then they were driven back for two days. Owing to foul weather in the Channel the vessel anchored for one night in

* Mrs. von Moltke's father.

† Sister of the Countess Brockdorff in Naples.

‡ Count Fritz Brockdorff, Cai's brother.

the open roads off Dover, which in rough weather is no joke. Under such circumstances a bed in Streit's Hotel is much to be preferred. On the voyage a man had died, and been lowered to the bottom.

The coffin was quickly transhipped, we drank to a prosperous journey with champagne, and steamed away, while the corvette saluted the prince with twenty-one minute shots. Then she spread sail, and hastened to take advantage of the east wind, having still a stiff voyage to make. We, however, were back again about four o'clock at Grasbrook, landed the worthy Hähnlein, and hastened up stream by full moonlight. Next morning we were already at Wittenberg; here I took on board Lieutenant von Plötz, with twenty men of the first guards, who had been sent thither eight days before on my first report from Hamburg. The previous day they had to change quarters, because the inhabitants were complaining, as they had received no billeting allowance. Two sentinels in parade uniform were now stationed by the coffin which lay on the fore-deck shrouded in a flag. At sunrise next day we passed through the Potsdam bridge, then through Spandau, Charlottenburg, Moabit to Bellevue. I went at once to Prince Wittgenstein and Court Marshal Count Keller, then to the king at Sanssouci, where I dined. I was everywhere well received. In the evening at dark the leaden coffin was laid in a mahogany state one, with a large cross of the order of Malta, and placed on a hearse draped in black, and drawn by six horses. About eleven o'clock the procession moved forward. In front was a detachment of the Body Guard and the commander with his staff, then I in four-horse mourning coach, followed by the equerry, and then the hearse. The attendants followed on foot. Towards midnight we reached the cathedral, draped in black, and here the coffin was solemnly consigned to the cathedral officials. Then I drove to Meinhardt's Hotel, where I found a warm room and a comfortable bed. Yesterday being Saturday, the solemn entombment took place. On a platform near the coffin stood six large candelabra with wax tapers, and six benches on which were placed the badges and orders. I stood behind the chain of the Black Eagle, Count Knyphausen of the hussars, Count Bredow, and Major v. Derenthal of the Body Guard, Count Schlippenbach of the Uhlans behind the rest. All knights of St. John present in Berlin stood on either side at the foot of the platform, and

behind the coffin a deputation of the third regiment (Prince Henry's). Nearly an hour passed before the Court arrived from the railway, and I got so faint that I had to drink a glass of water privately, and thanked God that during the ceremony all came off well. I don't know whether it was the strain of the journey, the unaccustomed uniform, the strong coffee, or what, but my head throbbed so, I thought I must succumb. However, all went off well. There was a liturgy wonderfully well sung, then the prayer and the blessing, accompanied by the thunder of nine salutes of infantry and twenty-seven discharges from guns. Then all present left the cathedral. The coffin was now brought to a trap in the floor of the cathedral and lowered into the tomb. It is customary for the adjutant to place his right hand on the coffin and descend with it. This also took place without any trouble, and we were soon again in the daylight. At noon I had to go to dine at Sanssouci.

I have now got so far but what comes next I know not. To-day, although the weather is unsettled and showery, the king rides to hunt at Quedlinburg, which is close to Neinstedt in the Harz Mountains, and to Letzlingen, and will be eight days away. General Krauseneck received me very kindly, and so did General Diest, who commended me to the favourable notice of Count Stolberg. We must have patience; this is not the moment to leave Berlin, for "les absents ont (toujours) tort." No one has said anything about my journey. Diest wishes me to be aide-de-camp, but General Krauseneck wishes to keep me on the general staff, in which there have been great promotions. Hohenhorst, the chief staff officer at Königsberg, has died and Major Dannhauer taken his place. Fischer is senior officer; then come Laue, Heister, Schöler II., and myself. Schöler, the equerry, is a lieutenant-colonel, probably on account of three of his juniors being chiefs in the staff, and therefore commanders of regiments. I have not yet spoken to him; indeed, I have seen hardly any one as yet, having been on duty all the time. I don't think I shall be attached to the king's guard, or he would have said something about it yesterday.

To his Wife.

Tuesday, 10th November.

Good morning, little wife. I will now first of all answer your fond letter of the 9th of last month. The little crocus flower has certainly no scent; yet its friendly colours attest and smile to me the southern spring here in our cold fogs. For me it is a pleasant thought that the warm sun shines on you, whereas here the skies are dripping. No doubt you will also at times have very rough weather in Naples; but it never lasts long, and then land and sea smile again with their wonted brightness. Such a climate is worth much, otherwise I would say that everything is better here.

I hope you have found pleasant quarters, for in the narrow streets one cannot see that one is in Italy. The Toledo is the best. You do not say whether you have been to San Carlo yet. Just opposite you can get excellent Granito, a kind of sherbet.

You will have seen from my second letter of Sunday that I did not leave Civita Vecchia until Monday morning. The waves were very high. We went fairly fast till we got near Sardinia. I was much too ill to take the homœopathic pillules, but I swallowed four afterwards without any apparent effect. The faith in them does more than anything else probably.

I received your kind letter yesterday, just as I was hurrying to the Potsdam railway, and once in the train I broke the seal; I had already heard from mamma that your portrait would be in it. I looked at it first through the thin veil of tissue paper, and it was charming. My first impression was the strong and pleasing likeness, then came criticism, which will not quite pass the mouth. But it looked so happy that I knew beforehand that there would be nothing but good news in the letter, and thank God it is so. Now the picture has gone to be framed, and I shall not get it back for a week, as the frame has to be specially made.

I have heard from Lena and Bröker that they have chosen you and me to be sponsors for their little girl, Mary Helmina, provided that we will consent. I shall write, accepting for us both. Perhaps the little creature may want our help one of these days.

According to the latest accounts, Princess Louise has not yet left her bed, and has lost all her hair. Prince Charles has nursed her most tenderly, and has not left her for weeks. She will not take her medicine from any one else. Kalkreuth has gone back, and Hohenlohe is here.

Yesterday I visited the picture exhibition, where I saw many familiar paintings from Rome. A copy of our Asiatic map just reaches me. It is really a great undertaking, and I am quite proud of it. Finished at last; but the printed prospectus is still wanting. Within this year, however, everything will appear.

In the evening I went to see the tragedy "Struensee;" but the novel that we read with Ludwig is much prettier, I sat in the dress circle between Madame de Luck, whose daughter was with her, and Miss von Medem, so that I had pretty neighbours. Of course I might use the large box, until I get another position; but the course I took seemed to me better.

I am living in the second story, which looks on to Charlotten Street, and is not far from the room we left when we started on our travels.

Until I receive your town address, I shall send my letters to Jaussand, who will doubtless forward them. If only we both knew that each other's letters had reached their destinations. I can imagine you standing on the balcony with your digestive cake. I must have a good look at the view from there when I come. I am delighted to hear that you all sing, and are so happy, and that you get Italian books to read. Occupation is essential to happiness.

By way of return for your picture I will try to rummage up the one I sent to Itzehoe, for it is not worth while for me to be painted again. But of you I want an oil painting. The exhibition is proof that here, too, they can paint well. There are beautiful busts by Beuth of Humboldt, and paintings by Rauch and Miss Bülow; but of course there are also a number of insignificant faces, which are like the originals, but hideous.

Oelrichs sends his kind regards. He wants us to go together to Naples in February. I have not yet seen her. I have had to postpone all my visits. I will get out my map of Rome soon. To-day I am going to take the report of the various persons engaged in the transport of the coffin

to the prince, and hope to get some recognition or remuneration for them. Adieu for to-day, my heart; I must dress, and have still reports to make.

12th November.—Dear good true heart, I have kept this letter a few days, as I wanted so much to hear that you had received my first letter from Paris, and that your fears on my behalf as to the sea journey are allayed; but one cannot find out anything when the distance is so great, and I will send this to-morrow that you may not be long without news. The last tidings, on the 2nd inst., were that Princess Louise still has to keep to her bed. It is very unfortunate for me that Prince Charles is not here. Now he will probably pass the winter at the Villa Lomellino near Genoa. Stoves are being put into it.

I am getting on with my map of Rome; but the days are so short, and I have so much running about to do, I do not know what the sun is like now. I go to the exhibition every day from two to three; it is open until next Sunday. Now I am off to the Oelrichs. Good-bye, you good sweetheart, you shall have a letter from me every ten days. God bless you, dear true heart.

Ever your loving husband,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Meinhardt's Hotel, Berlin, 13th November, evening.

MY DEAR SWEETHEART,

I took my letter to the post myself yesterday evening, to make sure that it was posted all right.

I am in despair at the short days here. It is not light enough to draw until eight o'clock; at three o'clock there is dinner, and all kinds of things remain to be got through then. I should very much like to finish the map; but I shall not put off my journey on that account, for I know you are waiting impatiently. Nothing is yet settled. I was at Wittgenstein's to-day. He told me that he was an old man, only fit for the lumber room, that no one tells him anything, and it is of no use his making suggestions, etc. The old prince says little, does much, and will never hear of thanks. He means well by me. I went to see Mrs. General Krause-neck to-day; she sends you her kind regards. I spend an

hour every day at the exhibition. The Prince of Prussia was there to-day, and asked after you. I miss my dear kind little wife very much in the evenings. I have not yet been to the opera. They give such foolish pieces, but I am reserving it until we can go there together. Send me your exact address in Naples, and I should like to hear whether you went to see Venice and Vienna, or Genoa and Paris, on the way back. Get a good warm travelling-dress. I will bring you some fur boots; it will be bitterly cold. But I think we will make a leisurely, comfortable journey. I expect to get two months' leave. Now, good night, my angel. God grant you sweet sleep and a joyful waking.

Wednesday, 18th November, evening. — A thousand thanks, you dear true soul, for your splendid long letter, begun on the 14th of October and concluded on the 3rd inst. Thank God you received my letter from Paris at last. You poor heart! It was long enough on the way—a fortnight—and you were quite six weeks without news. At last our correspondence is flourishing; but I hope it will soon come to an end. If nothing is settled about me in the course of this month, I shall apply for leave, and they may consider afterwards what they mean to do with me.

Now to answer your letter. Oelrichs was with me yesterday morning when Edward brought it. After reading a few words, I could see all was well. As soon as these gentlemen had left I laid the leaves out straight, whisked off my spectacles, took a pinch of snuff and stretched myself comfortably down on the sofa to enjoy your letter to the utmost. At one or two of the most difficult places I had recourse to my spectacles.

To my great delight I have just had another ride up Vesuvius with you. How glad I am that you are in the way of seeing so many fine sights, the memory of which is life-long. I hope this winter we shall still make a few trips together. You started on your excursion the very hour that I betook myself to the bull-fight in Madrid. There the weather was lovely. But why on earth did you not take the train to Resina? I left Naples in the forenoon, and was back again to dinner in the evening. The sun must have already set before you got to the Hermit's, and no moonlight either. The fire from the crater, however, may certainly have shown magnificently in the dark. Anyhow, the ascent of the cone

is very tiring, and breathing is made harder by the sulphurous vapours. I remember that we thrust a stick into a fissure in the lava ejected two years previously, and lit our cigars with it. We got down full speed. You would break your neck if you didn't sink up to the calves in the ashes. Thank God, you got well off, and did not catch a frightful cold during the night trip. But now you must also go to Pompeii, where it is so easy to get by rail. It is certainly not the finest, but it assuredly is the most remarkable (sight) in all Italy. How much I wish that the weather would clear up, and that you may have also made the trip to Sorrento as well as to Camaldoli.

San Carlo is an enormous building, is it not? But, all the same, it does not come up to our opera house. I was there yesterday; a silly ballet. I had dinner with Patow yesterday. He nursed his wife most tenderly, and at last did all his work in her room. The day she died he was at the Session until five o'clock, and when he got home she said to him, "Patow, I thought I should never see you again. Just turn me over." And when he had done so she passed away in his arms. It is very sad to see poor Patow alone in these magnificent rooms.

If you are no longer at Capo di Monte when I reach Naples, I must see your view all the same. I can still vividly recollect the one from Palazzo; it was truly very beautiful. I wish we could have the whole place here in Berlin.

You will have seen from my letters that I reached Hamburg on my birthday, and finished the land journey there. I thought it was on the 28th. But I thought of you, dear heart, all the same, for that I do every day. I was delighted too with the pretty blue purses. Since you have made them for me they have always been full of money. We will make a splendid tour together, too.

I will try to get three months' leave, which, to be sure, is asking rather much. Then we shall stay a little longer in Naples, and see what still remains for you to visit. If you feel inclined, and the weather is fine, we may perhaps make the excursion to Sicily which we intended last summer when Girardo's (the cook) thundering shout, "E morte il principe!" dispelled this pleasant dream. We will at least see Palermo. Then, I think, we may go by steamer to Leghorn, and thence

by way of Vitturmo, Spezzia, Portovenere to Genoa, where we might visit Prince Charles at the Villa Lomellino, and then along the Corniche to Nice, Avignon, Lyons, and according to circumstances by Geneva or Paris to Berlin.

My best thanks to kind Countess Lottchen for her good wishes and all her goodness to you. If you should be obliged to remain in Italy, you could not have pleasanter surroundings or better company. Is it not so?

The sun shone bright and warm on me on the 28th, as you wished, though not at Meinhardt's, but at Burt's house, which is much handsomer now, the large picture of your grandmother being a great acquisition. My carpets have arrived too, and the flowers, camelias especially, are in full bloom in the sunny windows. Even the garden is improved, and the tower of the cloister church is to have a new spire. But poor Pastor Pesh* is very ill, and his recovery is doubtful.

I was at Oelrichs' yesterday evening, and saw Reisewitz and his wife. They are as good and kind as ever, and inquire affectionately after you, and wish you were back again. You are my good, kind, little wife! It is nice to have such full accounts, so that I may know all your goings on. But you have not had time really to answer my Parisian letter. Since then you have had a great deal of news of dear Berlin, and soon I will bring you more by word of mouth. There will only be one or two more letters from here, I hope, before I come myself, and I hope to have two from you as well. I think I might be here a whole year alone without anybody troubling himself about me, for, being only attached, I do not belong to the general staff, nor, as a relic of the deceased prinae, to the adjutant's. I don't know whether I am fish or fowl, and get my meals at Meinhardt's.

My map I shall have ready, say, in ten days. Yesterday Raumer looked it over, but I have yet no information as to whether and on what conditions he may perhaps undertake it. Anyhow I shall probably get it engraved through Humboldt if Raumer declines, which, however, I don't believe. It will really be very beautiful.

Ever since the bull-fight I think with terror of the day when Girardo and I were surrounded by the herd of oxen. It was really no joke.

How is the noble game of whist faring? Do you play

* The clergyman who married Moltke.

grandissimo? Can't you have a fire, and are there no carpets? In that case keep yourself warmly clad. You had better not be ill when I come, I can tell you. On Tuesday, the day you got my letter, I went with the "Prinz Karl" to unload the "Amazon." It was cold, clear, bright weather. She ran into Danzig on the 12th, and has been fifty-one days at sea, counting from Civita Vecchia.

Now I will conclude this letter, and take it to the post to-morrow. It is not yet six days since the last went, and I can tell you nothing certain; but you will be glad to have it, I know, and so it shall go, with my best love and wishes, dear sweet life. God will continue his goodness to us. I can't stand this after the end of this month. I shall reach you in eighteen days, and keep Christmas with you. Farewell, you dear good angel.

Yours for ever,
HELMUTH.

* * * * *

On the 24th of December, 1846, Moltke was transferred to the general's staff of the VIIIth Army Corps (Coblentz). This division was under the command of Lieutenant-General Thile until June, 1847, when it was taken over by Lieutenant-General von Brüneck. Lieutenant-Colonel von Höpfner was head of the staff.

* * * * *

To his Wife.

Trèves, 2nd July, 1847.

My dear sweetheart, a hearty greeting to you. How are you all?

We had all but returned to Coblentz to-morrow. The general had such a sudden attack of lumbago that it was with the greatest effort he was able to keep the saddle. But to-night it is better. To-day the inspection has been put off, and with rest it will doubtless be all right again to-morrow.

Trèves is wonderfully fine. You must positively come here with me. The old Roman buildings have been surprisingly well preserved. The Porta Nigra strongly reminds you of the Colosseum, but is by no means so large. A splendid amphitheatre has been unearthed, old baths, and now the palace of Constantine is being transformed to a church. It is remarkable how well have been preserved these walls of flat

bricks—just like those of the aqueducts in the Campagna—for, after all, they are fifteen hundred years old. In the village of Igel, a mile (German) or so from here, there is a sepulchral monument with figures and inscriptions, finer than any of those I saw preserved in Rome. In Germany there is no other place containing so many Roman remains as Trèves. The splendid vegetation, vines, walnut trees, and the true (edible) chestnuts transport you back to Italy.

Very surprising is also the situation of Luxemburg, the steep rocky cliffs and the curious fortress with its gigantic walls. But I should not like to live there, and am glad that head quarters are neither in Cologne nor in Lützelburg. Trèves certainly vies for pre-eminence with Coblentz, but I think Coblentz, for a long stay, is finer.

To-day we dine at noon with General Holleben; to-morrow there is inspection. On Sunday we go to Saarlouis.

Now, my heartiest good wishes to little Ernestine. I hope you are having good weather, and that the children romp about in Moselweiser's garden. Are the horses all right? Adieu, dear sweetheart. God protect you.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Trèves, 8th October, 1847.

Now I must write a few hasty words to my good, dear, beloved little wife. I could not manage it before, for I was dead beat in the evenings. But I have followed you in thought on your way. You will have reached Hamm on the 1st, Minden on the 2nd, Harburg on the 3rd, and Glückstadt on the morning of the 4th, and now you are having tea with Jeanette, and talking. After the violent abduction of my Ihl, I went home and gave the horses some fodder; however, he turned up again about half-past one. Then I went to the Riesen tavern, where I found a jovial company enjoying a pleasant peach bowl. About half-past three I drove off by the Riesen, and the same evening covered twenty-six miles more to Kaiseresch. But climbing the hills was hard work for the horses. On the 3rd we had lovely weather. It was really delightful to ramble about on the high hills along the Moselle and in the Eifelgebirge. I have

spent six days wandering up and down as far as Trèves, partly on foot, partly by express post, steamer, and my own horses. Here are glorious lands. I have got into such walking trim that I shall never be tired again. I have often wished you were with me. The magnificent beech and oak forests were painted by autumn in all tints, yellow, red, and brown. The Moselle winds away through deep mountain gorges. The hilltops are crowned with old castles, and picturesque hamlets with convents and slender church towers in the walnut groves lie wedged deep in the ravines. It is a magnificent land, with its beautiful vineyards, pretty little taverns, tolerably good inns, and passable weather. I hope the sun has shone on the Rhin as it has on the Rhine. To-morrow it will be overcast. Here in Trèves I also clamber up the hills round about and take long trips. At noon I dine with our comrades, and in the evening we meet in the Casino.

I have been going on very well at present, but am looking forward to our winter quarters all the same. I hope you will like them. I hope to have news of you in a few days. I am stopping at the Court of Trèves, but will send to the post to inquire whether there is anything for me. I am anxious to know how the journey went off, and how you found everybody. My love to Jeanette, Cai, and all friends. Good night now, dear sweetheart.

Sunday evening.—Good evening, you dear, dear heart. How do you feel in Glückstadt? Has John arrived yet? Where have they put you up? Papa and mamma have left for Itzehoe, I suppose?

We had magnificent weather to-day. I was out on the black horse, but he is very tired. The hills ruin the horses. To-morrow I will climb them on foot. I can endure it much better than the horses. Höpfner was coming here, but has not appeared as yet. I cannot tell yet how long I shall be here, but hope to be back at Coblenz about the 22nd.

Adieu, dear good heart. My eyes won't keep open.

Lovingly yours,

HELMUTH.

Monday morning.—This is a stupid letter, but it shall go now. Adieu, my heart. Love me ever. Till our happy meeting.

To his Wife.

Trèves, 13th October, 1847.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

On returning yesterday from a sharp trot on horse-back, Ihl rejoiced my heart as he led away the brown horse with the news that there was a letter. There was just a quarter of an hour before dinner, so I stretched myself comfortably on the sofa and looked at the outside of the letter. The postmarks were Glückstadt 7th, Hamburg 8th, Trèves 12th, so you calculated rightly that it would take five days on the way.

You will have seen from my letter, sent on the 10th, that I arrived here one day after you reached Glückstadt. So the railway is not open yet from Minden to Hanover? That is very strange, for it has been finished a long time. I hope it will all be finished before your return. I should like you to do the journey from Hamburg to Cologne in two days at the outside. The description of your journey was very amusing. That was surely a most original idea of yours to have coffee and pumpernickel at ten o'clock at night. It is to be hoped you did not let the children have any; the others would escape with a nightmare. You reached your quarters very late! But that is to be expected when one starts as early as you did from Minden at the break of day—ten o'clock! You must have been delighted to see the good old Streit's Hotel and their sirloin. Had Jeanette any idea that you were coming? We drop on her from the skies sometimes, like the moon-stones, I from Gibraltar, and you from Coblenz. *A propos*, it occurs to me, did you see the solar eclipse the day before yesterday? There was a weird light as I rode up the hills, and only a small crescent of the sun still visible. But the moon seems to have wiped away the spots, for since then it has been shining bright, clear, and warm. Maybe, however, you have calmly slept through this celestial occurrence. In your foggy town have you also such wonderful weather? It is delightful just now to ramble about in this charming scenery. Unfortunately the last few days I have been somewhat depressed. Every evening I have a return of the horrid ague, and no Mrs. Bardell of the "Pickwick Papers" with her warming-pans. I have, no doubt, somewhat overworked myself; the horses were so tired that I made long trips on

foot, and took cold in my room, where no sun shines. So to-day has been my first day of rest, and I have only ridden my black cob in the warm afternoon sun through the ruins of the old Roman city. Next to Rome I really know no place which has such important remains. There are a circus, baths, the Porta Nigra, this last fully preserved, Constantine's basilica, the Roman bridge, and, amongst other things, a perfectly preserved Roman private house.

I have no news from Coblentz. I hope the female garrison defends our house bravely. To-morrow we keep the king's birthday—I am invited to dinner—and in the evening there is a great ball at the barracks.

My love to the squire, mamma, and the dear children, and bring them all to Coblentz for the winter if possible. It would doubtless be difficult for you to get over to see my sister Helena, or I should like it *very much*. If good old Fritz knew you were there, he would go to see you perhaps. Could you not persuade him to bring you to Coblentz?

As you promised me another letter soon, I will keep this till it comes. I think I shall leave here on Monday the 19th, and reach Coblentz on the 23rd or 24th, as I want to see some old craters and basaltic columns on the way. My best love to Jeanette; she will spoil you, I expect. Adieu, my dear good heart. I have had the room well warmed, ordered hot tea, and will go to sleep after a look at the paper.

Trèves 16th October, 1847.—You have heaped coals of fire on my head, dear Mary, with your letter of the 10th inst., but you must have received mine the next day. As I did not get here until the 6th, and had not collected my wits till another day, it was a long time. You are quite right, when one has no letter to answer, writing is a difficult matter. Your last letter has already answered most of my questions. I have to announce that the railway is at last really open. A train leaves Minden every day at a quarter to one, arriving at Deutz the same evening. There must certainly be a train in connection, leaving Hanover about seven or eight in the morning, and this would enable the journey from Hanover to Deutz to be accomplished in one day. That will be very convenient for you.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to our winter quarters at Coblentz. We will not spare the coals, and will make ourselves very *snug*. But you have been so much spoilt

with all the children that I fear it will be somewhat lonely for you. I am most pleased that you are going with mamma to Uetersen. Won't you buy a little present for my godchild with my money? I should much like to read the letters of your late dear mother. It must have reawakened sorrowful recollections. Speaking of letters reminds me I should so much like to have a copy of my own about the journey to Spain; it will be a pleasant reminiscence for the future.

The horses have been idle for two days, so I harnessed them again for the first time to-day. My friend Frobel is here, and I took him to a prettily situated coffee-house.

Despite a ball, church service, and dinners, I am again quite well. The whole morning I was on the hills with my surveyor's table in lovely warm sunshine, as in Rome. I have engaged a Girardo (valet) for myself; but I shall now probably stay here some time longer, for the work is greater than I thought. I don't know in which part of the house to look for you. Do tell me where you are living, and where you are generally to be found. In the nursery, I suppose? I quite expect you have already begun fires.

Now, good-bye, sweetheart. I will write again soon. Heartiest good wishes to all, and with dearest love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Trèves, 20th October, 1847.

It makes me quite sad, Mary darling, to think that I shall have no further news of you here at Trèves. Our stay has lasted longer than I contemplated. Lieutenant-Colonel Höpfner has arrived to-day. To-morrow and the following day we shall be riding about over the mountains, then I should like to give the horses a day's rest, and leave on the 24th, reaching Coblenz probably on the 28th. I hope we may be lucky enough to get a little fine weather. To-day and yesterday we have had heavy rain, and it is quite sultry.

Lieutenant-Colonel von Haake, who lives opposite us at Coblenz, assures me our house is still standing, and the windows have been cleaned lately, so that I hope you will find it quite "snuggish" on your return. To-morrow you will receive my long letter of the 16th. It is the last I shall

write, for there will be no certainty of letters reaching you in Holstein.

I have bought ten views of Trèves to-day, and shall bring them with me for you, but you must really make a tour on the Moselle. I give it the preference over the Rhine, and Trèves is most interesting; even you must find it so, though you were not captivated by the old pillars and ruined walls of Rome.

As I have no letter of yours to answer, I am rather badly off for subjects to write about. Even about my life here there is little to say. About seven o'clock I ring for my coffee, and about eight an orderly comes with my surveyor's table. Then two o'clock, the dinner hour, is very soon round. The fare is excellent, and washed down with all kinds of Moselle. In the afternoon I again ride out, and in the evening drink my tea, and work at the written part of my subject. So it goes on quite regularly, but for a few invitations. But I am well pleased with Coblenz to await my dear little wife there. You must have found your short visit to Holstein very interesting, and you will have much to tell me. Who will act as your escort? I should be exceedingly glad for Fritz to undertake it, and he would be able to see a vintage (grape gathering) on the Rhine. I suppose you are now at Itzehoe, in mamma's comfortable house. Love to them all. Were you pleased with Coblenz? Now I will conclude, for I have a cold and am quite *stupid*.

Thursday, 21st.—To-day we had a stiff ride round, but the weather was disagreeable and cold. Now I leave to-morrow, but have to take all manner of roundabout ways, and shall not be in Coblenz before the 28th.

You dear sweetheart, I am so glad you will be coming soon. I should be continually reading your two last letters from Rome if I only had them with me. I shall make a thorough search when I arrive at Coblenz, for I must have them.

General Krauseneck's resignation has been declined. I shall be very glad for him to remain, but he will not be here much longer.

Farewell, dear good heart, much love to papa and mamma, and kind regards to all friends. Hoping to see you very soon,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Coblentz, 28th October, 1847.

MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

The clocks have just struck ten, but I must write a few words. Here I am again, in the corner room at my pretty desk, sitting on papa's comfortable chair. The curtains are drawn, and it looks like a tent. All the cracks in the windows have been papered up, and the balcony door cleverly barricaded with the leaves of the table and straw and the flower-table in front. Everything has been well polished up, and the small *cache désordre* table in the window has been made just as I wished, so it is most home-like and *snug*. I have just pushed aside my papers, and am looking out for my little wife to come and disturb me at my work. You see I am quite in peace, and must not forget to inform you that I arrived here yesterday, and found everything in good order.

I started from Trèves on the 24th, left the horses after a long excursion on the heights, and then went a mile and a half farther down to Kyllberg in the deep valley of the Kyll. Nevertheless, I took another walk in the lovely evening gloaming, and stood suddenly before a grand old building, half castle, half palace, with a high walled terrace. I had a vivid dream that it was mine, and that I had just taken you there to ascertain whether it pleased you. Unluckily in the castle yard I met the owner, who very graciously showed me round, but quite dispelled the illusion.

On the return in full moonlight I wrote out my report cut and dry on the Commission in Trèves, that is to say, mentally, so that I can now put it word for word on paper.

Next morning I looked up the horses, and drove to Manderscheid, where two splendid castles in ruins stand on a high cliff deep in the valley. They formerly belonged to the extinct reigning family of like name. Recently they were sold for thirty-six thalers to an elderly dame, who grows a little cabbage and turnips in the courtyard. A stiff climb brought me thence to the Mohlenkopf, sixteen hundred feet high, which consists of three old craters; one of these is now filled by a peat bog. How many thousand years must have passed for such woods to decay in the fiery chasm. From one of the craters a lava stream flows down to the valley. The

*

same evening I drove on to Daun, where I found good night quarters.

Next day was your humble servant's birthday. A fine feast-day, only pity that the oftener it is kept the less agreeable it is. However, we had fine sunshine, and I strolled again over volcanic ground to the Schalkenmehre craters, three round little tarns lying close together and of enormous depth. The surface of the one lies, say, two hundred feet deeper than that of the other, from which it is separated only by a narrow dam. The steel-blue motionless water mirror reminds you of Castel Gandolfo, late Albano, on a small scale. In the evening I drove by a very bad road to Kelburg.

Yesterday was a fine winter's day, and I drove off early. All the waters were frozen, stalks and leaves covered with hoar frost, but the sun shone bright and beautiful. I covered seven and a half miles (German), and the horses, after the previous excursion in the hills, were very tired; but when they came to ascend the hill at Bassenheim, they could not be curbed, much to Ihl's astonishment. We drove at a rattling pace down to Rubenach, then instead of Coblenz, I suddenly beheld a large lake with high wooded banks. It was the fog, which lay upon the Rhine, and had not been dissipated the whole day, which was so sunny higher up. Below it was warm, but damp and murky.

Both the girls were at home in their rooms with a temperature of at least thirty degrees (Reaumur). All the doors were shut tight. Here I found letters from Edward, from Adolph, and from you as well, begging appeals, and official papers. Adolph writes cheerfully, and holds out hopes of paying us a visit next year. After reading your letter last of all and taking a pinch of "Blakyard," for the sake of old times, I went to the Riesen and ate a huge supper. When I came back the room was warmed and tea on the table. Then I put in some nails, and rearranged the pictures—an old passion of mine, as you know—and lay down in my comfortable bed.

Early to-day reports, discussion, dinner at the Riesen, and a stroll on the bridge. The fog had just parted, and the sun shone magnificently, although rather fresh. Proud Ehrenbreitstein looked down gold red through the thin blue haze, and the distant hills cast violet silhouettes, which reveal no details, and so are extremely picturesque. It is really very

lovely here. I know something of these things. The scene will bear comparison with any.

Then I went to see Tümping,* who is laid up with fever. There, dear heart, that is my bulletin! I read your news with the greatest joy. But I should so much like another letter soon, for I do not feel at all certain that you have quite lost your indisposition, and that it has not developed into a more serious illness. It is fortunate you have your fur cloak. Your proposal that I should fetch you myself was most enticing. I should like to do so above all things, but Höpfner only returned to Trèves on the 22nd, and now it is too late, with Tümping laid up, and the others already complaining of overwork. And, besides, I have had really too much furlough this year, and cannot make further demands. But now that there is a railway between the Rhine and the Rhin we can travel together to Holstein and Copenhagen.

Dear heart, you will forgive me if I go to bed; it is so cold, and eleven o'clock is striking. Best love to papa and mamma. I miss you very much here. I am continually coming across one of the children's playthings or picture books. My love to them all. I will close the letter now to make certain that it goes off to-morrow morning early, and I will keep anything that may strike me for the next letter, for there will be one further opportunity. Good night, my dearest.

Your own
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Coblentz, 2nd November, 1847.

I did not think you would escape from the ill-effects of your headaches so easily. And now, poor dear, you are suffering from that abominable indigestion. I hope you will very soon recover.

I received yours of the 28th yesterday. We were thinking of one another just at the same moment, for my letter was written the same evening as yours, and we had news of one another at the same time. I have again settled down in my house and to work. In the evening "when within my narrow cell the lamp again doth brightly glow," the curtains are drawn, that it looks like a tent. Now I have really got through a

* Afterwards General in command of the VIth Army Corps.

lot of things that had accumulated during my absence. About half-past seven Malchen brings the tea-things, the regulation three rolls, then the cigar is lit, and so I sit up quite undisturbed till half-past eleven and write. Yesterday evening I went out for a short hour to the military barracks; there I have had myself elected an extraordinary silent member of the glee club. Some pretty matters get discussed. Now that most of our affairs are arranged, I am yearning much for your return.

If you arrive on the 12th you can go on the 13th to a ball, to celebrate the queen's birthday, at the new barracks. I cannot understand why papa will not bring you. I will meet you at Cologne if you can give me the exact time of your arrival, and if you would like it.

I am not surprised that you enjoyed yourself so much at Itzehoe; mamma's is really the only comfortable place. But she ought to have spent the winter quietly with us. I quite miss the children's frolics. Have you called on Lena?

I must really tell you of the squire's conquests here; her excellency especially is taken by him, and talks of nothing else but his liveliness and good nature. I called on the Wordsworths* at once, and they send kind regards to you and mamma.

The latest news is that an accident befell Lieutenant-Colonel Massenbach whilst on parade to-day. Some say it was a fit, others merely that he fainted. He has not been moved from Colonel Spillner's house though. His wife had gone away to Hochheim to see General Müffling's wife who is dying.

Be sure to make Cai and Jeanette promise to pay us a visit. Adolph says he will certainly come next summer. Have you not sent Ludwig a word of greeting? So this will be my last letter, and you will set off three days after its arrival.

I have planted our hyacinth bulbs in pots; politeness will surely compel them to show their heads on your return. Papa's armchair has made me more of a stay-at-home than ever. It is so comfortable that I much prefer to sit than lie down when reading. Now I must end. Farewell, dear good

* An English family who occupied the same house as the Moltkes at Coblenz.

heart. I am revelling in the thought of your return. Ever so much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife at Deutz.

Coblentz, 10th November, 1847.

DEAR MARY,

I have just this moment—eleven o'clock—received your letter headed, "Sunday, in bed," and at once perceived that it was a slip when you announced your arrival at Deutz for the 11th. If I should not come and meet you, the reason will be that my cold is too troublesome. It has been very bad on my chest. Moritz drugs me with a "mixture," which makes me feel very ill. Now I am much better again, but I fear the journey might bring on a relapse, and think it best to remain here. You will be able to find out all details as to the steamers where you are. I think they leave at nine o'clock, arriving here about six. If you have the squire's escort, you will not need to leave by train for Bonn till midday, and the steamer awaits its arrival. But you will hardly be able to carry this through alone. In any case I will be at the landing stage at Coblentz at three and again at six o'clock. I hope you will receive these few lines this evening, for if you remain in Deutz waiting for me till the 11th the confusion would be complete. Love to papa and John. The prospect of seeing you here comforts me, and if it had not been for that I should have taken the train to Deutz this afternoon in spite of everything. Farewell, dear heart. I am so glad that you are coming.

Your own

HELMUTH.

To his Sister-in-law Jeanette.

1848, undated.

As to our position here, it is as though we were sitting on a powder barrel. I cannot make further disclosures on the state of affairs here. Generally speaking, it is quite natural that a people who are in the habit of changing their spiritual princes twice in every ten years, should not have a great affection for any one dynasty. Religious differences have created

great antipathies, republican tendencies supervened, and the proletariat has taken advantage of these circumstances. In fine, a conflict may arise any day. The power is in our hands, but the use of it may, as in Berlin, entail consequences which cannot be foreseen. Our policy is to remain firm whilst the broken authority of the state is being restored.

Should an outbreak occur, I must hasten to the scene of action. Poor Mary! Who will be her help and protector then? She has lately had a tooth drawn, and at the same time a piece of the jaw was broken off. She has suffered greatly, and so I have not acquainted her with the state of affairs. To-day at two o'clock I told her she would have to leave; at four o'clock her things were packed, and now she is at Ems with the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris. She is with acquaintances, the Countess Gneisenau and Miss Scharnhorst, in comfortable quarters, safe and quiet—and in one and a half hours I can be there? She has taken the most valuable part of our property with her, including all our papers as well as those belonging to the family. You will hear from her shortly.

Some days ago I asked your papa to come and take her away. Since then events have taken place in Holstein which make it no safer there than at Ems. Do, please, therefore, send word of the altered circumstances to Burt as soon as you can. I consider her to be quite safe at Ems, till war with France, which is inevitable, breaks out. Then she must depart. But that will be months hence. I wish you would decide to go to Ems. Think what a pleasure it would be for Mary!

I cannot but congratulate you Schleswig-Holsteiners. The Danes will not gain the upper hand. Europe is undergoing a reconstruction of nationalities. All foreign ingredients will disappear. Would that we could but regain all that is German! It would be a good exchange. But that requires unity and strength, and we are in a fair way to lose both. Yet I do not give up hopes that we may regain our senses. A wave of delusion is passing over Europe like a moral epidemic.

What will become of Adolph* though? Has he not spoilt the game with both sides? Even if they escape the popular

* Moltke's brother Adolph was in the employ of the Holstein Government at Copenhagen, and his brother Ludwig was in the Danish Government Service at Femarn.

fury, what future have they to hope? And Ludwig, will he acknowledge the provisional government? What do the legal luminaries say? Has not the army made a stand anywhere?

But I must come to a conclusion. Love to Cai and all my dear relatives. Finally, I beg you, if you read my letter to them, to use some discretion, and be wary of discussing it. Farewell, dear Jeanette; God be with you till we meet again.

Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To the Same.

Coblentz, 29th March, 1848, morning.*

DEAR JEANETTE,

I am unexpectedly called upon to end this letter with my own hand. I am sorry to have to pour a good many drops of bitterness into the cup of your fine patriotic feeling. With reference to what is going on in Germany, I can rejoice in so far as I see in the present state of affairs the only possibility of a united Germany, but not until law and order are restored and some central power comes into existence can any good result. We are, however, on the surest road to throw all this away. I hope that to-morrow the motion for a republic will fall through in the assembly at Frankfurt as it did at Heidelberg; but even then where is there a State with any power? The proceedings in Berlin have shaken all authority not only there but all through the land. Only great skill and moderation can by degrees restore this. An attack from outside would be a great blessing at the present moment, but our neighbours to the east and west will wait until we have broken up into parties and destroyed our power. Old bonds are loosening; it is no longer a question of Monarchy or Republic, but a question of law or anarchy. Not from without will enemies attack us, but from within. The proletariat is the evil spirit which liberalism has conjured up, and which it is no longer able to banish. Soon the most liberal deputy will be regarded as an obstructive aristocrat, and then they will have to pay a severe penalty for their coquetting with progression and philanthropic ideas. What a future is Germany throwing away! How much have those

* Under this date Mrs. von Moltke had begun a letter to her sister, and as she was prevented by a painful dental operation from finishing it, Moltke himself added the words that follow.

who have caused this state of affairs to answer for. Where was there so much oppression, whose rights were so much encroached upon, whose freedom was so much curtailed as to justify the destruction of the life of a state which was just commencing to flourish, and the entry upon a path, the direction of which nobody can foresee! But these complaints are useless. One must keep an eye upon the future, and the future portends long and bloody struggles.

To his Wife.

(Undated).

MY DEAR TRUE HEART,

Your exile shall not last long. Matters seem to be improving here. The people are coming to their senses, and are getting rid of the unruly persons. We shall now wait to see what will be decided to-day at Frankfurt-on-the-Main about a German Republic. If it falls through, as is likely, I shall fetch you away again, or at any rate, send you the carriage. To-morrow we must have news. You are only worrying yourself at Ems.

I have forwarded your letter to Jeanette with a long postscript, telling your papa he had better not come at present.

Krohn* had dinner with me to-day. He was in the thick of it at Berlin, and is going with his regiment, which is quartered near Mayen. He had not received any letters from Copenhagen.

How are your teeth?

Farewell, dear heart. I hope you will be back here to-morrow or the next day, so do not unpack much.

Yours faithfully,

HELMUTH.

* * * * *

Moltke was summoned to Berlin to the staff-in-chief on the 16th May, 1848, in the temporary capacity of chief of the division (Abteilungs Vorsteher), and on the 22nd July was permanently appointed to that post. The title of "Abteilungs Vorsteher" was afterwards altered to that of "Abteilungs Chef" (Divisional Superintendent).

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* Moltke's brother Adolph was married to a sister of the above, Miss von Krohn.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, 2nd July, 1848.

DEAR MARY,

I hope you reached Neumünster before I arrived in Berlin. At five o'clock, when, according to my calculation, you left Altona, we had not yet reached Magdeburg; for the Berlin train had gone, and we were kept waiting for two hours. It was nearly eleven o'clock before I arrived here, and got to Meinhardt's.

Berlin presents a sad sight. The palace guard-house and the Brandenburg Gate are garrisoned by citizens. Only very few military are to be seen. The streets are, however, patrolled by several strong detachments of Uhlans. Most of the officers wear mufti, a conquest of the new times. Nearly all our acquaintances are gone. The whole court is at Potsdam; so is the Oelrichs family, but the head of it is in Holstein. I do not find Edward at all changed. I have also seen William. I spent yesterday evening with my dear old friends, the Beuths. He travelled in Italy last year, and had much to relate of the various points of interest, such as Amalfi, Palermo, Riviera del ponente, etc. His friend, the old Count Veltheim, has shot himself because—he cannot go his old ways undisturbed in the Tiergarten! Patow and Endells are living on their estates.

I should have so gladly driven to Potsdam to-day, but my helmet is not ready. After all that has happened, I am very anxious to see the royal family again. In the next few days General von Reyher* will assign me my division. In any case I know my fate. There is no lack of dwellings; two out of every three houses show "Apartments to let." During the next few days I shall look at some before the Gate, and try to rent one at short notice.

For the first time yesterday I assisted at the sitting of the national assembly in the musical academy. It is a pitiful gathering; they preach, not speak; many words, little substance. One came and protested that at the election he had been cudgelled; then he stuck fast. An hour was wasted to settle whether eight or sixteen members should be appointed on a committee. When it comes to voting, a good number of the members are still quite undecided whether to vote yes

* Head of the General Staff of the Army.

or no; they stand up, look round, sit down; in short, it is evident they don't know what it is all about. And these are our legislators! After seven weeks' deliberation they have not yet agreed on the address. Nay, the question was actually raised whether the address should be considered at all.

Meanwhile all look confidently to Schreckenstein. Minister Kühlewetter also has spoken strongly regarding the arrested Freischärler. Minister Rodbertus was questioned respecting the workmen, who were just then crowding up to the singing academy, to protect which the citizens were summoned by the bugle. He declared curtly that he did not recognize the duty of the State to provide work for the working classes. Thank God there is an end of Blanqui's ravings that have wrought so much harm. On the whole the authority of the government appears to be gathering strength, but a serious collision with the anarchical elements now broken loose seems to me inevitable. This is what I can for the present communicate to you from here. And now how fares it in Holstein? Would that Danes, Swedes, and Goths could once for all come to terms, so that the unhappy Schleswig affair might be closed; just now we have really more weighty matters on hand. In France the revolution is taking the old course, from monarchy to republic, from republic to dictatorship, which cannot maintain itself without a foreign war, and so from dictatorship to conquest, or restoration, according as we know how to save our skin. Hence I hail with joy the election of the arch-duke. Only let us have an authority, whatever it be, but no longer the rule of lawyers, men of letters, and cashiered lieutenants, who are leading Germany to a partition, like that of Poland.

I hope soon to receive news from you; perhaps it will come to-day. I won't keep back these lines, however. I expect you will very likely drive over to Itzehoe the day after to-morrow. Give my love to all, and let me know what they are doing.

What magnificent buildings have been erected here since we have been away! The drill ground has been transformed into a garden plot, the barracks of the Uhlans into a veritable palace; a vast dome rises above the palace, though, to be sure, just now all lies prostrate. Adieu, dear heart. I hope you will come soon, for I long much for you. My very kindest wishes to Jeanette and Cai.

Yours most affectionately,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, 8th July, 1848.

It was good, dear Mary, that your letter arrived on the 2nd inst., for I was getting a little anxious to know whether you had found your way safely to the Neumünster Court.* I see still the little head in the carriage, peeping out first at one window, then at the other, until the white cloud disappeared over the heath. I can quite imagine the surprise your appearance in Holstein must have caused. I imagine Neumünster is a pleasant country place, especially the courthouse, which I do not know. Take good care of yourself, dear heart, and ask sister Jeanette to give you the best veal, Kiel sprats, and codfish. I am very sorry you found mamma so ill? Will she not visit you at Neumünster? You must see the children longer than the two days. Have you no news from Betty, Ludwig, and Victor? I have written to Adolph, and am expecting an answer soon.

God grant the report of the truce and peace in Schleswig may be confirmed. But the Holstein people must not raise any unreasonable demands, and should reflect that, at the first outbreak of a war with Russia or France, Prussia will have to fight for her existence. Then it would be difficult to leave an army corps in Schleswig, and the Duchies would have to fight out their affair alone, unless an agreement be come to beforehand. Hence the organization of their army is in any case an important matter, were it only to maintain order in the interior, which apparently in Holstein also is seriously threatened by the unfettering of the lower classes. Here two battalions of the 12th Regiment entered yesterday. The row at once begun, though not much has come of it. To-day the great gates in the palace are to be put up; another fine opportunity for the sweet populace. Feeling runs high against Schreckenstein, reports of whose dismissal come every moment, but he remains despite all of them. Two battalions of the 2nd Regiment of the Guards have entered Spandau and Charlottenburg. I think I have already written you that I have been to Potsdam. I find the king quite unchanged, and I dined with Prince Charles. Berlin is very wearisome, but the dear Tiergarten is wonderfully

* Brockdorff had been transferred from Glückstadt to Neumünster as district judge.

beautiful. The new grounds as far as the zoological garden and towards Charlottenburg are very pretty, and the canalization of the Schafgraben, which is connected with these works, is nearly finished. After dinner I stroll about these as a "loafer" for hours together. Yesterday evening I went again to the summer concert, where Gungl played most charmingly. On the whole, I am glad I shall probably not remain long here. The first division is vacant, and if it is filled by a cavalry officer, I shall go to Magdeburg.

It is inadvisable therefore to take new rooms, and I shall remain at the hotel, even if the horses come. Even if you arrive it will not be much more expensive than if we were to find private rooms, and there would also be the furniture to consider. On the 15th a furniture van leaves here for the Rhine, which could bring away our things about the beginning of the month, arriving here or at Magdeburg in the middle of August. I should so much like to come to Neumünster to fetch you; but if I can get away at all, I shall have but one day there at most. Send word as soon as you can how you are, and give my best love to Cai and Jeanette. Now I must go to the office. Good-bye, sweetheart.

Sunday forenoon, 9th.—I have this moment received a letter from Adolph, who writes that he is going to take his wife and children to Louisenlund on the 14th or 15th. I have sent word that you are at Neumünster, and told him to call and see you there.

I reckon that this letter will be in your hands to-morrow evening. I hope to hear from you soon, dear sweetheart, and am wishing to see you in your old place again soon. Farewell. God preserve you.

Your own,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Berlin, 12th July, 1848.

POOR DEAR LOVE,

You have had to wait two days for my letter which you were expecting on the 8th. But remember that my letters have always been a few days earlier than yours. Now I am writing without delay, for Jeanette leaves Neumünster on the 16th, and you will very likely be going to Itzehoe then. I cannot understand why letters should be

so long on the way. I did not receive yours of the 8th till yesterday, the 11th.

What you relate of Gusta makes me uneasy. I feel quite certain that want of exercise is the cause of her ailment. But it needs a much greater effort to alter one's daily habits than to take medicine, and it is all the more difficult to make such an effort in one's own house. This is one of my reasons for hoping that little mamma will go to the sea. Undoubtedly it is a difficult matter for a lady to take walks in all weathers every morning, especially long country walks, particularly when living in a town. But I think it is most necessary for Gusta, and there could be no better beginning than a journey to the seaside, where one can get rid of one's daily habits; so do your utmost to persuade her.

As to your own residence, I told you in my last letter that I consider it desirable to remain at the hotel till our movements are settled. There still remain two divisions to be provided for. If they are to be commanded by cavalry officers, I may be able to depart for Magdeburg in a very short time. On your arrival you will find everything prepared, as far as possible, for your reception. It cannot be very pleasant for you to live in a hotel, and have no household to manage; but we cannot make any other arrangement, and I hope it will not last long. I shall be very glad to get away from Berlin.

I have really the greatest desire to bring you away myself, and go up for a moment to Holstein; but what you write me about Sanwer is just a reason against it, as it might look like soliciting, which I prefer to avoid. The proposal, about which you write, would be very honourable if it could be done. But everything depends on what is required, and what means can be used to secure the object in view. But I am surprised they do not prefer to choose one of the officers who took part in the campaign, and have thus the inestimable advantage of having already earned confidence, and also of being acquainted with the ground and the persons with whom they will have to treat. I, for my part, can naturally neither advise off-hand, nor enter at all into the matter until it is officially brought forward, and thereby more definitely limited.

I sincerely hope you will see Adolph's family when they pass through Neumünster. His opinion on current matters will be of good service to me.

I, too, saw the notice of Cai's appointment as district judge at Neumünster in the paper, and send him my heartiest congratulations. I have seen an old acquaintance of ours again—dear old Becker. He has not been to England, but with the Prince of Lucca. But they have driven him away, and so Becker is now living with Councillor Bernuth in Schulgarten Street. Farewell, dear heart. I shall look for news soon, telling me when you are coming. If you can fix the day, I will be at the station. If papa comes too it will be so much the pleasanter; if not, he must see you to the station at Hamburg, and I will meet you here, so that you will have no difficulty.

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

Postscript.—Should overtures be really made to me, I should proceed incognito to Holstein in order first of all to procure from Krohn, Adoph, and Cai, such particulars regarding the situation, as may enable me to judge whether I am at all competent for such a weighty commission.

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On the 22nd August, 1848, Moltke was promoted to Magdeburg as chief of the staff of the IVth Army Corps, under command of Lieutenant-General von Hedemann, and after 1851 Prince William Radziwil.

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To his Sister-in-law Jeanette.

Magdeburg, 23rd September, 1849.

DEAR JEANETTE,

Owing to the great similarity of the handwriting I thought the letter this morning was from Mary, who has just gone off to Berlin to revel in old associations. I read the beginning, and turned over the page to find that sister Jeanette had honoured me with a letter.

I have the pleasure to remit you the tax, and hasten to answer the chief point in your letter. First of all I must tell you that I am not personally acquainted with First Lieutenant von St. of the 22nd Infantry Regiment. By a piece of good fortune it happens that Lieutenant-General von Werder, commanding the twelfth division, is in Magdeburg to-day, and I have been dining with him and his adjutant.

I am able to give you the following information gathered from an independent and totally impartial source. Von S. held a very good position in his regiment and with his comrades and superior officers, and acquitted himself on many occasions with much prudence and energy, especially in the famous Schweidnitz affair, and it was chiefly his military ardour, unlike many others, that took him to Holstein. From this you may see that he bears an honourable character. It is reported that his fortune is not large, but he is not known to have any debts, though it cannot be stated with any certainty that he has no outstanding debts. I could get no information about Uncle T. whether he has ever been captivated by a lady before, but have not the least grounds for supposing so. The ladies are very much concerned about it; not so we, who are of opinion that an honourable disposition bodes well for the future, and that we must not concern ourselves over-much with the past; but once again, I know nothing about it. So, you see, I cannot tell you very much; a little that is good, and absolutely nothing that is bad. The most important point is, what says the heart of the fair lady herself. In any case my information is drawn from a good and impartial source, and you may make of it what use you think fit, and count upon my absolute discretion.

Dear Jeanette, something always turns up to prevent your paying a visit to your sister and myself. But even if Cai comes alone he will be heartily welcome in this wretched place, but he cannot be too modest in his expectations of Magdeburg. This abominable cholera is still raging, and we must hope for cold weather. The prospect of a visit from the old squire is a great pleasure to me.

Mary's leave of absence is unlimited, provided that she takes plenty of amusement, and abstains from too much unripe fruit. She will be staying with Edward Ballhorn.

How pleased we should have been to recruit for a few weeks in Holstein, but it is so difficult for me to get away. Now I will conclude these hasty lines, so that they may reach you the earlier, and I beg you to hold in loving remembrance your affectionate brother-in-law,

HELMUTH MOLTKE.

Letter to his Wife.

Rantzau, 2nd January, 1850.

DEAR MARY,

After leaving papa and mamma at Horst I drove on to Elmshorn, where I deposited my foot-cushion and overcoat, and then hastened away on foot. It was my misfortune to fall in with a youngster from Barmstedt. I thought he must know the way there, but he missed it, and we walked for nearly an hour through deep snow until a messenger put me on the right track again. Then I went on through a beautiful wood, and emerged from it just as the moon was rising, and the clock on the tower at Rantzau* striking eight. Just after I had passed over the drawbridge I was confronted by two awful figures which the children had made of snow. I entered the house with some trepidation, but soon learned that all was well.† Adolph and Gusta were at tea. He was little changed, and in very good spirits. The children were in bed. I think the house is quite a pleasant one, and some of the rooms are very prettily furnished, especially Adolph's study. I slept excellently in rather a long bed.

This morning we have been all through the house, and seen the stables and barns also. They have a carriage, two cart horses, and eight fine cows, with one fat calf, which is to be killed in honour of you. There is a fine large garden, and all round are magnificent groups of oaks and beeches, and close by the pretty little town of Barmstedt full of soldiers. We had a very good dinner to-day. William‡ is very brisk and cheerful, but Helmuth§ is a fine boy. There is no news of Victor. Fritz and Betty have written, but say nothing of importance. His explanation in the newspaper is capital. Best love to Cai and Jeanette. To-morrow I shall go to Lena's if possible, and to Hamburg. Farewell, dear sweet love. I wish you had been here to enjoy this fine weather. Good-bye, and remember in love,

Your

HELMUTH.

* Moltke's brother Adolph had been promoted to be district judge for the county of Rantzau in Holstein. His wife and Moltke's sister Burt were both named Augusta.

† An addition to the family was expected.

‡ At present owner of the Estate of Creisau.

§ Now Major and Equerry attached to His Majesty the King and Emperor.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, 4th January, 1850, evening.

Here I am, sitting at my old place in the armchair behind the secretary. Opposite me is the little chair, but unoccupied, and no embroidery and wools are about. But now for a short sketch of my journey. At midday yesterday Adolph's carriage with four horses dashed up through deep snow over the old drawbridge on the way from Rantzau to Uetersen. At Elms-horn I took in my foot-cushion and overcoat. It was arranged that Lena should return to Rantzau with the carriage. But at the pastor's a pig had just been slaughtered, sausages were being made, and my visit till five o'clock took up almost more time than they could spare. I found Lena very well indeed, also Bröker and the children. I do not like making short visits. Departure stands before one like a snow spectre. But our visit appeared to be very acceptable. The worst was that the room was cold. Bröker took me in his carriage to Tornesch. I had breakfasted too early to have any appetite, so only drank some coffee at Uetersen, and reached Streit's in a very frozen condition. I immediately went to Wilke's and had some turtle soup, which was not nearly so good as at Burt's, then a venison steak with oysters, but I did not care for any of it. I slept very well, however, and arose quite refreshed. To-day it has been snowing incessantly. Just as I was reading the papers and the account of the battle of Fridericia, which Cai gave me, we reached Wittenberge. We partook of a beef steak and some red wine, and crossed the Elbe comfortably in small boats, and at five o'clock I rushed into the arms of Baumann,* who had been waiting for me at the station since yesterday. Betty* only received your letter to-day, and so the rooms were not thoroughly warmed; but this was soon rectified. Betty had prepared a huge partridge pie to celebrate your intended return, to the detriment of my digestion, which has to cope with it. Gliszinsky came over at once, and then I went to his excellency, who has been suffering severely from ringworm, and has had a cautery applied, and so cannot now go to Berlin. He received me in the most friendly manner, and dismissed me before it was late. Then I had some tea, and the inevitable pie, which I attacked with

* Two servants.

a will, not having had a proper dinner for two days. Thank God, there are no letters. The horses are well, and only complain that it is too slippery for them to go out. I myself am rejoicing in the possession of new slippers, and the prospect of a comfortable bed.

You must have received my letter from Rantzau, dear heart, and I think this will reach you before you leave Neumünster. Much love to Cai, Jeanette, and the children. Make the most of your stay with your dear ones, and remember the absent one.

Yours most devotedly,

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, 6th January, 1850, evening.

Yesterday evening I received your letter of the 3rd, dear Mary, and thank you for finding time to write to me. Yes, indeed, I do feel the want of you here; but it seems as if you were quite within call, and I am happy to know you are amongst your own people. Now you will make rather a long stay at Neumünster. I am by no means easy about Adolph.* I got my feet quite wet in the melting snow, but put on Adolph's socks, shoes and dressing gown, and was then very comfortable.

Fortunately no letters were waiting, but I have written several, and was at work yesterday till late at night going through the family documents relating to the property, and apportioning to each member his share of the interest. I was invited to dinner to-day by Hedemann, but had to refuse, as I was giving a dinner myself. We had soup, very good caviar (port wine), goose with cabbage, partridge pie, hare and a pudding (good red wine). I was really in hope that the confounded pie would be demolished, and though this was not the case, I have no doubt that the whole of the staff whom I had invited will suffer tortures in the morning.

We have had lovely weather to-day. In the morning I went for a walk with their excellencies, Mr. and Mrs. von Hedemann. To-morrow I dine with them. This evening I have been playing dominoes with Gliszinsky at the club, and am going to bed early, for I hardly had any sleep last night.

* He had a weak chest all his life.

Are you not longing for the dear children at Itzehoe? I wish you could bring them all with you, but that is too much to hope.

At Wittenberge the ice has accumulated to such an extent as to give rise to grave apprehensions. It is twenty feet high, and reaches the bottom. One commissioner is sent on the heels of the other; they all inspect the ice, but none of them can clear it away. When you start, book only as far as Wittenberge, where you will hear whether you can cross, and will have time enough to book either to Magdeburg or Berlin.

I will write to Edward Ballhorn to-day. I am anxious to know whether the Hamburg shares have been a success or not.

Do you play cards, or what do you do in the evening at Neumünster? Be sure to go over to Kiel; the trains are very convenient, and it is really a very pretty place.

I went for a walk with Oelrichs this afternoon.

Now, good-bye, dear sweetheart; fare thee well, and remember in love

Your
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, Friday evening, 11th January.

Thank you, dear heart, for your letter of the 7th and 8th from Neumünster. I hope this will reach you there, as you do not leave till the 14th.

I am sorry I am unable to give you the least information about the scene between Manteuffel, Brandenburg and the king; no one knows anything about it here. As the important message of the king to the chambers was countersigned by all the ministers the day before yesterday, it may, I suppose, be presumed that God will also maintain our excellent ministry for us still longer. The *Reform* I have not ordered again; it has greatly fallen off. Meanwhile I remain satisfied with the *Magdeburg Correspondent*. For the rest, dear soul, do not insist upon changing other people's political views; let every one hold his own opinion. It is strange how everybody feels it to be his vocation to discuss politics, whereas perhaps only a couple of dozen persons in the whole world know anything at all about the subject. This should

assuredly not be done by women, whose politics are house-keeping, and whose fatherland is the home. When I listen to the sentimental politics of the ladies, who, overlooking the facts, treaties, finance, and such trifles, keep their own wishes alone in view, I always feel inclined to ask what is butter a pound? But you are anyhow a black and white (Prussian colours) reactionary, and, for my part, that is as it should be, but leave the "free press" to those that like it. Anyhow, it contains some interesting things, the "scene," for example, of which we shall probably never hear anything.

I have followed the suggestion you made in your last letter, and ordered a pea-jacket. I have also caught a bad cold; on my journey apparently. In consequence I have not been very well until to-day. It has snowed every day, and one could not find any place to walk. Yesterday, however, I went as far as the quarry beyond the Neustadt. I started directly after dinner and was on my legs for two and a half hours with eight degrees (R.) of frost, but I wore my warm fur coat. I felt very well after it. I then set to work at home upon that division of the horses, and was counting up figures until it struck twelve; with great pleasure, as my calculations were correct. Then I could not sleep. Now the furniture would creak, then a sparrow twittered, and, just as I was falling off, some wooden horse or hack would run through my brain. To-day I took another walk, which has done me much good. You can't think how Betty spoils me; she is "aux petits soins." I can hardly cough, but there she stands before me with a basin of gruel.

I have received news of Edward. He writes most despondently that he is tired of life and worn out. When you come back we must make a point of cheering him up a little. There is news also from Adolph, who writes in such good spirits that I am really delighted. Farewell, dear good little wife. God preserve you.

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, 17th January, 1850.

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE,

The day before yesterday Mercury, with his orange collar, brought me your last letter of the 13th from Neumünster. I hope I have not lost you on your way to Itzehoe; some

one from there is sure to have met you at Horst. You must have had a cold and tedious journey through this everlasting snow. I am quite sure they kept you at Neumünster till the evening train, and the fun must have been fast and furious at Itzehoe.

First, I must tell you his excellency has been laid up, and I am never sorry at this, for I am then my own master in a greater degree. I go for long walks immediately after dinner. Betty takes the greatest care of me, and I have only protested against the superabundance of partridge pie. In the morning I find my dressing-gown near the stool, warm water for shaving on the washstand, and in the evening a hot-water bottle (Mrs. Bardell) in bed. Baumann exerts himself as usual in lifting the cover of the soup tureen; besides this he has really nothing to do. A fearful heap of bills have been sent in, and besides, as a patriotic Holsteiner, I have provided a sea-struck lieutenant with an outfit and with money for the journey to Kiel. He is only thirteen inches in height, and has to eat two Danes every day for breakfast.

I am going this evening to Oelrichs', and to-morrow there is a ball. You will not be there, so I am not going.

18th.—My dear sweetheart, you must feel quite at home again at Itzehoe; and I see you are reckoning on papa's escort here. That is splendid news. But is there no hope that all of them will come? It is true the summer is usually fine at Itzehoe and execrable here, but February, March, and April are equally bad everywhere. We can easily make room for all. Now I am beginning to look forward to your return with great joy. I have employed the solitary hours in getting rid of my private correspondence. There is not much to do on the whole, and I hope when you come back to have more leisure than formerly.

We have a continuance of cold weather and snow. The Büchsenmachers have set up a snow man on the Ullrich's wall and coloured it. It has been there for the last fortnight, and has much attracted the attention of the passers-by. I hope that this weather will be followed by a good spring.

My dear fond heart, I cannot get on with my letter to-day. I have a great longing to see you again. Give my best love to papa, mamma, and the children, and send me a

line soon. Your letters are a great consolation to me, and I read them over again and again. God bless you.

Your own

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, Wednesday, 23rd January, 1850.

You must have received my letter shortly after you sent yours on the 10th, dear Mary. I can well imagine the youngsters rushing into the room at Horst, paying little heed to the other people, and throwing themselves on their sister Mary with a shout of welcome. I can see the bright, warm, cosy room, the well-spread tea-table, and papa and mamma beaming with joy at your arrival after the cold night journey. It was kind of Constance* to meet you. I can understand how glad you will be not to receive any troublesome invitations at Itzehoe; it is much better to stop at home.

We had twenty-two degrees of frost yesterday, and to-day it has been raining so much that in twenty-four hours there has been a rise of temperature of almost as many degrees, and the cathedral looks as if powdered with white sugar, quite magnificent. At the present moment there is a frightful storm blowing from the south-west. If this weather continues we shall have dreadful ice drifts. No ice has passed Wittenberge as yet; it is all accumulating in fearful blocks three miles (German) higher up. To-morrow a company of pioneers will set out with half a ton of gunpowder to try the effect of an explosion. The barometer rose beyond the index yesterday to a point never before recorded. Perhaps we shall hear of an earthquake somewhere. In spite of the frightful cold, some boats were able to cross the Elbe at Wittenberge yesterday, for the current is so swift that it does not freeze. I went to the station to make special inquiries. I should not like you to travel in such weather; but there may be a change by the end of the month. I have not been to the theatre, but went once to Mark's oyster cellar, and was very badly served. I am at home almost every evening, and have been at my writing till after twelve several nights. I have now finished the work connected with the horses. I was at Hedemann's one evening; then he fell ill, and has not been

* The younger children's governess.

out since. During the snowy weather I felt quite indisposed, but am better now. All our friends send their kindest regards. Kuzkowsky came to see me to-day. He is going to Constantinople again. I have provided him with a map. The Turks still preserve a kindly recollection of us.

The day after to-morrow there is a great war game at the club, and I am to preside! Steinmetz against Kulenkamp, ten others taking part. There, my darling, now I will attend to my correspondence, and then to bed. Now you are probably taking a hand at cards. May God preserve you! My very best love to all.

Yours devotedly,
HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, Thursday, 24th January, 1850.

DEAR MARY,

About this time yesterday evening I wrote you by way of conclusion that I wanted only to read the *Correspondent*, and then get early to bed. But scarcely had I taken up the paper when the fire alarm was sounded. A large sugar-mill in the Neustadt was in flames, and has, in fact, been completely burnt down. Just as I was going to bed a second alarm was raised. The cathedral which had stood out white as alabaster in the pale light of the veiled moon, now glowed purple red, implying a near, or if remote, a very serious fire. The latter was the case. Again fire had seized on a distillery away down in the "Broadway" on the left beyond the theatre. There was a fearful storm, and the whole air was filled with millions of sparks, which, however, in falling flared up like great glowing embers. Fortunately all the roofs were still covered with snow, which, however, in the vicinity soon poured down as water from them. Part of the fire engines had gone off to the Neustadt, then, too, the water failed, and the people turned their attention to the huge brandy vats, which were rescued. Suddenly the flames enveloped a great tank full of spirit. A tremendous blaze flared up, a glowing heat swept through the streets, and the whole scene reminded me of Vesuvius. Everybody reluctantly fell back a few steps. To extinguish the fire was out of the question; the sappers had to be summoned, and now, in this picture of helpless disorder, it was a pleasure to see their military discipline and

valour. Twenty men entered the neighbouring house, over which the bright flames were already waving. A moment of deep silence; then, first, down came the tiles, laths, and rafters, then beams, windows, boxes, and furniture, and in ten minutes the whole framework of the roof was demolished. Thereupon the men returned with their officers, and again quietly resumed their posts. The fire insurance company had not decided to pull down any more buildings, and about midnight the burning volcano fell in. The fire seemed over, and I was about going. Only a few little flames were licking the eaves of a large factory standing close behind. A single engine would have sufficed to quench them; three were present, but none of them were working for lack of water. The hose did not reach the top, and when, after ten minutes, one was got ready, the bright flames suddenly blazed up all at once above the whole roof. Now the fire was fiercer than ever. This ribbon factory is said to have been worth three hundred thousand thalers, owing to the costly machinery. To extinguish the flames was no longer to be thought of; it was merely a question of letting the building consume itself without involving the theatre and St. Katharine's Church. About one o'clock I went home. To-day by one o'clock six houses in the Broadway had already been burnt down, and nearly all the houses in the Carré. Meanwhile the wind had fallen, and they hoped by this evening to master the flames.

What may be the outcome of the royal message we have yet to see; here also a middle course will doubtless be followed. I do not believe in the retirement of the ministers, or in the immutability of the resolutions. The king will not swear allegiance to the constitution as being incomplete, but it will stand.

Magdeburg is unutterably dull, no society left; you must instil some life into us again. The fire is sure to be followed by a plague of water. It rains incessantly, and the enormous masses of snow which have fallen will soon melt and cause great distress between Sandau and Wittenberge.

Now, unless there should be more fire alarms, I shall not remain up much longer. My very best love, and good night, dear good heart.

H.

Letter to his Wife.

Magdeburg, 2 p.m., Monday, 28th.

DEAR MARY,

I have just received your letter of the day before yesterday, and this must reach Wrist by to-morrow evening. You will then get it early on Wednesday, or, at any rate, before your departure.

To-day it is cold enough to freeze the soul in one's body, only a few degrees below zero, but wind and driving snow; there is no help for it but to go out. I keep myself warm with the thought that if affairs would permit I could in two days see the other side of the Alps. Just think of it, gliding down the Col di Tenda in a reverse direction from that we took three years ago to the surging sea coast at Nice, with its palms and roses. Driving is an impossibility. On the 24th the temperature changed twenty degrees, and the barometer fell one and a half inches. A stream that was flowing past his excellency's house is now quite frozen over.

You will already by this time know that all the fifteen proposals of the king have been accepted by the chamber. The ministry also remains.

The general is still indisposed. The day before yesterday his "maison militaire" dined with him, and my digestive organs were upset by the tough soup meat which did duty as a *fillet de bœuf*. An attempt to sup at Mark's was a total failure on my part, for they only gave us "horreurs." Wilke at Hamburg is my favourite.

Göben sends his kind regards. He is stationed at Elberfeld, and is to join the garrison at Düsseldorf very soon.

Now I will conclude, and take the letter to the post myself. Love to Gusta, the children, and Constance. Farewell, dear good heart, and a hearty "au revoir."

Your own

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Castle Oerner, 23rd May, 1850.

My poor little wife is all alone at Magdeburg keeping house by herself. Here it is very pretty, finer than I had fancied, of which the subjoined masterpiece will convince

you. In heavy rain we got to Cöthen. There I had a very bad dinner. Then to Bernburg. In magnificent weather I drove by express post in an open carriage along the glorious valley of the Saale in its freshest green. It did me immense good. At seven in the evening I reached Hettstädt, and in the valley of the Wipper came upon an old castle of Mannsfeld. Castle Oerner lies in the finest part of the valley close behind the bare heaps of slag which surround the silver mines. With his excellency I also mounted the ruins of an old castle, and we saw the sun setting.

Early to-day news came of the attempt on the king. Then we visited the park, with its very fine trees and turf. In the forenoon we visited the silver smelting works, then there was a great storm with thunder, and a downpour followed the finest weather. To-morrow, six a.m., we go to Erfurt.

I trust you are doing all you can for yourself in the way of amusement. I am called away. Adieu, dear sweetheart.

H.

To his Sister, Augusta Burt.

Trouville-sur-mer, Depart Calvados, 30th September, 1850.

Lest you should pronounce us quite vanished, dear Gusta, I will only tell you from here that we are getting on well, and that we have already taken half a dozen sea baths with good results.

The last news of us to you was sent by Mary from Rehme, where it was already quite wintry when we left on the 7th inst. We stayed a few days in dear Coblenz, where we had found so many good friends, and keenly felt the difference of this residence and Magdeburg. The beautiful Rhine route brought us to Frankfurt-on-Main, whence we went by the extremely picturesque railway through the Palatinate to Metz, a wonderful old German town, with a splendid Gothic cathedral and French fortifications. Here begins the uniform French limestone plateau, with the monotonous Champagne. Only at Soissons the country becomes pleasant, and then you travel by rail all along the Marne in a few hours to Paris.

We stayed there, favoured throughout by fine weather for eight days, just to get a cursory view of this mighty metropolis. Our hotel was on the Boulevard in the most interesting district of the city. After coffee we were off, not getting

back till the evening, weary with pleasure. Forenoon was given up to visiting the city, the Tuileries, Champs Elysées, Notre Dame, Jardin des Plantes, the museums and palaces above all the shops, which, one finer than the other, occupy the ground floor along all the streets. It is really amazing all the things here offered for sale, and how tastefully not only silks, caps, and bonnets, but even eatables, fish, game, cheese, and fruit are displayed. Only one wonders where the buyers for all these fine things come from, all the more that everything is really very dear.

Owing to the great distances, you cannot arrange to have your meals at home. But everywhere you can find restaurants. You dine almost exclusively *à la carte* and excellently, but the charges are also in accordance. A beefsteak two francs, a chicken five francs, a peach one franc, and so on. We kept your birthday with *dejeuner* and good champagne at the famous Very's in the Palais Royal (now National). To be sure we took the lowest bill of fare at five francs a head without wine, for which we only had one soup, little *pâtés*, turbot and oyster sauce, artichokes, partridge, with truffles and dessert, but all very choice and exquisitely cooked.

In the afternoon we went by train, mostly in the loveliest weather, to the outskirts—Versailles, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Denis, and so on; dinner at six in the evening, and to the theatre at eight. We visited the Variétés, where five pieces were given in succession, the Theatre Français, and the large Opera House, where the ticket costs ten francs.

As the season was getting on we had now to think seriously of the sea bathing. From Paris quite a splendid railway runs right down the beautiful valley of the Seine through Rouen to Havre. The great windings of the river are crossed by many bridges, and the valleys traversed on viaducts a hundred feet high. Just beyond one of these gigantic works the train rushes swift as an arrow right on a steep limestone cliff. You expect a general smash, but the hill is pierced by a tunnel often two thousand feet long, and when daylight again dawns you find yourself suddenly transported to quite a new district.

One of the loveliest cities one can see is Rouen, the old capital of Normandy, that is, of those daring Norwegian searovers who from here conquered England, Sicily, and Naples, and carried their banner to Jerusalem. The cathedral, the

abbey church of St. Ouen, and the palace of justice are the finest buildings imaginable, far surpassing Notre Dame and St. Denis.

At Havre we found the sea bathing far from inviting, and sailed by steamer across the north of the Seine, some nine miles wide to Trouville, a small charming little town where there are excellent sands for bathing. On both sides rise the limestone shores which everywhere form the coast of Normandy, covered with beautiful woods and crowned with splendid chateaux. A small stream with broad green meadows forms the harbour, from which the oyster fishers run out every day, and bring back the finest plaice, turbot, large flounders, with long tails, and all kinds of excellent sea monsters, whose German names are unknown to me. Our room affords a prospect of the boundless sea; to the right rises the headland of Havre with its lighthouses. Large steamers glide along the horizon, and the fishing-boats dart in all directions across the flood, which is just now rolling its waves with a mighty roar on to the beach before a fresh nor'wester. Swift scudding clouds now and then discharge their contents in heavy down-pours, and you require a little courage to take your dip, especially after the warm tub at Rehme. But it is also all the more bracing. Bathing takes place about ten o'clock; about half-past eleven breakfast, that is to say, a full and excellent meal lacking the soup alone. We have found horses for excursions in the country. About half-past six p.m. is the dinner hour; a whole round of dishes in various courses, one better than another, and therewith a model appetite to do it justice. And withal, living here is not at all dear. Under these circumstances, we have decided, weather at all permitting, to take our course of sea bathing here, and then make a short excursion to England by Dieppe and Boulogne, where bathing may still be had.

I now give place to Mary, who will fill in the details. Please tell the rest of the family of our movements. Yesterday we drank Laue's health in excellent Frontignac. Best wishes to you all.

HELMUTH.

Letter to his Wife.

Halle, 2nd December, 1850.

MY DEAR GOOD HEART,

The first day of separation* is past. It must have been hard for you to remain behind all alone. Time will console you. I hope you are at the Schellers' † this evening to divert your thoughts a little, you dear good heart. We reached Halle about half-past one o'clock; being well wrapped in furs I felt little of the cold. My carriage stopped at the station. Mr. Rost had certainly arrived, but he requires two days to arrange his culinary laboratory; so to-day we dined in our respective inns; to-morrow, no doubt, with the general, but eating-house fare; then, however, Rost will perform in all splendour. The general is staying at one inn, I at another, with the auditeur (provost marshal). My quarters are good, those of the other gentlemen very poor, and their horses in the suburb. My horse arrived in good condition, but the carriage must jolt frightfully; a bottle got broken. To-day we have not been quite overwhelmed with letters; let us see how it will be to-morrow. I have two large rooms, and a little sleeping crib in the Stadt Zürich Inn, quite close to the market.

To-morrow, if I can at all manage it, I shall ride out with the rest to see the Landwehr Cavalry Regiment assembled here. I am very anxious indeed for report to be held in the evening, and to have the forenoon free to ride out and see the troops. On the 6th we shall probably go to Dessau. I will write you again.

I am pretty well, and my appetite is much better than at Magdeburg. I can say little more. God bless you, my dear beloved wife.

Yours most affectionately,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Halle, 3rd December, 1850.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

To-day you will have received the letter I sent you yesterday. About nine o'clock we rode out a mile

* On the 6th of November, 1850, the entire army was mobilized.

† This Scheller afterwards became Chief Treasurer of the Marine Department. He was a faithful friend and adviser of Moltke.

from here to see the 27th Landwehr Regiment of horse. It had frozen slippery, and the ground was hard. Despite the three days' march, the mad brown mare was frisky, but went wonderfully well. It was a very fine regiment.

His excellency made a very good address; thundering shouts for the king. I rode quickly back ahead of the others. The writing was no longer so hard. I hope we shall have the forenoon quite free, and in the evening there is the report. Midday dinner, General Willisen, Colonel Schleevoigt, Major Zettritz and adjutants; bad tavern fare. In the afternoon hitherto work. Unless countermanded by the Prince of Prussia, we go on the 6th to Dessau, and then I hope to see you again. Only I should like first to see our quarters there, whether I can make you comfortable, though there is not much doubt about it.

I have begged the general to get the Cross of St. John for Bose.* If he cannot do so, I will write to Prince Charles, and hope to obtain it. I think that will please Bose.

Dear little wife, I must now read the *Kreuzzeitung*. Farewell.

Ever yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Halle, 4th December, 1850. *

DEAREST WIFE,

A thousand thanks for yours of the 3rd. I can see everything in your room before me—the flowers on the table in the window on the right, the secretary underneath the mirror, and the long table against the sofa.

Whether we go to Dessau is not yet quite so certain. The General has been just making inquiries, and who asks many questions gets many answers. It is also very comfortable here, and here also I could put you up very well. This morning at nine o'clock I rode the new brown horse towards a battery; Baumann on the grey one behind. In the forenoon few letters came to hand. All the horses are doing well. At noon I ordered the carriage for the bureau, and took Bose with me. We drove to Giebichenstein and Bad Wittekind. The country is very pretty, and the clouds had

* Afterwards General in command.

so far parted that a patch of blue sky was visible, which always does me good. Mr. Rost had produced his first work of art; soup good, beef tough, but good sauce and potatoes, roast fowl, and preserves excellent, cheese, and coffee. Afternoon business till half-past seven. To-morrow the Sangershausen Landwehr battalion enters on garrison duty here; the 31st Landwehr Regiment and the 8th Regiment of Hussars (of the VIIth Army Corps) pass through, and will be inspected. There will accordingly be some riding.

Now for the *Kreuzzeitung*, and then good night, you dear good heart.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Halle, 6th December, 1850.

DEAR MARY,

I did not write to you yesterday, for there was some work to be done in the evening. Yesterday forenoon we saw the Sangershausen Landwehr battalion, which is as fine as any line battalion; then the 32nd Landwehr Cavalry Regiment, and lastly, the 8th Hussar Regiment, which was stationed in Hamburg, then went from Mecklenburg to Düben, and is now *en route* for the VIIth Corps d'Armee. I rode the grey horse, which went very well. At dinner, Lieutenant-General von Vosz with his staff, who remain here in Halle, while we leave to-morrow forenoon for Dessau. The baggage is not due till the following day. With the big horses I rode to-day with Bose to Krellwitz, then got ferried over the Saale opposite the pretty town of Giebichenstein, and so back. The horses already go at quite a fine *pace*, and look well.

I am very anxious to know how we are to be quartered in that progressive little place, and will at once send you full particulars on the spot. To-day I have had no letter from you, and so conclude that all is well with you. Your last letters certainly made me uneasy, but it can scarcely be so bad, though I am not very sanguine either. On the whole, I am doing very well; the worst part of the writing seems over now. I sleep well, but am awake early, and as it is never quite daylight in Halle, I work undisturbed in the morning with a light, while you are still sweetly slumbering. If nothing unusual happens, my dear good heart, I hope you will pay

me a visit at Dessau, to which place Mrs. von Hedemann is going to-morrow. Farewell, dear good heart.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Dessau, 7th December, 1850.

DEAR MARY,

To-day the head-quarters, *en petit Comité*, have removed here with a hundred and eighty-nine persons and two hundred and one horses. The personnel of officers' rank have put up at the palace of the hereditary prince, where I have two large rooms, with two beds. We had dined at noon with the aid of Mr. Rost's art. Here we arrived about half-past three, and were at once conveyed in court equipages to dine with Court Marshal von Loën. Strictly speaking, we should have had no appetite at all, but it was so excellent that I, at least, dined *conscienceusement*. A good theatre promises a good evening's entertainment. I can make you very comfortable. So come on Monday by the through train, leaving Magdeburg at eleven o'clock. Farewell, dear heart. Till we meet again.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Dessau, 21st December, 1850.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

I felt quite dismal when, after the long sitting, I entered the room at half-past seven, and no longer saw your dear face; but I found work enough, and now it is past ten. Perhaps this letter will still catch you at Magdeburg. Only my best love and wishes for a good journey and a merry Christmas. Love to all our relatives. Good night.

Yours affectionately,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Headquarters, Dessau, 25th December, 1850.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

On Christmas Eve came the well-packed hamper, with your note. I was very happy whilst unpacking the contents—socks, wine, goose, and tea. Your letter from

Wittenberge arrived to-day, too. My very best thanks for all, and for writing from there in spite of your fatigue. I expect you suffered from the cold, notwithstanding your furs; but I hope you arrived at Jeanette's before the tree was illuminated. The children must have been in high glee.

On Christmas Eve I wanted to invite the gentlemen, but Bose stole a march upon me with a very hospitable bowl of punch. We sat up till midnight, though the night before I had been despatching business till two a.m. To-day about ten o'clock I had a pleasant ride with Grævenitz. The sun shone so bright and warm, and over the turf the mad brown horse went the pace in great style. About noon we presented our felicitations to Princess Adelheid. The duchess again gave us an excellent dinner, and this time the oysters had arrived. In the afternoon I drove with Kraatz, and in the evening "Stradella" was performed with very pretty decorations. This evening Voigts Reetz has also arrived.

On the 3rd of January we go to Merseburg, always a good place of residence; but we shall greatly miss Dessau. To-morrow, betimes, I intend riding to Wörlitz with Grævenitz. That day the cavalry, nine miles from here, will be inspected. All Dessau is bewitched by you, and bemoans your absence. I suppose you have taken up your quarters at the back of the pretty garden of the Neumünster Court-house, and am hoping soon to hear about the Christmas festivities. Tell Adolph to come over to Neumünster. Is it possible to cross over the bridge at Wittenberge now, or how did you come to see it by night? Love to Cai and Jeanette. I expect the squire will soon come to Neumünster. How impatient you must be to see the children at Itzehoe again. Good night, dear sweetheart; I am very tired, as you know is often the case in the evening.

Yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Dessau, 28th December, 1850.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

Having no news of you, I am really somewhat troubled lest you should have caught cold on your journey. Your last letter was from Wittenberge. But I hope you soon recovered; and perhaps there will be news to-morrow or next day, or you may not have had much time for writing at Christmas.

Here everything goes on as usual, and we shall reluctantly leave the hospitable place, the beautiful warm rooms, and the pretty theatre. To-day most of the troops have already marched off. In Raguhn (Dessau) the whole population accompanied them, and the democrats themselves are enchanted with the Prussian system of billeting. Yesterday the general inspected the 26th Landwehr cavalry and the 6th Uhlans nine miles from here. The day before I had ridden with Baumann to Wörlitz. To-day I rode again with Grævenitz in the bright sunshine over the soft turf of the hilly ground. The brown Wallachian is able to cover the ground at a tremendous pace simply by curvetting, always flinging out a little behind. All things considered, he is a very pleasant mount. I give them all plenty to do.

To-day we went to the Court concert. The overture to "Oberon" was wonderfully executed; it brought me quite round again, for I had been put sadly out of sorts with all kinds of annoyances. It will not be so pleasant at Merseburg as here, and besides, we shall certainly be imprisoned in the fortress before long.

Bose is going to spend New Year's Day at Magdeburg. The gentlemen have just been having some tea with me.

Now, my dear good little wife, let me hear from you soon; if this silence lasts much longer I shall begin to be uneasy about you. Give my love to all our dear relations. Ask Laue to meet you at Rantzau, if you are going there. I do hope Adolph will pass through the winter safely. Good night, darling. May God watch over you.

Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Headquarters, Dessau, 30th December, 1850.

"Sie hatte nicht geschrieben,
Ob sie gesund geblieben
Und was sie sonst getrieben,*

*But when thy letter trembling I unclose,
Thy well-known writing slackened all my woes."*

All Dessau is inquiring of me what has become of Mrs. von Moltke, and I can say nothing but that my news does not

* "She had not written me, and (I knew not) whether she was still well, or what else she had been about."

extend beyond Wittenberge Bridge. I was really beginning to feel uneasy. Thank God that you escaped with a little headache and cold; but take more care of yourself, dearest. How came you to take cold, in spite of all your wraps?

How awfully glad every one must have been at your unexpected arrival, I can well understand. So the Burts are coming to-morrow, and you will have the children all to yourself again. Give my very best love to Cai, Jeanette, papa, mamma, and all the young folk, especially my little Ernestine. I hope you have the same splendid weather as we have, and that Cai drives you about in his drosky. It is certainly very slippery in the town, but delightful on the turf. To-day I rode the grey horse *train-de-chasse* a mile or so along the Mulde between gigantic oaks all the way, and yesterday the big brown one, with whom, however, you run the risk of breaking your neck in the town. The sun shone beautifully, and a light covering of snow gave the landscape a new aspect. Yesterday evening they played the "Freischütz." To-day there is a ball, and that, too, in the inn of the Hereditary Prince; I'm not going.

What do you tell me of the camp at Rendsberg? Surely people can't lie in the open just now; or have they erected mud huts? Just look into the matter. As I expected, Willisen is really off, because he did not want to undertake another attack. He urges that the Danes are ten thousand stronger; but the chief point is that he does not consider the qualities of the Holstein troops sufficient to guarantee success. The Battle of Idstedt—apart from an unquestionably defective original disposition—seems, anyhow, to confirm that view, and since then many more good officers have withdrawn, many indifferent ones remained. That his successor has also done nothing for four weeks seems apparently to support his opinion of the matter.

Of politics we know nothing here. Let them talk away at Dresden! It is reaction *tout court*. So be it!

On the 3rd of January we go to Merseburg, and we shall greatly miss pleasant Dessau. It remains, however, garrisoned by our troops. When we return again to old Magdeburg, we will come over here in the summer with the horses for a week. Now, good night, dear good little wife; God be praised that I have news of you.

Affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Dessau, evening, 31st December, 1850.

DEAR MARY,

The year has only three hours still to run; then it takes its place with the thousands already elapsed. I avail myself of its last gasps to write you. When my thoughts turn for a moment backwards, I am especially struck with the many unnecessary troubles we, after all, bring upon ourselves. I, at all events, cannot acquit myself of the charge, and yet God has graciously preserved us from all great misfortunes. May next year be a happy one, not only for us, but also for a wide circle. My heartiest good wishes for you and all yours to-morrow.

My writing work is constantly increasing, and becomes really oppressive. In the four weeks since our leaving Magdeburg some thousand letters have come in, requiring, say, three thousand replies, which have all to be retained in the mind. It is fortunate that the reports take place in the evening, so that I can still have a ride every day, which keeps me in health. Perhaps you are all enjoying yourselves together this evening over a bowl of punch. There will be a merry meeting here at the Golden Purse, but I doubt whether I shall go there. Another batch of letters will be here at ten o'clock, and it is always disagreeable to me to be obliged to stop up till twelve.

The duke gives us a farewell dinner the day after to-morrow, and then we shall be off to Merseburg. I will send word from there, and if we make any stay you must hold a reception as the general proposed.

Dear good heart, you must excuse me this evening, for I am quite tired out. Best love and sincerest congratulations.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Merseburg, 8th January, 1851.

Now just a few words in haste to my dear good little wife. For some days I was tormented with rheumatism, and could not sleep. But, after rubbing myself with eau de Cologne and taking much exercise, I am again better. But the weather

is also very bad for colds, so damp and warm. To-day I had a stiff ride to Weiszenfels, two and a quarter miles away; there inspection of troops, and back to dinner. I had arranged for a relay, starting with the big brown horse, then taking the Wallachian, and so was back in three hours. Yesterday evening a concert; the band of the 31st Regiment played the overture to "Oberon" and Mendelssohn's "Festmarsch," very nicely.

The execution is a serious matter. What will the poor Holsteiners do? I blame none of them, if they judge otherwise; but if we are to be just, it must be admitted that the affair should be somehow brought to an end. Ever since that unlucky March, Prussia certainly entered on a wrong course in her policy. The reaction cannot take place without great sacrifices and bitter heart-burnings, which all of us here feel very keenly. That the Holsteiners must lay down their arms is imperative; but that Prussia and Austria will then, if necessary, take up arms for them in defence of their real right, must be taken for granted. The conditions of September, 1846, which should be enforced, so far as I know, reserved for the Duke of Augustenburg his right of succession, nor has the amended missive of the king seemingly promised more (than that). The administrative union of the duchies is to be maintained intact; but, when once united under one prince, there will be nothing to prevent them from *then* effecting the political union. At present that can naturally not take place, the male line of the elder branch not being yet extinct.

With Grævenitz I ride frequently. To-day the brown (mare) went famously, but she will apparently soon be knocked up. She drags strangely with the hind feet when being led out of the stable. General von Wussow will take the command of the troops in the Prussian execution.

My room is at last thoroughly warmed. To-day, in the still of the evening, strange sounds reverberated through the wide space, so soft that I long doubted whether I was listening to music or only fancied it, and yet so deep that the arched ceiling seemed to shake. From my bedroom I could certainly clearly perceive that it was the organ, which with solemn tones resounded through the church. Yet all the windows were dark. Surely it was Bishop Trotha who was asking forgiveness of the young nobleman whose headless stone statue under my window raises its hands towards heaven as if, even in death,

protesting his innocence. Good night, dear good heart. Give my love to all—papa, mamma, and the children.

Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Merseburg, 9th January, 1851.

Good night, dear little wife. I should so much like to chat with you a while; but when I take hold of the pen, I find I have nothing special to say. My last letter comes down to yesterday, and to-day nothing has occurred. I rode the grey horse; wanted to discover new ways, and so on; nearly got stuck in the half-flooded meadows of the Saale. We have mild weather and sunshine; I fear the warm winter may be followed by a cold summer. The poor Holsteiners! The execution is proceeding from all sides.

Now I get to bed, and read a little longer in the *Deutsche Soldat*. The fine ducal bed in Dessau I greatly missed at first. I have brought the quilt and horse-cloth into requisition, and now have already got used to it. Good night, sweetheart.

Sunday evening, 12th.—You must be enjoying yourself in Holstein, dear heart, for you are rather a lazy correspondent. What will you say when you hear that Roon has got the 33rd Regiment; I should add further that Major Alvensleben is directly marked out for promotion. Here everything jogs on as usual; many worries, otherwise pretty well. Yesterday we had quite a grand dinner at State Councillor von Kotze's. After dinner—it was six o'clock, and bright moonlight—I drove one and a half miles from here to Lauchstedt, where the artillery regiment was dining. The big wheel-horses which were eating their oats with sinful waste looked as if it was too much for them. After all, breed is a chief point with horses. I was home again about 9.30. This forenoon I heard a good sermon. After parade I paid some visits. To-day we had lovely sunshine, and in the afternoon I took another ride along the Saale. In the evening I heard Knight Trotha playing the organ, for, I must tell you, it was our worthy fellow inmate, Professor Ritter, who had recently been playing the ghost. As I entered the venerable old church the dying rays of the evening sun were gleaming through the little round panes, and the transmitted twilight, leaving each person

indistinct, gave us all a feeling of loneliness. For nothing distracts you more than the sense of being observed. I took an old chair in the choir, wrapped myself comfortably in my fur coat, and glanced at the congregation who were seated motionless as the pictures of saints, coats of arms, statues of the apostles against the walls and pillars. A tone as deep as can be detected by the human ear, resounded softly but powerfully through the stillness. This was followed by a second and a third, and presently it roared through the lofty vault, as if a multitude of wild spirits had been banished to the huge pipes of the fourth largest organ in the world, and now, all at once released, seemed to be clamouring tumultuously away into space. But a finger touch of wizard Ritter conjured them back to their long zinc encasement, and gave free vent to the soft notes of the hymn heard so often by us at Rome, "O Sanctissima, mater anata, ora pro nobis, ora pro me." There were no variations, which I detest, in this solemn theme; but it was repeated now in soft piano, now with the thundering fulness of this colossal instrument in the most marvellous counter-point modulations and blended harmonies, producing a thrilling effect in the solemn surroundings and evening stillness. To-morrow Mr. Ritter gives a concert in the Orangery, and President von Krosigh a dinner in the cathedral provost's house. While the moon still shone I took a solitary stroll round the town. Now I shall make myself comfortable, and read the Cologne paper before betaking myself to my Spartan couch. Good night, dear good little wife.

13, 1, 51.—Your letter of the 11th has just arrived, dear Mary. The general much wishes to remain at Merseburg, and is trying to arrange to do so; but I do not think it will be permitted. I am very tired, after a dinner-party and a long concert. Good night, dear good heart.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Merseburg, 23rd January, 1851.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

Your last letter of the 17th arrived just before you set out for Neumünster, and was followed by a very kind letter from mamma, giving me a description of your portrait, black satin dress, armchair, fur cloaks, and all. I hope it

will be a pretty one. It is frightfully tiring to have to sit day after day; but I hope the children will keep you company and make you look lively. Henry ought to be placed in the background. What is the poor boy to go to Eppendorf for? How could you have resisted, when he begged you to come to Magdeburg? I find he is quite right. There are schools there for every age, and wild boys in plenty, and that is a very good thing; but it is always a good thing to have children at home rather than in a boarding-school, where the food and treatment is never so good, and they are liable to learn all kinds of things which they should not. The farce of our expedition will soon be over, and by spring we shall be back in Magdeburg, unless something very unusual should occur in the political world.

January 18th has brought only one colonel's appointment for the army. The general promotion of spring '49, is advanced, amongst others Steinmetz, who recently visited us here. They seem to be sparing nothing to sweeten the (pill of) demobilization for the army. Grævenitz is my constant companion in riding, and no day passes without my doing a couple of miles. In the afternoon I often drive for an hour or so, for we are having real spring weather. Grævenitz has ridden this evening to a ball at Halle, and rides back to-night. I am glad that, after all, Adolph, too, takes the moderate view, and also hopes for a final solution of the Holstein muddle. I cannot think so badly of our politicians as to suppose that they will now leave the Holsteiners in the lurch, and shall not err in my good opinion of Manteuffel, how much soever the lady of Cologne (*Kölnische Zeitung*) may storm against him.

In the papers I read to-day that the train in which Prince Frederick William was travelling to the Rhine had an accident, by which several persons lost their lives. The prince and his suite escaped uninjured.

To-day Brose writes me from Berlin to send back without further delay the proof-sheet of the Roman map, else he will have to start some other work. No proof-sheets have ever reached me, and I expect it will ultimately be found in his majesty's possession. Once Humboldt wrote me, when the prospects of war looked worst, that at the reception of the Prince of Prussia the king was diligently studying the wonderfully beautiful Roman map. The matter will doubtless be

cleared up and I am very anxious to see the engraving. Love to Cai and Jeanette. Good night, my beloved heart. God bless you.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Merseburg, 29th January, 1851.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I have been carrying about your last letter from Neumünster for several days in my pocket without answering it, because I have had a little touch of the grippe (influenza), which is raging here. Voigts, Drygalski, and Grävenitz are laid up, his excellency rides out with Bose, and I only get up to despatch business, take a walk, and then to bed again. I took the inevitable chill at bed-time, and have now had the shivers three whole days, but to-day have already taken a ride, and this evening finished the excellent punch-extract, and shall to-morrow be quite myself again. Baumann has just entered with a very long face, and presents the last remaining rations. For this year's campaign it will just suffice. They are now sending us again to the fortress of Magdeburg, and about the middle of next month we again march triumphantly home, perhaps even earlier.

That our whole policy has been so perverted that we must now accept many humiliations, that we must give up everything we have claimed and attempted during the last three years, I quite understand. But that we should muster five hundred thousand men to yield on all points, and help the Austrians over the Elbe on Frederick the Great's birthday, that is difficult to understand. And if we would even now really break with the revolution, and give up all foolery! But there is the oath! What disasters a single day has brought upon us!

The Holsteiners will not be again rid of the Austrians by the 1st. Nevertheless, I don't consider the turn things have taken in that quarter as a misfortune. What has to be accomplished will perhaps be best accomplished in that way. Over her diplomatists let poor Prussia raise a monument.

I wrote the general at Magdeburg that the war office invite us to go again quietly home. Since then Brose has not yet written me, nor has he sent the printed matter.

The general command has been dissolved; the Prince of Prussia has been made Governor of Westphalia and Rhineland. I cannot write more. Good night, dear heart. Best wishes to Cai and Jeanette.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, evening, 4th February.

Since yesterday, dear soul, my bivouack has been in my own dwelling. I arrived at 8.30, found the sitting-room tolerably well heated, and the town councillor's good wife sent me tea, excellent butter, and an ell of sausage. I found a huge pile of letters, amongst them one authorizing the complete demobilization of the army, with the exception of the fourth and fifth divisions under General von Grabow in case of hostilities with Denmark. In fourteen days four hundred thousand men will have disappeared. Having slept well, and feeling better from the grippe, I have to-day finished off my report and begun business. The general comes this evening, and will doubtless have me again summoned. I dined to-day at the "London-City." Dinner excellent; wine bad and dear. I then proceeded to walk, in a mechanical sort of way, to "Frederick William's Garden" and the "Blue Ball." The neighbourhood is just as lovely as ever, the Schoote smells as horribly as of old, and the mud is if anything somewhat deeper. In the evening I went to the club, and I will now read the paper and go early to bed, to sleep off the rest of my influenza, if possible.

I am very impatient about the picture. If it turns out well, it shall have the best frame possible, and be sent to Berlin to the exhibition. When my new map is printed we shall also go for a week or so to Berlin. I have not heard anything as yet of the proof. I do not understand why it should make us melancholy to have such a splendid boy as Henry with us. I shall be just as fond of him as if he were my own son. There will be no cholera this year, and the revolution is done with. We have schools here suited for all capacities, and the boy would be very well cared for. Mamma has written me such a nice letter that I would be glad to answer it, if I only had a little time.

My dearest Mary, I am quite *knocked up*. Write to me soon.

With best love,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 9th February, 1851.

DEAREST WIFE,

Yesterday I was very *cross*; not so to-day. I wish all these dinners were over. The day before yesterday his excellency gave a grand one at the club, and to-day Scheibler has entertained us quite in Lucullus' style—always excellent oysters. Göben arrived here yesterday *en route* for the prince in Coblentz. In the evening he and the other members of the general command had a bowl (of punch) with me. To-day we rode out to meet the first battalion of the 27th Regiment, Voigts and I. On the 16th the prince goes to the birthday feast of his imperial majesty at Weimar, then to Brunswick, where the duke celebrates his twenty-five years' Prussian jubilee. I was not aware that Adolph had been summoned to take part in the government. I should be glad enough to write, but can never find time. Good night, dear little wife.

Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 22nd February, 1851.

MY DEAREST, SWEETEST WIFE,

I have so much to bother me at present that I am thoroughly upset, so I forgot to thank you in my dry letter of this morning for the little snowdrops, and yet it is quite worthy of a special letter. I have given it a cosy corner in my room. The twigs are beginning to bud here, and they will hasten to have their spring toilet complete by the time you arrive here. I am delighted that you are coming at last; it is too unpleasant being here by myself. I have not as yet been anywhere, as I expected you to arrive shortly. The general went quite alone to Brunswick on the 17th. He brought with him the Brunswick household order and a severe attack of grippe, with which he has been laid up till to-day. While he was in bed they announced the Prince of Prussia, who

wanted to pass the night at the general's headquarters. So I received him at the station at 8.15 in the evening, and conducted him to his quarters. The board of officers were assembled in the hall, and the prince was genuinely pleased to see his Badeners again. The bands of both regiments played a grand tattoo. The prince visited the general as he lay in bed, then we had supper, in which the prince joined—twelve covers, oysters, salmon, caper-sauce, ices, champagne. Next day at 10.45 the staff assembled at the railway-station, and then the prince left for Brunswick, evidently pleased with his reception. To me he was very friendly. He had heard of the journey to Olmütz from the Duke of Coburg, and of the demobilization from Prince Charles. It is always some satisfaction that in all these affairs he is so little consulted. On politics I say nothing; we are making too atrocious a figure in the world. I fancy, however, the world must be coming to an end, for this afternoon no letters have arrived. But stay; here they are! I am only curious to see how you will arrange the household—if you are going to bring a cook, or if we shall have to live upon manna. I have had quite enough of hotel living; it doesn't agree with me. Adieu, dearest best wife. With best love,

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Rehme, 3rd June, 1852.

Eleven in the forenoon, and I have already had two baths. I arrived at half-past three at Minden, where they asked for my passport, which I hadn't by me. Having had nothing on the way, I greatly relished a young chicken in the pretty dining-room at the station. For the rest I was *in very low spirits*. For one and a half thalers I hired a one-horse carriage for Rehme. As my box lay before me on the back seat, there was a delightful aroma of fusel! I opened it, and, following my organ of smell, found the bottle of champagne broken into a hundred pieces. The pile of newspapers had absorbed most of the fluid, so that no great harm has been done to the linen, etc. I drove through the beautiful Porta Westphalica, and reached here about seven o'clock, alighting at the inn, and making straight for the baths. After strolling about in the lovely air and full moonlight, I ordered asparagus and Westphalian ham,

had the last bottle uncorked, poured out, and quickly tossed a glass—of spirits—luckily not *down*. Query: What was in the champagne bottle? Surely it must have been wine, in which case the strong smell must have come from the body of the spirit-lamp. After an excellent night's rest I walked through the park. The new palace is extremely pretty, built in the Swiss style, with a magnificent saloon, lofty, well painted, not showy, as at Ems and Wiesbaden, but in good taste. The garden has been somewhat enlarged. About seven I took a second bath, which lasted twenty minutes. At breakfast excellent coffee and splendid cream, and charges very moderate. Then I sauntered through the fine shady road to the Siehl, and about eleven found myself at the railway-station. I am now writing you from my residence in the "Westphalian House," the best house in the whole place. I pay five thalers, but occupy the gable end, two stories up, where I have a splendid view not exactly towards the Porta, but to the south-west of Bergkirchen towards Herford, the valley of the Weser, and the hills beyond. The room is extremely neat, with good sofa and bed, cool and airy. The lovely Westphalian land, with its bright green plains and dark green hills, clumps of trees, and farmsteads, lies spread out before me, the air delightfully cool and bracing. For the present I only wish for two things. First, that my dear wife were also here; secondly, that I had a few bottles of wine.

What is our jolly boy * doing?

Good-bye for to-day, dearest.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Rehme, 4th June.

"Senke freundlich, O Baum, die schattigen Zweige zur Erde.

Jedem, der sich dir naht, säus'le Kühlung herab;

Gieb dem Zweifelnden Mut, dem Müden ruhige Stille,

Und dem Liebenden gieb, dasz ihm begegne sein Glück!" †

Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, I drove to the Porta, got ferried over, and slowly ascended to Wittekind's

* They had received Mrs. von Moltke's step-brother, who was at the same time Moltke's nephew, into their house when he was a boy of eleven years of age.

† "Let thy shady branches, O tree, fall kindly to the ground. To all approaching thee rustle down refreshment; give courage to the despondent, quiet rest to the weary, and grant happiness to the lover."

Tower. I sat perhaps half an hour on the look-out, contemplating the beautiful land, which stretching away beyond the crests of the beeches is limited to the south by the Bielefeld Range, while northwards there are plains as far as the eye can reach. The Weser, like a huge snake held fast by the Porta, winds away through the green cornfields and by the pretty hamlets. From Wittekind's Tower I followed the steep narrow track down to Weddigenstein, then struck a footpath along the river, which is thirteen hundred yards shorter than the highway, and was back by half-past eight p.m. After my bath I went to-day to the Siehl. Now, as it is very warm, I shall put on the grey linen suit, take this letter to the post, and then idly wander about. To-morrow we have an outing to the Porta. Adieu, dear good little wife; love to the boy.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Rehme, 5th June.

Your letter of yesterday, dearest, came to gladden me at midday to-day. I often wonder whether the *hazel eyes* of my sweet little wife will not also shine from the window of the carriage. But I do not know, either, where you will be able to put up the boy. Just now Rehme is certainly very beautiful, and the season so much pleasanter than when we were here last year. The prospect from my tidy little room is most delightful. Beyond the black silhouettes of the beeches rise the hills, sharply defined against the golden sky.

Afternoon, 4 o'clock. I am just back from Bielefeld, whence I have brought you the accompanying Westphalian (ham). I drove here at eight a.m., scaled the Sparenberg, and rested till morn. The country is glorious, and I found a comfortable shady seat, where I even had a short nap. Then dined at Boucher's. This time the baths affect me very much. This morning I was quite wretched. I know not whether it be the therapeutic action of the baths, or whether I have taken cold. In the evenings, however, I am quite well. Good-bye for to-day, dearest.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Rehme, 9th June.

DEAR MARY,

I received your letter of the 6th and 7th inst., through Mrs. von Witzleben,* when I was in Minden. They are very strict with the passports there at present, and I rightly foresaw that the ladies would arrive without any. I got them through without difficulty, put them into the carriage, and walked to Porta, where a party had arrived by express train, with whom I returned to Rehme. It was very sultry. I read your letter on the way. The present Cursaal, which is very pretty, remains as a restaurant; the new one is to stand where the shops are now. But I fear Rehme will not develop as rapidly as is expected. At present it is not nearly so full as in the advanced season when we visited it. The bathing, or else the warm weather, is seriously affecting me. After a thunderstorm to-day it rained during the night. I undertake no more long walking tours but wander about continually. At home I read Macaulay, which will soon be finished. It would be very pleasant to have a saddle-horse here, but it would hardly pay the trouble and cost for such a short time. I bathe very irregularly, sometimes early, about half-past five, sometimes not till towards eight o'clock. Now I stay only fifteen minutes in the bath, in order not to get so very exhausted. I breakfast always at home, and then mostly take the shady road to the Siehl. About eleven or half-past I get back, and have a stretch on the sofa to read but not to sleep. Dinner about one o'clock, and very good, too, for twelve and a half silbergroschen, followed by coffee, smoking and chatting on the terrace till four o'clock, then home, and a stroll about six. The shady little garden at the house, with its rushing brook, is very pretty. In fine weather we have milk or ham in the garden—the Witzlebens, Jagows, and myself.

For to-day, good night. God bless you, my dearest one. Love to the gymnast, Henry.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

* Wife of the President of the Province of Saxony.

To his Wife.

Rehme, 10th June.

Here's another Westphalian (ham), dear good little wife, this time more smoked; he is yearning to join his departed fellow-countryman, of whom there doubtless still remain a few scraps. I expect you and Henry will do all that is necessary. I received your letter of yesterday this afternoon. To-day I took my ninth bath, and feel well. It is strange that I seem unable to get rid of the rheumatic pains in my back. It was so unimportant and yet it will not yield to even the Rehme douche, though no doubt two or three sea-baths would get rid of it.

I hope, dearest, your headache of yesterday was only temporary, and that you got up to-day in good health.

Mrs. von Witzleben decided upon dining at the *table d'hôte* to-day; I intend to ask her to go for a walk later. The society here is very pleasant; the air, however, is very thundery, to-day fierce wind and rain; but, on the other hand, lovely verdure, rich crops, nightingales singing, and jasmine blossom. Adieu, adieu.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 9th July, 1852.

DEAR MARY,

In spite of the heat—24° R., in the shade—I must proceed to answer your two letters from Hamburg on Monday and Itzehoe on Wednesday. By taking great care I have succeeded in keeping the rooms cool, and I feel quite comfortable in my grey suit.

Tell Jeanette she ought to go with you to Kiel and bathe; that must be delightful just at present. The foot baths, which I take daily, are doing me a great deal of good.

Perhaps his majesty of Denmark will now find time to settle matters for his German officials. The present uncertain state of things is unbearable, and almost worse than the certainty of the worst. I hope, with all my heart, that the decision may be favourable, for the sake of Cai and Jeanette. Fritz writes that he has been appointed postmaster at Flensburg. If you were to write to Ludwig that you are in

Neumünster, he will come with his wife to see you. Will you look up Adolph also; it must be delightful at present in Rantzau. The bowl (of punch) at the prince's was capital. Next day it was still more jovial, when the Dessau officers were our guests. In the afternoon we went shooting in the moat before the Sudenburg gate with the light percussion guns. The band was playing, and a fresh bowl of strawberry punch made its appearance. I made one bull's-eye, and in the practice at running targets knocked over the first—three hundred yards, nine inches diameter, with regulation gun; not bad. Just now the officers have such shooting every week, which is very *amusant*. Good-bye, dear good little wife.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

Magdeburg, 16th July, 1852.

DEAR MARY,

I am delighted that you have found Adolph so well, and I can imagine how delightful it must be in the leafy retreats of Rantzau during the present dreadful heat. May God grant that a decision in Adolph's favour may come soon. Under Henry's protection, you will, I hope, arrive safely in Itzehoe and find this letter waiting for you.

Since the *Kreuzzeitung* has been confiscated for three days, it has given notice that it will not appear again before the judicial decision. I have consequently no paper at all at present, which is a clear gain. With every precaution, towards evening we have 20° R. in the rooms. I bathe in the morning very early, take a ride in the cool, and dine at the club for six silbergroschen. The savings thus made I make ducks and drakes of in other ways. Thus, recently I went off to Halberstadt on the spur of the moment, and started at once for the Hui forest. In Röderhof I wanted to see Miss C., but she is at Interlaken, and I left my card in the quaint old mansion house. The inn was horrible, and quite full, so that I could get no accommodation. It was now ten o'clock, but the night was so warm and still that I again slowly ascended the steep hill, densely wooded with mighty beech-trees to the old Huiseburg. Soon the white towers of the Benedictine Abbey gleamed above the dark foliage. I lifted the heavy knocker at the door, and the rap resounded far through the walls of the great convent. Presently the

keys rattled, and instead of the venerable *pater* (sic) porter, quite a charming little maid presented herself. As she seemed unsympathetic enough to let me bivouac under a tree, I explained that she must give me shelter. She adopted a middle course, and brought innumerable feather pillows into a room commanding a wide prospect, and between these I passed the hot night like a sardine between two slices of bread-and-butter. In the cool of the early morning I rambled over the crest of the hills to the Sorgstädt watch-tower, whence a magnificent view is commanded northwards over woodlands and plains, southwards over the Harz. About nine I was back in Halberstadt, about one and a half miles off, and by eleven by express train home. I feel much inclined to make a similar short excursion between sunrise and sunset to the sheet-iron works at Thale. This afternoon the officers had some shooting with light percussion guns. Adieu, dearest wife.

Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 22nd September, 1852.

MY DEAR SWEETHEART,

I am delighted that you have arrived so well and quickly in Itzehoe, and I hope you are done with the headache. I was unable to write sooner. His highness has given me some work which will tie me for two days to my desk. I remain till eleven continually on the move, as here everything has to be got ready for the probable arrival of the king. A few days after your departure I lost your beautiful signet-ring. I noticed it at noon on my way to dinner. As I had taken off my gloves at the sapping and mining operations, I went off, despite rain and darkness, but at night found the ring in a boot when undressing. It must have slipped from my finger in dressing, and fortunately fallen into the leg of the boot. The day before yesterday I went with the prince to Renz' (Circus). He trotted out some wonderfully fine horses, and I laughed till I blushed at the quadrille with the puppet horses. The clown imitated the way in which a horse shies at a hat capitally. I should be delighted to be with you, but the time is too short. I am rather annoyed to-day; only at times I keep thinking of what you may be doing, and as I know how punctually things are managed in Burt's

house, I can guess pretty well when you are at dinner and when at tea. It is only to keep you from being quite without news of me that I send you this silly letter. Best wishes to all. Good night, dear one, it is eleven o'clock, and I'm going to bed.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 27th September.

Instead of sitting here alone, I should so like to look in on you for a short time, and see you sitting round the tea-table, the candles lighted on the piano, the children sent to bed, so that everything is quiet and conversation and music may commence. What a pity that Ludwig has not arrived with the two eldest elves. If you were to see them you would never be able to part with them again; they are so lovely. I should so like to have them here. The king, who passed through at noon to-day, again inquired for my map, about which I had still heard nothing. I hope everything will be finished in October.

Yesterday I rode with the prince to the Biederitzer Woods. The king was here on the 24th, and was present at the conclusion of the siege exercises. A bastion was stormed, which afforded a fine spectacle, but was unfortunately attended by an accident. A mortar, while loading, went off, and tore the man to pieces, hurling head and both arms into space, the body into the moat. Two men were hurt though not seriously, and the prince's horses bolted with the carriage, but were brought up. So violent was the thunder of the gun that many windows were broken. Best love to papa, mamma, Jeanette, Ernestine and Henry. With best love,

Yours.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 25th July, 1854.

DEAREST MARY,

I will send you a few words to-day notwithstanding that you know that I have arrived all right. You cannot have been long returned from Siehl, when, at ten o'clock, I entered Hanover.

In the good local restaurant I ordered cold roast with

Seltzer-water and wine, so kept up till we got at two o'clock to Brunswick, where I had tea. Thence onwards I was lucky enough to have a compartment to myself, and, being very tired, stretched myself out at full length. I slept soundly till we reached Oschersleben at four o'clock, where I had coffee. It was delightfully cool. Without once stopping we ran to Magdeburg, where the sun rose fiery and glowing behind the poplars of the "Red Horn." By a quarter to five I was in our stable, where all the four horses neighed hopefully, but Baumann still slept calmly. I rang him up, and sent him at once to the stable. The atmosphere was really horrible in the rooms, where they had been ironing during the evening. Not a window was open. The whole day I had 23° R. (73° Fahr.) in the rooms; to-night I shall have all the windows opened. About six o'clock I knocked up Biela and reported myself to the prince. Slept from eight to ten o'clock, then worked till half-past six p.m. About seven I drove with Biela to the Herrenkrug Inn, but stayed only a very short time. All the meadows have been under water, and such a cloud of midges has been generated that existence is quite impossible there. I have found plenty of work. Here I feel rather better than in Rehme, though still far from well. The heat is frightful—30° R. in the air; 22° R. in the water.

31st.—Now I am already much better, but something keeps still hanging about me. My appetite has returned, and also my strength; to-day I was in the saddle three hours at the artillery practice. The lovely cool weather also contributes to this (improvement). But this evening we have a sweltering sirocco. The harvest is excellent, which is an indescribable blessing of God. Rye and barley have mostly been garnered, wheat and oats are splendid. Here also people have fallen dead in the heat. I can write no more. Adieu, dearest heart. Best wishes to Ernestine.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 3rd August.

DEAR MARY,

I have just received your letter of yesterday. I finished the great work last night.* Since early this morning

* He was ordered during the journey of the staff to act as chief of the staff under Lieutenant-General von Reyher.

the whole body of writers have been copying, and I hope this evening to have all the orders in question signed. I shall now wait a few days to see whether any counter questions come in. But I hope everything has been so managed that there will be nothing to ask about. I then thought of going early on Monday to Berlin, just to see how the land lies; and on the 12th we have rendezvous at Mittenwalde. I am now quite recovered, and to-day, for the first time, had a bath in the Elbe at Sintenis, which refreshed me immensely; atmosphere 18° R., water 16° R., temperature. Appetite returned and I sleep soundly.

6th.—The official journey, as I hear, will last till September 3rd, and then I shall probably go through Dresden direct to the manœuvres at Sangershausen, not getting back to Magdeburg before September 17th. So I will conclude, my best and dearest one. With my whole heart.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, 7th.

It was only with great difficulty that I got off to-day; however, here I really am, and Berlin greatly interests me. Here I have passed twenty years of my life, but during the last ten years it has been so changed that I notice something new everywhere. We had a very quick journey—off at ten o'clock, here at 1.15. I am staying at Meinhardt's Hotel, on the ground floor facing Charlottenburg Street. The house I hear is full of strangers. After changing my things I went to "old Fritz" (the monument of Frederick the Great in Unter-den-Linden), then to the Schloszbrücke, illustrated in Kladderadatsch, and to the old museum. It is really a magnificent square, and the noble dome on the Schlosz a great ornament. At three a capital dinner, excellent potatoes, with really fresh herrings, prime beef, artichokes, whose only fault was that they did not come my way, and many good things. But not a single officer at table, many Poles and Frenchmen. About five I lounged quietly down the Linden, looking into the shops, then to the Tiergarten. To-day it was very sultry and oppressive in the city, (but) just outside the Brandenburg Gate delightfully cool and balmy. I went to Kroll's, where there was a performance in the Königssaal theatre.

They played a piece from the French: "His Son-in-law;" very entertaining. Then we had a concert in the open air, but did not see a single acquaintance, and I missed my dear little wife. Now I go to bed, and to-morrow make my reports. I trust that you have received my letter. Good night, you dear, dear heart.

8th.—In the forenoon, Commander's house, Prince Frederick William, Prince Albert, war office, general staff, zoological gardens, Meinhardt's Hotel, all on foot. As you can imagine, dear Mary, I am, in consequence, very tired.

How beautiful the Tiergarten really is, and especially the splendid promenade along the navigable canal. Did you notice the magnificent full moon last night? About midday it was very sultry, then it rained, and the evening was very fine. Dear good Mary, good night; I can no more, am so tired.

9th.—This forenoon I studied the reports of the last sham march out, which greatly interested me. Princes Frederick William and Frederick Charles accompany it this year. I have seen some excellent work with the latter, who has a real passion for the business, and told Reyher that, although he is a general, he will be glad to place himself under my command. I am to lead the expedition. Reyher will criticize the affair as a whole. Meantime, he has asked me to dinner to-morrow. At eleven o'clock I went to the office of the headquarters of the Corps of Guards, but missed Gliczynski, then passed two hours in the new museum. It is really splendid. I am specially interested in Kaulbach's cartoons, which are treated with as much spirit as humour. The whole historical evolution of the human race is represented by a series of arabesques of children. A boy with the episcopal mitre is having a tussle with another who wears the imperial crown. One with the tonsure is studying natural history, and one with a wig and Kant's unmistakable features is elucidating Holy Writ with the "Critique of Pure Reason." Then there are the most lovely frescoes, representing all the (old) temples as they once were, with their pillars and sculptures standing before you, amongst others the Roman forum, the tomb of the Claudii, the ruins of which you have seen. But it is fearfully fatiguing. In the evening with William and Edward to the summer theatre of the Friedrich Wilhelmstadt. A very pretty stage in the open, with fountains as at Kroll's; fearfully dull piece. To Kranzler's (restaurant), then home.

The grand manœuvres of the fifth and sixth corps are put off. The king is doing better. I stay here till Saturday, and shall write you from Mittenwalde, where any letter you send me from Holstein will reach me. Adieu, you dear true heart. Keep well, and enjoy yourself, and remember me in love.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Mittenwalde, 16th August, 1854.

MY DEAR, GOOD, SPLENDID, LITTLE WIFE,

To-day you will, if I calculate rightly, arrive in Rantzau, and the day after to-morrow—christening day—you will have my letter. Please tell Adolph that he has my best wishes and please excuse me to him for not having answered his last letter with its kind invitation. But here also there is a tremendous lot of writing to be done. I have to examine and criticise the operations of seventeen officers, riding about many miles every day. Early to-morrow we march off to Baruth. Count Solms has made arrangements from Teplitz for our reception here. Here we had very indifferent quarters. On the 20th and 21st we shall be at Lübbenau in the Spree forest, and on the 30th in Muskau. But it is still very warm, and the poor horses are much tormented by the flies. Yesterday we were drenched to the skin by the rain in a thunderstorm. All the officers, both royal princes included, dine and sup together. On the whole it is very pleasant, but my stomach is not quite in order.

Let me know how things have been going with you in Rehme, whether Ernestine has found the effect (? of the baths) good, and whether you have finished your journey. Give my love to all the relations who are with you in Rantzau.

I must now go to pack, so that we may be able to make use of the cool of the morning. Adieu, dear heart. With a thousand best wishes.

Your old

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Golszen, 19th August.

DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

Just as I was about to mount my horse this morning to ride from Baruth to this place, the postman arrived, and gladdened me with a letter from you from Rehme, which was

sent after me from Mittenwalde. I am delighted you have enjoyed yourself so much that you are sorry to leave the place. At this moment I suppose you are at Itzehoe, and hope soon to hear from you in Lübbenau how the christening went off. Adolph must have been delighted to see you in Rantzau.

Yes, with such an expedition there is plenty to do, and the work has always to be got through in the shortest time, for, until I am done, the other officers cannot begin. So everything has to be ready, the horses stand saddled, and the moment the order is issued all are off. Then come the reports, which have all to be examined and criticised. I can get no help from anybody, and have, moreover, to inspect the ground myself. Then come long conferences with the commander-in-chief, and lately long dinners and teas, so that I have to fall back upon the night. Hence I am somewhat strained, but the business is very interesting, and even very exciting. Living in common with your comrades is refreshing. Gerwin is a very sensible man; he commands one of the corps under me, Prince Frederick Charles the other. The latter has an absolute passion for the business, which is very creditable to his powers of insight. He does his work very well. I believe he is the man who will some day restore the ancient glory of the Prussian arms. He is a very good comrade to the officers of the general staff, though in general not liked by other officers, whom he repels by his strict morality and somewhat rough manner. Prince Frederick William is a truly lovable man.

Of course, wherever we come there are triumphal arches, festoons, illuminations, and other indications of official enthusiasm. The king has also sent one of his equeries, Major von Schlegell, who takes part in the march. In Baruth we stayed two days in excellent quarters at the Schloss. The young count came from Golszen to do the honours for his father. Such a dinner, punctually served, with artichokes, green peas, blackcock, ices, and champagne, and excellent butter, is highly relished after Mittenwalde. Here we fare just the same.

To-day the good old grey horse carried me. On the way I visited some large glass-works, where milk-white lamp globes are made. It is a pretty sight to see such a glowing mass in a few minutes blown out and taking form. How did you get on in Bielefeld? I know the garden at Hausberge quite well.

How many baths have you and Ernestine taken? I am already looking forward to our meeting in Magdeburg. Good night, dear good Mary.

Luckau, evening, 22nd.—The numerous dinners had so affected me that yesterday I was quite depressed. After the excellent quarters in Golszen, I found the accommodation here quite wretched. I had nothing to do during the day, and towards evening yearned dreadfully for you. To-day I again got so much to do all at once that I could scarcely get through it.

A heavy thunderstorm came on towards evening, and it is now raining hard. The day after to-morrow we are going to Lübbenau.

23rd.—I will not let this letter grow any older. I shall never succeed in writing anything sensible. Adieu, dearest; I expect to hear from you soon. Let me know what Henry tells you.

Ever affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Muskau, 31st August, 1854.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I have just, to my great delight, received your dear letter of the 26th inst. I will shortly send you an account of my journey.

In Lübbenau we were excellently received by Count Lynar. I was put up at the Schloss, in a charming room in a tower, very comfortable. It is a large and splendid pile, but not beautiful. But the old castle was pulled down because associated with too fearful family memories. The dinners were excellent, and conversation in the evening very pleasant. Prince Fredrick Charles went back from Lübbenau to Potsdam. He was feverish, and I also strongly advised him not to make the intended excursion to the forest of the Spree. There it is all under water; I don't know how the horses are to get any hay this winter, as even the after grass has everywhere been lost. In that district gastric and nervous fevers are very prevalent, and, as, after (leaving) Luckau, I was somewhat indisposed, I also wanted at first not to go. But an excellent *dejeuner dinatoire* (or substantial lunch) acts as a prophylactic cure. We went by boats some two miles into this strange land, if

land it can be called; for even in the few villages you can scarcely get without boats from one house to another. The numerous branches of the Spree wind along beneath tall alders and oaks, and guides familiar with the locality can alone tread their mazes unerringly. We had coffee at a mill in the middle of the wood. The natives spoke Wendish (Slavonic), and it is only through schools and the universal obligation of military service that the German language has now so far made way that all at least understand it. As with us, all the schoolboys take their slates with them; here everybody goes to school with his boat. Prince Frederick William has a very pleasant way of addressing the assembled people.

From Lübbenau we went to Vetschau. I made a round of a couple of miles, and rode through Zinnitz to Patow, where I met a Countess Nostiz-Jänkendorf, widow of Professor Helfert, *née* des Granges, who is known as the "Queen of Sheba." You may, perhaps, remember her amongst Court circles, a very fine but somewhat peculiar figure. Helfert had been sent by the English government to explore the Burmese empire, but was murdered, leaving her two hundred thousand acres of waste land. She planted half a million of coffee shrubs, invested one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and was then cleared out; so she came to Europe, offered her kingdom to Louis Philippe, the British government, and our king, who in fact accepted it. But the affair was snuffed out by Minister Rother, who had no fancy for such phantastic schemes. As she had been down the Euphrates with the Chesney expedition, we found some interesting common topics for conversation. But after dinner I had to be off. At Cottbus I had excellent quarters with a certain Councillor of Commerce Krüger. The town was very prettily illuminated. I went to a church where the sermon was in Wendish; it was all full of pretty girls in very becoming national dress. Of course I stayed only a short time. Yesterday we went to Forst, which I reached with the post, and to-day by carriage here, where the journey ends.

This is indeed a pleasant terminus. Prince Pückler has done wonders. To be sure he had available, to begin with, a fine old castle with towers, a river eighty yards wide, the Neisze, very hilly ground, and wonderful old oaks. He super-added a bit of velvety sward, dug out ponds and streams, and transplanted trees fifty years old. The whole looks not like

a park, but like a lovely tract traversed by a few roads and pretty brooks. Nowhere any of those aimless meandering paths, but everything as required by nature and necessity. Prince Frederick of the Netherlands arrived yesterday. He was always particularly friendly to me. I reside in the same lodging-house with him. On my arrival an excellent breakfast was served up. Then I took a stroll through the park. At four o'clock presentation and dinner for the whole body of officers, of course quite choice. At seven another ramble through the park. A thin haze covered the meadows, imparting to the landscape the bluish hue, which is so beautiful in Italy. The moon's first quarter was shining through the dark leafy summits of the oaks. The Neisze was rushing through the granite blocks thrown in, and I am altogether enchanted with these ornamental grounds. After selling Muskau, the prince has not set foot in his creation. He was not wealthy enough for such a park, which is as extensive as a baronial estate, and only yields a few loads of hay. Prince Frederick is better able to keep it up. We stay here till the 3rd. Then I shall go through Görlitz to Dresden, pass three or four days there and in Saxon Switzerland, and then proceed to Eisleben and Sangershausen to join the assembled troops and the prince. The prince (of the Netherlands) has seen (our) prince at Magdeburg.

I am greatly afraid, dear Mary, that there is no chance of our being able to undertake a journey to Holstein, much as I should enjoy it. On the 17th we will arrive in Magdeburg, and I am more pleased than I can express at the prospect of seeing you there. My dearest one, it affects me more than I can say to hear you speak so thankfully, as the greatest blessing heaven can bestow—that of children—is so much missed by you; by you so much more than by me. We must put up with it, and be thankful that we agree so well together in other respects, which is so seldom the case even with the best of mankind. With my irritable and sensitive disposition there are thousands of women with whom I should have fared very badly; but, believe me, I well know how to value my good fortune.

3rd September.—We passed three very pleasant days in Muskau. However often you wander through the park, and it is some two miles round, you always discover some fresh beauties. To-morrow, at half-past five, I drive with the post to

Hansdorf, and thence to Görlitz. I shall knock about for three or four days, and am thinking of going to Zittau to ascend Mount Oybin (one thousand five hundred and sixty feet), thence to Saxon Switzerland, and through Dresden and Leipzig back. I have your letter in my pocket so as to be able to read it through carefully once more. Love to papa, mamma, Cai, and Jeanette. Biela wrote to me yesterday that Henry was quite well. Ernestine is to pay you a visit for some length of time. Adieu, my dearest and best one.

Ever yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 3rd April, 1855.

DEAR GOOD WIFE,

You see I am still here. I have not been able to get finished, but think I shall be able to celebrate your birthday at Petersberg near Halle. I have ordered horses to meet me at the station there, from which point I will ride on. I shall probably pass the night at Wettin. I shall require three days, and from there I will go to Erfurt, where a letter *poste restante* will reach me on the eighth. I should like to hear if you have arrived safely. You must have felt very cold in the carriage without your furs; the weather was so very bad, and you probably felt it worse in the church.* My best wishes and congratulations to Ernestine, which I hope you will have given her, and best wishes to mamma, Jeanette, and Cai.

At home nothing new. I have demolished a capon, and in the evening read with much interest "Spanish for polite Society." Have just had a round at the club, where I played with the prince.† To-day I have finished a stiff bit of work, and for the moment am free. May we have good weather. This evening it rains, but when it clears up it will doubtless be all the milder, else I am afraid I will still meet with snow in Thuringia. Good night for the present, dearest; to-morrow I will send off this letter, so that you may get it on your birthday.

* Mrs. von Moltke had gone to Itzehoe for the confirmation of her sister Ernestine.

† Prince Augustus of Württemberg, who commanded a division at Magdeburg.

Wednesday evening.—I forgot to post this letter at eight o'clock, so I put it in without a stamp, so that it may still reach you in the morning. Heartiest congratulations, you dear, good, true heart. You will be there soon after my return. Henry will arrive to-morrow with the hair-pins; it is not, however, a surprise. To-morrow I will drink your health in the best of wine, even though it should be Wettin or Naumburg. It has been very rainy and foggy all day. The pleasures of travelling certainly disappear in bad weather. If it turns out very bad I shall go back to Halle, and proceed later on to Erfurt. But I still rely on my good fortune. Love to Henry. Have you heard from papa? * Good night, dearest one.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, 3rd June, 1855.

DEAR MARY,

I will at once tell you about yesterday. In Potsdam I went about ten o'clock to Sanssouci, where Major von Loën was on duty. I told him I knew the king did not receive reports on Sundays, but that I had no other day at my command to thank his majesty before the commencement of the journey. Thereupon I went into the garden, where I had arranged to meet Frederick with the hat at the big fountain, and strolled about amid the flower-beds. Many more new and beautiful things have again been done. Thus the Friedenschurch has been connected with some houses, which are disposed like a large monastery, a lofty belfry, a Campo Santo with colonnades, a colossal bronze cast of Thorwaldsen's Christ in the Frauenchurch, splendid frescoes, all with much taste. Instead of monks, the children of Prince Albrecht occupy the main building. The town of Potsdam also has had placed before the Brandenburg Gate a magnificent vase with bronze figures, from which the water flows through the gutters of the streets. The beautiful blue sky thoroughly revived me, for when leaving I had felt really indisposed. The trees are splendid, and there is an indescribable profusion of elder-blossom. I could have greatly wished that you had been with me. At twelve o'clock the large fountains began to play one after the other, throwing much sparkling spray into the blue air. As I was leaving

* He had gone to the West Indies to arrange his business affairs.

the garden by the obelisk I met the court messenger returning from the Einsiedler Inn to announce that the king desired to see me at once. He was good enough to return on foot and leave me the carriage. Now I drove rapidly to the inn, and ordered the carriage to stop while I again quickly donned my court dress. But there were neither Frederick nor keys nor helmet nor sash. I sent hired messengers in all directions, and you may imagine that I was in no "peach-blossom" humour. Fortunately I saw Lieutenant von Brauchitsch of the 1st Guards passing by, and he soon sent me his helmet and sash, though the former had yellow scales. The king received me in Frederick II.'s bedroom. An alcove with red damask curtains contains the bed; the clock, which stopped at the death of the great king, stood on a bracket at the wall.

The king was seated, stooping somewhat forward in a low armchair before the work-table at the window. He invited me to be seated beside him, as he wished to speak with me quite openly on the present relations. He told me things which filled me both with gratitude and confusion. He wishes most earnestly that I should take the post of adjutant to his nephew; he sees, indeed, that I should be obliged to give up a good position, and that my affairs would thus become very unsettled, and he can't say anything decidedly, as he has met with great opposition. In due course I came to the conclusion that this opposition originated with the prince's court, but that it was not against me personally, but simply against the post being filled up at all. It appears that the Prince of Prussia expressed great irritation on the subject. The king spoke about the matter with much vivacity and very openly, for quite a quarter of an hour, until I was able to say that I would do my best to be of use to the young prince. I am to make a report to the king at the end of the journey.

Then his majesty touched upon the journey itself, the peculiar features of Königsberg and Danzig, leading up to buildings in Rome, and so on; also Stolzenfels and Erdmannsdorf, where the king intends going to get rid of his ague, but is not yet decided whether to the one or the other. It was just the hour when he expected the attack, which, however, did not come on. So I sat for over half an hour, when he dismissed me, offering me his hand. I had my left glove off, the helmet in the right. "No, the right," said the king, in

a friendly way. "And you can go also to Elise; she will be glad to see you."

The queen, with whom was the Prince of Baden, received me graciously as ever. She stepped out on the terrace which commands a splendid view of the sunny landscape and of the murmuring ornamental waters. I passed Tümping on my way back, who received me very cordially, and made me dine with him. They were very sorry that you were not with me, and begged that you should pay them a visit. All this took up time. Glowing like a baking oven I rushed at five o'clock to the railway-station, which I reached just one minute too late, so had to wait till seven. A mighty thunder-storm was brewing; but on the pretty covered platform one may lounge about quite pleasantly in the streaming rain. Half Berlin came by a special train from the Game Park. I had prudently beaten a retreat to the first class, and by sunset Berlin, the good old Berlin, spread before us, with its domes and towers. A cab was out of the question, so I sauntered slowly away on foot and ordered a top-coat at Mr. Franzen's to be ready by this evening. In the prince's company I cannot dispense with it. Leipzig Place was surprisingly beautiful, with its fresh turf, exuberant foliage, and clumps of elder trees. The apple tree under our window was much grown, but had shed its blossom. Here, in the prince's hotel, I have two front rooms on the second story opposite my young prince. Feeling still rather unwell, I went to bed at once. In the Einsiedler at Potsdam I had dressed, and taken a glass of beer; it cost three thalers fifteen silbergroschen for board, tips, and carriage of my things.

The result of yesterday's (interview) is on the whole very good. Whether anything at all comes of it or not, the king has given evidence of such a kindly feeling towards me that I am really delighted; now we shall see what to-day is going to bring forth.

4th.—The prince has given me a friendly reception. I have had a long conference with Count Dohna. He was very friendly, and after a long talk he asked me to communicate my political views. I replied, holding it my duty to be frank with him, that I did not take the same standpoint as the *Kreuzzeitung*, that I regarded a federation of all the German states and neutrality as desirable, in order to be able to show a front both towards east and west. With this he

seemed satisfied. I dined with the prince.* The garden is very beautiful. The prince intends writing in confidence on my behalf to the Princess of Prussia. Heinz † has just called upon me, and was very friendly.

The prince wrote to me *sub militaria* to Magdeburg in reference to the inspection of the infantry regiments there on the 9th and 10th. Please ask Bose if he has received this letter. Kupsch also wrote to me in reference to the reception of Prince Charles, after I had left. I hope either you or Bose opened the letters. Adieu, dearest one.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Königsberg, 7th June, 1855.

I hope, dear Mary, you have received my letter which I sent off from Berlin on the evening of the 4th. During the few minutes at my disposal I will endeavour to jot down for you some reminiscences of the journey. The prince was accompanied only by me, Heinz, and three servants. He had a compartment for us in the train, and a carriage and *fourgon* for the road. At early dawn the first day, we passed Stettin, of which I remember nothing but the tall masts of the vessels rising on the blue-red horizon. At daybreak we passed the broad depression of the Netze, arriving at ten o'clock at Derschau, where the bridge in course of erection over the Vistula was inspected. The chief director of works, Lenze, showed us round, and President von Blumenthal from Danzig with several town councillors had also presented themselves. Besides the land piers, the bridge will consist of five piers in the river bed, some forty feet high, and seventy-five feet long, so that each will be about the size of a village church. There are thus five intervening spaces, over four hundred feet wide, which are spanned by colossal lattice-girders. The structure will accordingly have a total length of an eighth of a mile with only five supports. The girders and the iron rails had just been placed on the two middle spaces. The piers, wherever exposed to contact with the ice, are built with the imperishable Menniger stone, the rest with Bornholm granite, filled in with the stone of the Porta Westfalica. The

* Prince Radziwill.

† Captain and private adjutant to Prince Frederick William.

girders with the scaffolding looked like a Saltwater thorn house (thorny wicker gear at tidal saltworks) raised aloft. Large engineering works, driven by steam, had been erected on the shore, and here the wrought iron, an inch thick, was drilled, cut, and planed like soft timber. The whole structure is to be finished in two years. The bridge is considerably longer than that at Wittenberge—over the Elbe. The greatest span, however, between two supports is that of Freiburg in Switzerland.

After dinner we crossed the ferry and pushed on by special post. From Derschau you already descry on the horizon the lofty Ordensburg, overtopped by a slender tower. The broad fertile delta between the Vistula and Nogat is still mostly under water, since the bursting of the dam two months ago at the Montan Point, where both rivers diverge. So we took to sailing-boats, as if we were going to Venice. Before the Herrenmeister (grand-master of the Teutonic Knights) Meinhardt von Querfurt embanked it in 1300, the whole depression was meadow-land, with magnificent oak woods, annually flooded by the Vistula. These woods have everywhere disappeared, except a little at the point, and the whole (district) is covered with fertile fields, pretty villages, and isolated farmsteads. The Teutonic Knights, who wanted more water to flood their moats, made a cutting at the Montan Point, by which the Vistula has been partly diverted to the quite insignificant little Nogat river. Soon the great volume of water made a way for itself to the Frische Haff, and the terrified knights tried in vain again to conjure the "magic broom," which brought them far too much water. But this was beyond the resources of contemporary hydraulic science, and the Point has only now been cut by a costly canal for the purpose of again diverting the main body of the water through the Vistula to Danzig. But this year the stream has not shown itself so yielding, though, to be sure, there has been a rise of five feet above the highest level reached for centuries.

To his Wife.

Steinort, 14th June, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I had intended writing you an account of the journey on the way, and in fact had begun it at Königsberg. But the thing was simply impossible, and I must put off all descriptions till we meet again. But not to leave you without

any news, I avail myself of a moment before breakfast to write you a line, which, however, I shall be unable to post till we again get clear of this Mazovian wilderness.

Were I to pick out any single feature in the journey so far, I should mention as specially interesting the Marienburg. Thanks partly to the extant pictures, partly to the Sternberg narrative, I can form a tolerably accurate idea of what the Castle really is. Königsberg I did not find quite so horrid.

We stayed at the Castle, and from my window I had a wide prospect up the Pregel. We went by steamer to Pillau, accompanied by Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Eichmann. I was well pleased with Memel, though still in ruins since the great fire. The visit to Trakehnen, Remonte-Depot, Neuhof, and Jurgaitschen I must describe verbally. At Insterburg we saw the first dragoons mustered at that place.

So far we have had the most delightful weather, though a little hot and dusty, but on the whole splendid. The country is green, often with fine woodlands, producing a pleasant effect. The reception was really cordial on both sides. The trip is somewhat trying; but, as I have at last shaken off my cold, I have no cause to complain, and stand the numerous *déjeuners*, dinners, luncheons, and suppers tolerably well.

To his Wife.

Schlodien, 15th June.

DEAR SWEETHEART,

I shall not be able to write, after all, so send this off as it is. I am delighted at the prospect of seeing you again, and propose we should meet on Tuesday the 26th, in Berlin.

To his Wife.

Bromberg, 21st June.

Early on the 25th we leave for Berlin, where we arrive late. On the 26th I must at once to Potsdam, to report myself to the king. I shall probably be invited to dinner, but shall be free after five in the evening, and then we shall, no doubt be able to have a day in Berlin, so (shall tell you) everything personally; it is impossible to write in all this hurry.

We are just going to drive out to see the 21st Regiment. Adieu, dearest wife. Hoping to see you soon,

Most affectionately yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Nordhausen, 10th August.

DEAREST MARY,

I have, to my great delight, duly received your letter of the 8th inst. Thank God that you are well, and that I can say the same. At Halberstadt, feeling quite wretched, I went to bed on Monday. Tuesday, being lovely weather, I rode into the Harz. The blue sky, the dark firs and bright turf, as well as the trot with the mare, did me good, but in the afternoon I lounged about in a very melancholy mood. I made a trip to the fine Rübeland valley, and, since Wednesday, have been better. Certainly it rained a little, but after a stiff walk I reached Ellrich punctually at eleven, and found my officers already there. Yesterday, after a long ride of eighteen miles through the mountains, we arrived here, and again relished my food. There is certainly much to do, but it is interesting.

To-day is an off day, at least for the horses, not for me, for I have no time to send you these lines. I will not, however, allow you to wait, as you saw me start off in rather a wretched plight. I therefore address this to Ratzeburg,* and request you to remember me kindly to Ludwig's family. I have not yet heard anything from Magdeburg. Adieu, dearest Mary. I hope soon to be able to write more sensibly. I am looking forward to our meeting, and think of you always with true love and devotion.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

In the Waldkater, near the Rosztrappe, 14th August.

DARLING GOOD MARY,

I greet you many thousand times from the beautiful Harz, which we have now traversed. The weather is, on the whole, very favourable, and it is often delightful to ride about under the dark firs, or have a trot over the soft bright turf and among the beech woods. We don't feel the heat in the least, or rather, it is already a little cool. The horses keep up right well. The mountain air has done me immense good, and I fancy all my officers have been pleased with the outing.

* Moltke's brother Ludwig had been transferred from Fehmarn to Ratzeburg.

We were together a day in Ellrich, and two days in Nordhausen, at the south foot of the Harz, two days in Stolberg, right in the centre, then three days now in the Rosztrappe, where we have monopolized both the Waldkater (inns) and the Hubertusbad. Now I intend, if possible, to manœuvre along the north foot of the Harz away to Ilseburg. That I have also mounted up to the Devil's dancing-floor (the Brocken) you may well suppose. It is approached by eleven hundred granite steps.

To his Wife.

Blankenburg, 18th August.

I have so much to do here in connection with my journey that I have only brought these few lines with me. I now despatch them for Itzehoe, and beg you to write to me direct to Magdeburg, where I shall arrive on the 23rd. I shall first send forward the horses, as it is uncertain whether there will be any manœuvres at all. We can hardly undertake the responsibility of perhaps spreading the cholera through the Magdeburg garrison over the whole province. The matter must be settled on the 27th. Yesterday we visited the Castle here, and then ascended the Ziegenkopf, where you get a splendid view over the wooded hills, and on the other side across the plains. At eight a.m. to-day we go to Wernigerode, and I think of finishing in Ilseburg. The weather is still very fine, though it rains a little now and then. Down below it must be fine harvest weather. Adieu, you dear, good, little wife. With best love and devotion,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 24th August, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I received your two letters of the 16th and 21st this morning. The first of them had wandered after me from Nordhausen. Thank God you are well, and that you found our relations well also. The cholera is decidedly decreasing, and the manœuvres will take place, despite the protests of the civil authorities. This evening the prince passed through, *en*

route from France to Berlin. On Sunday afternoon he returns here, and on the first of next month he probably goes off to inspect the cavalry. Whether we shall then all break up here, I don't know yet, but hope so. The troops will be lucky if they escape, now the cholera has also made its appearance in Berlin.

My excursion was very interesting, and has greatly strengthened me. The last three days I had all to myself in the lovely Harzburg, where every day I took long rides on mules among the hills. The weather appears to have been finer in the Harz than in the (open) country. We never got wet once. We must wait (and see) what will be decided at the prince's court in Berlin. Did we not once begin *St. Roche* together? On my journey I had Sir Walter Scott's "*Fortunes of Nigel*" and Herodotus, and Müller and Schulze in Paris.

I have nothing more to write from here, as I have met very few people. It is nearly ten o'clock, and I conclude with a thousand good wishes.

Yours affectionately,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Saturday, 25th August.

A letter has just arrived from Heinz, in which he tells me "under the seal of secret confession," that Prince Frederick William intends, under the pretext of a trip to the baths at Ostende, to go for a few weeks to England, and has a mind to request me to join him on this journey; sets out early in September. So here is our meeting, good little wife, put off for some weeks. But you will doubtless be glad of the pleasant outing for my sake. To see England in this way is a thing to be envied. I need not recommend you the strictest confidence, and hope we may once more make the journey together. I shall doubtless have to be one day in Berlin, as I want a full rig out of mufti—suit, drawers, shoes, and socks. I am having my cooking done at home for the last few days, so as to have better diet. Adieu, darling.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Magdeburg, 1st September, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I still hope soon to be able to write you something definite on our next movements; but, so far, nothing has reached me. The king has told the prince that he should like me to visit the prince (of the Netherlands) on October the 1st, and asked whether I should be able to get away by the 14th of September. Of course he replied that I was ready at any hour. I do not think the journey to England will be put off so long, for the prince will certainly wish to be back again for the festivities on the 30th of September, and fourteen days are surely too short a period. Hence I am hourly expecting the blue (official) letter. The prince has told all the adjutants that, before the manœuvres, other arrangements will be made for me, which I don't like at all. The object of the journey will of course remain a profound secret. From the papers I see that the Queen of England goes to Scotland on the 8th.

As I had to get a full civilian outfit, I was one day in Berlin. Unfortunately I missed Heinz, who had gone with the prince to the manœuvres of the Guards. However, I found out his tailor, and ordered the same things as he has, and am consequently pretty certain to have everything necessary betimes. The Guards return to-day, so it is to be hoped that all will soon be settled.

Yesterday the garrison marched out for the manœuvres. God grant the troops may keep healthy. In Erfurt three cases of illness have occurred among the soldiers, and they occurred in the Wittenberge battalion as soon as they came into the infected atmosphere, though they only reached Kalbe, and didn't touch Magdeburg. The epidemic is decreasing here, although six or seven cases occur every day, often of a very serious nature. In Berlin it appears on the increase. The king had intended assisting on the 3rd of the month at the parade of the 7th Division at Halberstadt. To-day came a message in all haste from Surgeon-General Grimm, asking whether cholera or fever are prevalent there. Both are present, so this visit will scarcely take place.

The horses are quite brisk, so I ride a good deal, for one thing because I have nothing else to do. Magdeburg without

its garrison, c'est l'Égypte moins le Nile, and it is frightfully dull here. I will put this letter aside for a couple of days, till I can give you some information about my journey.

3rd.—Yesterday I read in the papers that Prince Frederick William is gazetted as colonel. Nothing further yet to hand about the journey, and I have just written to Heinz, asking for particulars. This uncertainty is very irksome, especially as I have nothing to do here. The prince has already joined the troops; I shall possibly not go to Nordhausen before the 14th, but would have to send off the horses six days sooner, should nothing be decided by that time.

Dear good little wife, how are you? As you will stay till October, you must arrange everything well and comfortably.

Evening.—I have just heard that at eight o'clock yesterday evening Prince Frederick William passed through Magdeburg *en route* for the Rhine, and, in fact, for Ostende. Now I will not keep you longer without news. I am heartily weary of this lonely existence in Magdeburg. Only, while everything is so uncertain, you cannot possibly come; besides, the dangerous epidemic still continues. So, once more, patience, and bide your time. With love, good night.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

(Undated).

7th.—“I have appointed Colonel Baron von Moltke, Chief of the General Staff of the IVth Army Corps, First Adjutant to His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, at the same time attaching him to the General Staff of the Army, and communicate this to him in the accompanying order of the day.

“(Signed) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“Sanssouci, 1st September, 1855.”

“Herewith, while attaching you to the General Staff of the Army, I appoint you First Adjutant to His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

“(Signed) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“Sanssouci, 1st September, 1855.”

“His Majesty the King has (appointed), etc. etc., in connection with which I further notify to the Royal General

Command that it is His Majesty's pleasure that the aforesaid von Moltke assist at the exercises of the IVth Army Corps to the end, and then proceed to His Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, and report himself to the same. Thereupon von Moltke will enter on the duties of his new office. Prince Frederick William has been informed of this, His Majesty's intention, and I respectfully leave it to you to make the necessary communication also to the aforesaid von Moltke.

“(Signed) v. SCHÖLER.”

“Berlin, 5th September, 1855.”

“I do not need many words to assure you how greatly I rejoice at the distinction finally conferred on you, but also how much I shall regret the termination of our official duties, for you had gained my complete confidence, my sincere esteem and friendship, while I hope to have earned a like privilege at your hands. Do me now the pleasure of coming as soon as possible to Mühlhausen, that I may again see and confer with you. Etc., etc.

“(Signed) RADZIWILL.”

These, dear Mary, are the documents which just reach me early on the 7th of September. To be sure the pleasant journey to England is now set aside, but the cause is to be most gratefully acknowledged. To-morrow I send the horses to the manœuvres, and proceed myself to Mühlhausen, then to Nordhausen between the 15th and 19th of this month, and there you will doubtless let me have some news. After the manœuvres I have to betake myself to the Prince, and I suppose also to the Princess of Prussia, probably at Coblenz. Presumably I shall be back again by the 1st of October, and then we can, no doubt, meet in Berlin, in order first and foremost to find a residence, and then effect the removal. There is nothing else here new. I think we might make the journey to England together next year when I have my summer leave.

Afternoon.—I have just received your yesterday's letter, dearest wife, and hasten to send you these few lines, which at last contain good and certain news. I am delighted about it. I have now decided to run down again this evening to Potsdam, in order to-morrow to offer my thanks to the king at Sanssouci, have a talk with the Field-Marshal, and, if possible, get back again to Berlin, try on my suit of mufti, and bring

it away. Possibly, though not probably, the English trip has only been put off, and I may still need the things.

I will ask Edward to look out for a place. If, contrary to expectations, I should be unable to get back to Magdeburg by the 1st of October, it will be necessary for you to come here to superintend the packing and the moving. I will, however, let you know again.

The fine weather commenced with you a day earlier than here. Yesterday it was horrible; to-day is a fresh autumn day, wind north, and the barometer has risen nearly an inch. The accounts of the troops are good. I have written a lot of letters, done my packing, and will now get ready to start. Adieu, dear good Mary; a thousand kind wishes.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Berlin, 9th September, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

The evening before yesterday I took the train for Potsdam, and yesterday presented myself to His Majesty and Count Dohna. I was asked to dine, and in the evening got back here, Hotel de France.

So much I have now ascertained for certain, that, at the express desire of the king, the prince will pass the winter in Berlin to complete his scientific education. In summer he is then to command a battalion, a regiment, and a brigade, the latter perhaps in some province. Of the trip to England Count Dohna knew nothing, Schöler doubted it, yet I am convinced the prince is there at present. As this is impossible without the king's previous knowledge, it follows that His Majesty has kept it secret from the Minister of the Household, the military Cabinet and the first Adjutant.

To-morrow I go by train to Gotha, and perhaps straight on to Mühlhausen, if there is an evening post. The king will be present on the 18th and 19th at the manœuvres in the district of Nordhausen, and then meets the queen at Eisenach. Thence they go to Spire, Tréves, Saarlouis, Cologne, and from the 30th to the 5th their Majesties stay at Stolzenfels. Hence the Prince of Prussia will doubtless conclude his stay at Ostende on the 20th of this month. I don't yet know where I am to look him up. In any case, I go on the 30th of this

month to the Princess of Prussia at Coblenz, where I meet my prince.

Of the delights of Berlin this time I have tasted nothing, except an excellent dinner this afternoon. At the king's also my appetite was splendid, and the trip did me good. In Magdeburg I had begun again to feel a little wretched. I wish we were once quietly settled down here. Perhaps, dearest little wife, you will be obliged to come to Magdeburg at the end of October. Bose will be glad to help you in getting the furniture off by rail. Edward is going to write to me at Nordhausen on the 18th. I should like you to have a good look at the house here first. You might stay at Edward's for a couple of nights. I give you "carte blanche." I am sure everything will still turn out well when I get better acquainted with my young prince. As soon as I have heard anything more I will write. Love me still, dear little wife; let us meet as soon as we can, and not separate oftener than is absolutely necessary.

The cholera here is very mild, and will, I hope, soon disappear altogether. A thousand kind wishes to mamma, Ernestine, and Jeanette.

Good night, darling.

Yours for ever,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Nordhausen, 16th September, 1855.

DEAREST MARY,

Frederick arrived yesterday with the horses in good condition, and brought me your letter of the 8th. At the same time the post brought your letter of the 13th from Itzehoe. I am glad you are occupying yourself bravely and diligently. We are expecting the Prince of Prussia here the day after to-morrow; a little while ago, however, he was indisposed, and I must apparently in any case go to the princess at Coblenz. As soon as I have myself seen her royal highness and Prince Frederick William, I shall at once let you know. I have not yet read in the papers that he has already actually gone to England; so it is possible this may not take place till after the 30th inst. If so I shall require my plain clothes.

Thank God the troops have escaped the epidemic by the march out, only during the first days we had still a few cases.

Their state of health is excellent. At Roszla in the Goldene Aue (valley of the Helme between Nordhausen and Eisleben) we got drenched, and it is also now so cold that here in Nordhausen I had my room heated. I trust we may still have a few more summer days. One day the Duke of Coburg commanded the 8th Division at Mühlhausen; to-day he arrives here and at six o'clock this evening the prince gives a dinner to a company of forty. The day after to-morrow His Majesty enters Wülfingerode; he takes his quarters in the middle of the bivouac. The Prince of Prussia also comes possibly to Wülfingerode. On the 19th we go to the Rhine. The prince, who is very friendly, drove with me the day before yesterday in fine weather by the splendid highway up to the Kyffhäuser (ruins). I am glad to be again in my own saddle; riding regimental horses is very uncomfortable.

17th, morning.—Yesterday I had a communication from Field-Marshal Count Dohna—"His Majesty desires that you shall follow Prince Frederick William to England as soon as ever you can; but first to present yourself to the Prince and Princess of Prussia. To which end His Majesty requests you, after the conclusion of the manœuvres on the 19th, to join His Majesty, and on the same day to journey with him to Eisenach, and on the 20th to Mainz or Spire, in order to wait on the Prince of Prussia, who will meet His Majesty at one or other of those places. Immediately after this meeting it is His Majesty's pleasure that you travel immediately to Coblenz to present yourself to the princess, and then without delay follow Prince Frederick William to England (as a matter of fact, Scotland). From the scene of the manœuvres you may travel with Surgeon-General Dr. Grimm to Eisenach, and thence by train. Night quarters have been provided for you in Eisenach and Spire. General von Schöler will bring a passport for you. These dispositions of His Majesty have only just reached me, else I should have communicated them to you sooner."

I have now sent a registered letter to the tailor to have my plain clothes forwarded by the 21st to *poste restante*, Cologne. God grant they may arrive in time. I am glad the king attaches importance to my accompanying the prince, and that I shall "*catch a glimpse of England.*" The prince wants in any case to be back in Coblenz by the 30th.

* His mother's birthday.

It seems that the betrothal of the princess will take place, and that the king will also be present on the occasion. I shall have time to write you a few lines from Cologne. The next arrangements I must leave to you to make. Adieu, with fondest love,

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Hotel Riese, Coblenz, 22nd September.

I cannot be here without at least sending you a few words, dear good heart, though to-day it will not be very much. Here I sit, with lovely Ehrenbreitstein in full view across the deep green Rhine, with all its varied movement, and life, and change. Everything reminds me of you, and of the happy days we spent here together. I felt quite sad at seeing, from outside, the fine lofty rooms of our old house, which is now occupied by an Englishman. But I am forgetting to tell you of the occurrences of the last few days. The manœuvres went off very satisfactorily, the weather being all that could be desired. After they were over I started off with Schöler. In Wülfingerode I lodged on the ground-floor in a room that in the spring was under water. On arriving at 8 o'clock in the evening in Eisenach I found that I was very unwell. How I should have liked to have gone to bed, but the queen was expected. A long supper, which I didn't touch, and then the arrival of the Grand Duke in addition. The following day we departed for Mainz, where the Prince of Prussia arrived. We then went to Spire to see the wonderful cathedral. The prince conversed with me for about half an hour quite freely, and I think the conversation was satisfactory to both; and took train, although I was very unwell, for Mainz. To-day I am in Coblenz. It was a lovely day, and the beautiful scenery made me feel happy, although I was unwell. It is, however, partly due to exhaustion, and this afternoon I feel better. I have paid my visits at the court. Fischer is not here; the Sandrarts, however, are, as also Countess Hacke and Oriolla, who send their kind regards. The princess told me very much the same news as the prince. I dined with her at four o'clock, and am to go to tea with her this evening. To-morrow I hope to go to Cologne, where I shall be rather anxious to know if my everyday civilian wardrobe has arrived. It appears that the prince will not

return on the 30th but on the king's birthday when the army will present him with a sword in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the army. I take this letter with me to Cologne. You, poor little wife, must have a bad time of it in Magdeburg, and I have such difficulty in hearing from you. May God keep you in good health and spirits. Adieu for to-day; I must go to the princess. Göben begs to be remembered; he hopes to get Münster.

Sunday.—Good morning, dear, good little wife. I have had a good sleep, and am now quite well again. The tea at the princess's lasted till after eleven o'clock. Duke Bernhardt of Weimar was there. I am to-day going to Cologne, and to-morrow midday to Ghent, where I expect to arrive at nine p.m. I will continue my journey on Tuesday at nine o'clock and shall arrive in Dover at five. I have already discovered that the ground I shall have to walk upon for the future is very slippery. The best policy will be to act quite straightforwardly, and, if that is not sufficient, to retire. The young princess* is an angel!

Cologne, Monday morning.—The things have arrived satisfactorily, dear Mary; the trunk is packed. I have put everything that I no longer want into the old box, and send it back herewith. A thousand hearty good wishes.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Edinburgh, 28th September, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

How often have I thought these last few days how delightful it would have been to see with you all the different sights. I have sucked everything up like a sponge, and now must of necessity give something out again. I suppose you received my letter dated from the "Riese" in Coblenz, and also the box. In lovely, warm sunshine we glided on board the "Concordia" past Andernach, Nonnenwerth, and all the spots you know so well, to Cologne. I put up at the "Mainzer-Hof" in the middle of the dirty town—near the Post—and was very pleased to find my civilian's wardrobe complete. Everything, together with a complete uniform, fits in the new box.

The helmet-case and the portmanteau for Frederick are the

* Princess Louise, the present Grand Duchess of Baden, sister of Prince Frederick William.

only hand-luggage that we have. As I could only get away at eleven o'clock on Monday, I was obliged to stay the night in Ghent, passengers under ordinary circumstances leaving there at seven o'clock and getting to London in twenty-four hours. I still continue to suffer from the effects of cholera, which I have, however, left behind me on the Continent. Another form of annoyance was the difficulty of always finding the right carriage. At Mechlin Frederick got into the wrong one, and would duly have arrived in Paris. The poor fellow is unable to talk to any one. Of course I arrange about his food.

On Monday at three o'clock we arrived in Calais. I supposed the place to be as pretty as Boulogne. As a matter of fact, it is the dirtiest town that I have ever seen in my life. Owing to a low tide the steamer "Princess Maud" was unable to cross the bar, and we had to wait for the flood-tide till nine o'clock in the evening. I spent the time walking up and down on the pier, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in length, whence I was able to see the English coast, distant seven miles, very distinctly. I made out the hills and Dover Castle quite plainly with the naked eye. A rather strong east wind had been blowing all day, and the sea was rather rough. The vessel was not very large, but had enormously high paddles for speed. None of the Rhine steamers go as fast, even with the stream. It was a warm moonlight night, and the way in which we cut through the high foaming waves was beautiful in the extreme. I lay down on the clean deck as all the places (berths) were occupied, where a sailor was good enough to cover me up with his oil-skin. The vessel rolled a good deal—the sea being on the beam. I soon found, however, that precautions were unnecessary, and got up again. The lofty chalk-cliffs lighted by the full moon appeared so close that I would have been prepared to bet that we were not more than a quarter of a mile (German) off them, and yet it took us half an hour before we reached them, *i.e.* two miles (German). Frederick was thoroughly sea-sick, and is quite cured of the fancy for the sea that took possession of him on the "Gefion," which vessel, of course, was lying still at anchor. After a passage of an hour and a half the vessel steamed up to the Dover pier. We then had to pass the Customs House—an ordeal which lasted over an hour, as all the boxes were examined with the greatest strictness. The princess had given me not only a number of letters, but several sealed

packets as well which might have placed me in a very awkward position. The uniform, which was on the top, protected my box from further examination, and the other things were passed through. The best hotel I have ever been in is the Lord Warden. It is a perfect palace of sandstone, with columns, balcony, carpets, four-post beds, damask curtains, etc., and close to the sea. I had my tea served in the brilliant parlour before a *cheerful coal-fire*, and enjoyed it very much. I walked about in my room for a long time listening to the sea and looking out into the warm moonlight night. The sea air strengthened my nerves, and I found myself well again at last.

I should have greatly liked to go up to the Castle on Wednesday morning, but the train started at eight o'clock. It was a most beautiful warm sunny day. On the right rose the Shakespeare cliffs (King Lear), on the left was the sea. We then passed through a long tunnel to Folkestone, where the railway turns inland through Kent, the garden of England. The landscape gives a peculiar impression owing to the circumstance that it has not been brought under the plough, but is used for pasture. The Downs remind one very much of the easterly hilly part of Holstein. Everything is green, alternating with trees. The houses are built somewhat like those in East Frisia—the chimneys at the gable end, so that the fire-place is between the windows. In passing Sydenham, the glass-palace (Crystal Palace) excited my astonishment. It surpasses all conception. We then saw Greenwich and Woolwich, but here the beauty of the scenery came to a conclusion. In spite of the fineness of the day everything was enveloped in mist and coal smoke, above which only the huge dome of St. Paul's was visible. The railway runs above the roofs of the houses through Southwark to London bridge, the lowest bridge over the Thames, whence the Tower (of London) may be seen. I took a cab at half-past-eleven a.m., and drove right across London to King's Cross, from which station the next train left at five p.m. I deposited Frederick in a restaurant, where I ordered dinner for him, seasoned with "a pint of porter." I then left him to his fate and wandered about through Temple Bar, to St. James' Park and Westminster Abbey, a splendid old gothic church. Amongst the many monuments the one which attracted me most was that of William Shakespeare. I then went to see the new Houses of Parliament, which are

really splendid. Such old gothic halls and passages I have only seen in drawings. I was surprised at the small size of the actual room in which the Commons sit considering the dimensions of the whole building. A very simple chamber in which the six hundred members sit. But to enable the speeches to be understood it is necessary not to have the room too large. The Speaker, who never speaks, and to whom all the speeches are addressed with the prefix of "sir," sits upon a kind of throne. The Peers' chamber, or rather the House of Lords, with the Royal throne and the richly gilt *woolsack*, was unfortunately not open. From Westminster I then went by Waterloo bridge and the Strand to St. Paul's. It is interesting to see how the little steamboats—a kind of water omnibus—hurry to and fro. The streets are full of *cabs*, *flays*, and 'buses. The shops are very fine. St. Paul's reminds one very much of St. Peter's in Rome. The height up to the dome is about the same, namely four hundred feet, equal to the Pyramid of Cheops, one of the loftiest monuments in the world. The lanterns, the dome, the four-sided pillars, the nave, are all similar to St. Peter's. But the dome is coloured in a very ugly manner. But the life with which the Roman Basilica is always filled, is absent, as also the altars and the confessional boxes which collect the faithful in all parts of the great building. The walls in St. Paul's are cold, the saints are absent, and the images confined to those of the Apostles, who appear in ludicrous comradeship with English statesmen and generals. The service was going on while I was there, and I was much surprised to hear a remarkably beautiful choral—a fugue with organ accompaniment—executed by a choir of men and boys, in black cassocks with white chasubles over them. All the congregation were assembled in the choir, and the great space of the church formed a desolate void. Protestant churches ought never to be very large. Sermons can only be preached for a few hundreds while the Mass may be read for thousands. I arrived at King's Cross quite *knocked up*. I lunched in an *oyster shop*. I have not drunk any wine since I have been in England. Sherry costs 6s. or 2 thl. per bottle; Moselle 11s. or 3·20 thl.; Rhine wine, 14s. to 21s.—one guinea per bottle. The beer is so good that I have not felt inclined to incur this expense. For Frederick's coffee in the mornings I have had to pay 1s. 6d. or 15 sgr. As I am obliged to travel by express, I can

only take a second class for him. The first class by which I travel is not so good as our second. The poor fellow, like Papageno, has not opened his mouth since he left the Rhine, the result being that I have nothing but trouble and expense from having brought him, as I am in constant fear of completely losing him. However, I could not avoid bringing him. The English trains do not go much faster than ours, but the expresses only stop very seldom, and then only for one or two minutes. An enormous amount of time is in this way saved. It is over two hundred miles to York, and we arrived there before eleven at night.

On Thursday morning I had just enough time in York to see the celebrated cathedral. It is astonishingly like the Cologne Cathedral without its enormous dimensions, particularly as regards the height. I was astonished to find how much of Cologne was finished. The whole of the south portal is complete. The groining of the vaulted roof is also finished. And as soon as the northern tower is high enough to afford the necessary support, the whole of the central aisle of the nave will be vaulted over, the partition which shuts off the lofty choir will be taken away, and the temporary roof removed, and then we shall be able to form a proper idea of this most beautiful church of Christendom. The York cathedral, though twice burned down in this century, has the advantage over its Rhineland sister of being finished.

I left York at nine a.m., passing through a rather uninteresting country to Newcastle-on-Tyne, the metropolis of coal-mines. The place is very well situated. We stopped near the old lofty castle of Robert Courthose, a son of the Conqueror. His elder brother bore the name of William Longmantle. A lofty viaduct crosses the navigable river, and the sea soon comes in sight.

But the whole of Northumberland and Durham is wrapped in a cloud of smoke that completely destroys the country. The sea looks like grey broth. Still the lofty rocks on the shore through which the railway runs, occasionally afford surprising views. The country is rather flat, and the basalt cones which one sees on entering Scottish territory at Berwick are very remarkable. At half-past three we had travelled two hundred and fifty miles, or fifty German miles, and entered Edinburgh through a long tunnel.

The Hotel Royal here, where I am staying, is not nearly

so fine and comfortable as the English hotels, but is pretty good. There was a thick fog, and I could only see the enormous masses of houses like silhouettes against the grey sky. I walked along the magnificent Princes Street, and looked at the splendidly lighted shops. The chief thing that I bought was a hat, and I ordered some visiting cards.

To-day, Friday, I have been walking about Edinburgh from eight to four to see the town. I took Frederick with me. It is the fact that the Scotch capital may compare with Naples in beauty—such variety of land and sea, mountains and valley, does the neighbourhood display. But, however beautiful the earth, the sky of the south, the clear transparent air, the warmth of colouring and poetry of the landscape are wanting. I here interrupt my narrative, as an *immediate telegraphic despatch*, written in pencil, has just (half-past ten p.m.) arrived—“*The queen and prince wish you to come on to Balmoral immediately.—Colonel Phepps.*” To-morrow at eight o'clock I shall start off—*one hundred and fifty miles to Aberdeen, then twenty-eight miles post-horses to Balmoral.* Good night, my own darling.

To his Wife.

Balmoral, 30th.

Sunday.—In bright sunshine and through a splendid country I yesterday travelled on by rail. The country is specially beautiful near Stirling to where the Firth of Forth cuts in. Behind it rise the Grampian Mountains, and the Allan water with its wooded banks forms an interruption which played an important rôle in border warfare. The fine, well-preserved castle of Stirling in which the unfortunate Queen Mary was so long imprisoned is very picturesquely situated. The railway ascends the lovely valley of the Allan till it reaches the heights, where the scene completely changes. The vegetation grows more and more stunted, and the trees come to an end. Only rye, oats, *turnips* and barley are grown. Some of the oats are still uncut. Wide moors, with numerous shattered granite blocks, and here and there a straw-thatched cabin, remind one of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions. At times, however, handsome mansions and patches of forest may be seen. Finally, near Aberdeen, the railway approaches the sea-coast, where picturesque cliffs, with deep ravines in which the waves foam, make one think of being on board some

smuggler's vessel. At Aberdeen, one hundred German miles north of London, the railway turns westwards and quite inland, following the beautiful course of the *river Dee*. It was seven o'clock in the evening when I left Aboyne by extra-post, and I arrived here at eleven p.m. The moon shone brightly, but the night was bitterly cold.

It is very astonishing that the Royal power of England should reside amid this lonesome, desolate, cold mountain-scenery, and almost unbelievable that the most powerful monarchy should get rid of all state to such a degree. It is a simple family party here—two ladies, two gentlemen, and of course six children—the eldest.

Only one minister is constantly in attendance, at present the Duke of Argyll, quite young and a thorough Scotchman, with red hair. There are no porters, no host of lackeys, not even a sentinel to be seen. I drove straight up to Her Majesty's door, and as I entered the hall, which is ornamented with stags' antlers, I was received by the tones of a bagpipe. Dancing was going on in another hall to these national strains.

The castle of Balmoral in which the queen lives is new—not yet quite finished even—and is built throughout of fine granite. Rooms have been arranged for me in the old mansion, situated close by. The prince's valet, Roth, conducted me to my room, where a *cheerful fire* was soon lighted in the grate, *turtle soup*, cutlets, and a *pint of sherry* produced, and Heinz soon appeared with permission to start by taking a thorough rest. To-day at half-past eight in the morning I called upon the prince, who received me very cordially; after which we proceeded to breakfast—the royal personages and the suite separately. The greatest absence of restraint prevailed. I am going about in a brown travelling coat and black tie; we even continue in that garb at *luncheon* at two o'clock, and it is only in the evening for dinner that court dress is worn. I don't know whether or not I am to be formally presented before. At twelve o'clock we go to church, a mile from here, and of the severest kind—John Knox's ritual, very long, a dog attending the preacher as shepherd. I shall dispense with that, and go and explore the country round about with Heinz. After breakfast I drive with the prince to the Duchess of Kent, for whom I have a packet. I can't help thinking that life here, which is of a thoroughly family kind, must be very pleasant, and I am sorry that I have to start off

again to-morrow at midday. Still I am glad to have been able to have even a look at it. It is with much expectation that I look forward to making the acquaintance of the most exalted personages.

The country round is wild but very romantic. Round the castle, which is built somewhat in the Elizabethan style, are meadows and some forest, behind, however, bare hills, which in shape, and covered with shattered boulders as they are, remind one of the top of the Brocken. The Dee, the broad stony bed of which forms the bottom of the valley, rushes along under a handsome suspension bridge. The great stillness is very characteristic. No bustle from servants or guests, no carriages. No one would imagine that here the Court of one of the most powerful of states resides, and that from these mountains the fate of the world is often essentially modified. Cabins like those described by Sir Walter nestle among the heather on the hill behind the castle. At breakfast I was introduced to a lady of great beauty, but no longer young. From her simple modest manner I took her to be the governess of one of the royal children. I afterwards learned that she was the Duchess of Wellington. It struck me how much more exclusive our ladies, as a rule, seem to be, even though they are not *peeresses*, that is to say, real princesses of the empire. The other lady (in waiting) is Miss Byng, the *Equerry in waiting* is General Gray, and Prince Albert's *Master of the Horse* is Colonel Phepps.

The drive to church was performed in two carriages—each with a pair of sturdy greys. One *outrider* was in attendance, and all the liveries were black, with cockades in the hats.

The lacqueys at the castle have scarlet liveries.

Evening.—I am already beginning to regret being obliged to leave so soon. What delightful people they are. After *luncheon* a walk was arranged. The "rendezvous" was on the Dee Bridge with the Duchess of Kent's ladies, whose palace is situated a quarter of a mile off. Imagine the young ladies with thick nailed boots, brown stockings, looped up short petticoats, and round hats, and with stout sticks in their hands. In this costume they proceeded over walls and hedges, with able assistance from the gentlemen, and then up a steep mountain strewn with large boulders. Lady Bruce, who is rather stout, was unable to follow. I accompanied her round the bottom of the hill, and we joined the rest of the party

half an hour later. I crept into an earth cabin with Lady Seymour, out of which the smoke escaped through the roof. She would not believe that people lived in it. There was no table, no chair, no window, no chimney, but there were three women, one of whom was blind, and another ill. I gave them a shilling, and, as we had gone a little distance away, my fair companion said, "*I should like to have a shilling from you;*" and returned to bestow it. We then waded through a brook, climbed over a wall, and overtook the others. On the bridge we parted with a "hand-shake," which was started by the ladies. Affectation is not in fashion here. They laugh about their wretched French. "*Ce serait une impertinence de vous parler Anglais.*" "*Do; never mind.*" "*You know nobody?*" "*No; but I do not feel a stranger here.*"

Monday morning.—My presentation yesterday was very simple. The Court was assembled in the *drawing-room*, and the royal family appeared at half-past eight. Prince Frederick William brought in the queen, who wore a white dress of lace with diamonds; then followed Prince Albert with the Duchess of Kent and the princess royal. The "*royal husband*" was in Highland costume, a black coat with the cordon of the Black Eagle, and a white waistcoat, kilt, and short stockings, and the legs not in tights, but quite correctly bare. I was presented by the prince in an off-hand manner. I was told off to take in the Duchess of Wellington to dinner, there to abandon her to her fate, and to seat myself next to the Duchess of Kent opposite the queen. The conversation with the royal personages was carried on in German, which they all spoke with fluency. Only the Duchess of Kent spoke English with her daughter. With the others English or French was spoken. The dinner was very good, and the various dishes announced like choice wines with us. Of the latter we had sherry and madeira, and then "*champagne doux ou froid (non mousseaux);*" for desert, claret and bordeaux. The queen then rose, and retired with the ladies to the *drawing-room*. The gentlemen then reseated themselves, but only for the sake of custom, and only for a short time—old sherry being served round, very soon after which they rose. The princes then joined the ladies, the Court drinking coffee in the dining-room, and finally proceeding also to the *drawing-room*. Another point of etiquette is that you make your appearance without hat or gloves. My *full dress* turned out very

well; I wore the commander's cross of Coburg round my neck and the cross of St. John on my coat. We played dominoes, and looked at pictures; no tea was served, and at eleven o'clock all retired for the night. The princess royal is rather small, has a round friendly face, fine intelligent eyes, and a good-natured expression. She speaks German with fluency, and is said to ride her pony with great pluck. I hope to see the Prince of Wales, who does not yet appear at table, to-day. We drive over the mountain at ten o'clock to Perth, and intend stopping the night in Edinburgh. It is now time to drink coffee.

Edinburgh, evening.—We had a very fine drive over the hills to Perth, thence by rail, and arrived here at half-past nine. After that we had dinner, and I will just finish this letter now and send it off to-morrow.

To-morrow we will visit Warwick Castle. The prince intends staying one day in London and two in Brussels, after which he goes to Coblenz and to Berlin for the king's birthday.

I beg of you, then, dear good little wife, to write to me—*post restante* at Coblenz—about the 8th of the month, and hope you will send me good news of yourself. I long to receive pleasanter accounts of you after knowing you have been so long in Magdeburg alone and deserted, and have had to decide so much for yourself in questions in which no doubt you would have been glad of advice and assistance. I only hope you have kept quite well. How glad we shall be when we are once more together. With fondest love,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

London, 4th October, evening.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE WIFE,

I hope you have received my letter of three pages from Balmoral. I posted it in Edinburgh on the morning of the day before yesterday. Since then I have seen the three finest castles in England—Kenilworth, a ruin; Warwick, the seat of the earl; and Windsor, the residence of her Britannic Majesty. All three were, even in the time of the Saxons, fortified places, but the present buildings date from the time

of William the Conqueror, to whom it was a matter of importance to hold the discontented population in check. In spite of the fact that these three buildings have bid defiance to the weather for eight hundred years, they are still well preserved beyond all expectation—so carefully were they built of the best materials.

Kenilworth is quite uninhabited, and yet the beautiful arched windows still preserve their ornamentation intact. As I had just read Sir Walter Scott's novel I could make out everything, and imagine exactly where the *Maiden Queen* made her entry.

Nothing can be more romantic than Warwick Castle. Through a rocky ravine one hundred yards in length, and thickly shaded by trees, one reaches the gate of the keep, with its two lofty towers one behind the other. Then one passes under the portcullis into the castle yard, with the mighty Cæsar's tower on the right, and the tower of the Giant Guy (? Guy of Warwick) on the left. The two-storied castle adjoins the latter. The rest of the courtyard is surrounded by lofty walls, above which tower the most beautiful trees. The *banqueting hall* is distinguished by princely magnificence, and opening out of it are a number of state rooms. The view from the windows is indescribably beautiful. The Avon flows a hundred feet down beneath the walls, and in the small space between the stream and the castle are two or three groups of cedars, each as large as those we both admired so much in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. On the other side the park stretches with beautiful trees and green meadows into the distance. The historical pictures in the castle interested me very much. There was the haughty Dudley, Earl of Leicester, that wooed the cold, hard Elizabeth, and allowed his poor Amy Robsart to be killed. He must have been painted at a later period. He looks very gloomy, and not at all like the gallant cavalier who could have been a danger to the peace of the daughter of Henry VIII. There was also a portrait of that tyrant, and not far from it one of Anne Boleyn. On one and the same wall were Elizabeth and Mary Stuart; Elizabeth must have been very handsome. Mary seems to have been painted shortly before her death. The delicate face is pale and thin, but of faultless beauty; it expresses the beautiful soul, which, after the errors of youth, had "found itself" again. A fine portrait of Charles I. and

many other celebrated men attract the attention, but one would require time to study them and look up their history.

Windsor is much less romantic, but larger and finer. It is the proper official residence, for St. James' and Buckingham Palace hardly deserve the name of royal castles. There are many more fine portraits here of the greatest interest. The St. George's Chapel is beautiful beyond description. In the choir are suspended the arms and flags of all the Knights of the Order of the Garter, and consequently of our king amongst the number. The views across the park and towards Eton College are incomparable.

Finally, I have to-day seen a castle which is older and more remarkable historically than any of ours—the Tower of London. The keep actually dates from the time of the Romans, and was long the residence of the English kings. Among others, the unfortunate Henry VI. was imprisoned here, while Edward IV. banqueted over him, till Warwick the *King Maker* deposed him. We were shown the Bloody Tower in which Richard III. had Edward's children murdered, and the prison in which the inscriptions of the prisoners may still be read on the wall. We examined the crown and the crown jewels, amongst others the Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light—the largest diamond in existence. We were then conducted into a hall where all the English kings are mounted on horseback in the armour they actually wore. Even Elizabeth sits on her grey horse, which is led by a page. I have thus seen a great deal, though but hurriedly.

We arrived yesterday evening at eight, and were received by Count Brandenburg, as Count Bernstorff is in Ems. We drove through this enormous town of two and a half million inhabitants to Miward's Hotel, where we dined. This morning we went to Windsor. In the evening we went round the shops. I looked at a reproduction *in relief* of the siege of Sebastopol and a globe one hundred feet in diameter, which is looked at from the centre. I have just had tea, and to-morrow I go to Sydenham to the Crystal Palace. We are to lunch with our Consul at Richmond at four, and in the evening go *via* Dover to Brussels, where the prince will remain on the 6th. On the 7th and 8th he will go to Coblenz. I hope to have tidings of you there. I know not whether I am to look for you in Magdeburg or in Berlin. I shall have a great deal to tell you. My prince is most amiable and

friendly, and that is the principal thing. Now good night, darling. Do but remember me. God bless you.

Schloss Brühl.—We arrived here yesterday afternoon, and the prince was received very cordially by the king and queen, and also by his parents. I received your dear letter of the 30th ult., concluded on the 4th inst., from Count Pückler. You are a thorough soldier's wife, and know how to help yourself. How sensibly you have managed everything. It is really a matter of great importance for me when I come to Berlin to find a complete household there. I am delighted at the prospect of seeing you again. And all your news is good. But you must have had a dreadful amount of trouble and labour. I know the position of our house quite well.* I did not like to go in as the Bernuth family was still there. I spent the whole of Friday in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The principal hall is over a thousand feet long and a hundred feet high, built completely of iron and glass. It contains a good many things worth seeing. To give an illustration of the development of architecture, there have been erected in natural size, an Egyptian Temple, a Pompeian house, a Greek court, a Byzantine hall, a Gothic hall, the Alhambra, and a hall in the Renaissance style, etc., etc. All are imitated with perfect accuracy and are of their natural size. There are two statues of Ramesis seated, discovered in Ethiopia, sixty-five feet in height; there is also a large collection of ancient and modern statuary, some of the equestrian statues being one hundred feet high. A pond in the centre is covered with lotus and *victoria regia* in blossom, while rare plants and trees from cedars and oranges to pines are arranged along the walls and underneath them parrots and nightingales scream and sing. Stuffed camels, lions, and giraffes from India and Africa are also exhibited—all in their real skins. In front of the palace the fountains of Versailles are constructed. A splendid orchestra fills the enormous building with excellent music. A fine park surrounds the whole. There is a pond from which crawl forty-feet-long *ichthyosauri*, mammoths, and gigantic bats of the antediluvian world cast in zinc, etc.

The most beautiful point near London is Richmond. The view from the terrace is entrancing. The dinner was first rate I bring the menu to excite your spirit of emulation.

We left London at nine o'clock, and at half-past eleven the

* 9, Schöneberger Street.

steamer left the harbour. The captain expected bad weather. I crept under the long boat, but a couple of waves flooded the deck, and I took refuge in the boat. The passage lasted six hours. I kept quite well in spite of the discomfort and the frost. But I was unable to sleep. The first hours of the morning were very unpleasant in the Hotel de l'Allemagne next to the railway-station. It was broad daylight, and about half-past seven we proceeded to Brussels, Hotel de Flandres.—King Leopold came from Laeken, and we visited him at the castle. His majesty quickly returned the visit in state, with two outriders in red and six horses. After this we visited the princes in Laeken, who had in the mean time driven to see the prince. In the evening there was a great dinner at Laeken. The Grand Duchess—Duchess of Brabant—is very handsome. The duke and his brother are frightfully tall. But both are very genial men, quite wide awake, and have intelligent faces. The members of the Court are unbelievably stiff and dismal, but very obliging.

To-day the king is going to Berlin, while we, with all the family, go to Mainz, where the Prince of Prussia takes over the governorship. I expect we shall very soon come to Berlin—at any rate by the 14th inst. Adieu till then, dearest.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Aachen, Tuesday morning, 20th May, 1856.

DEAR MARY,

I wrote to you last night an account of the trouble and confusion that had been occasioned by the wrong order of the servant Maas. The prince has arranged not to take his uniform with him. You will, I am sure, manage everything with your accustomed cleverness. The prince is only taking one adjutant with him to Osborne House; the general swarm is going to London, where only a portion of them will be lodged at Hampton Court, the rest being accommodated in Carlton House. I shall not, therefore, succeed in seeing the lovely Wight, but only London. I shall delay my return till the 25th of the month, passing one day in Brussels, and one in Hanover. Darling, I hope that your indisposition is past, and I shall be delighted to have good tidings of you. Take

great care of yourselves; the cholera is again approaching. I am very glad to know that mamma and Ernestine* are with you. Give them my best wishes. Hitherto I cannot tell you much of interest about the journey. The tour to Cologne was nice; everything was already green, and the weather fresh and windy. The vegetation near Berlin was more backward. On the Rhine thunder and rain. General Schreckenstein had already arrived at the "Holländischer Hof." Yesterday we arrived here in company with the pleasant old gentleman, and put up at the "Grand Monarque," where we had a very good dinner. At eight o'clock in the evening came the Princess of Prussia, Princess Louise, Prince Frederick William, Heinz, Bose, Hahncke, and Sternberg. The young princess is staying with Kühlwetter, President of State, in order to take the waters. A representation of the "Sommitäten von Aachen" was given, followed by tea at the princess's.

Yesterday we had very stormy weather, with a great deal of rain, and the view during the voyage is not enchanting; to-day it is dull and the wind has fallen. I went to see the cathedral, a most wondrous building, consisting of a ninth century dome, a fourteenth century choir, and numerous turrets, but no nave at all. Charlemagne was buried here in the cathedral built by himself, the pillars for which he had brought from Ravenna. The Emperor Otto III. caused the vault to be opened and the first German Emperor was discovered sitting on a stone chair, the crown on his head, and the imperial orb in his hand. He commanded that the body should be shown to the people; but, coming in contact with the air, it fell in pieces. The bones were committed to a silver vessel, which is still shown, and the stone chair was placed on the first tier of the dome, seated on which sixteen emperors were afterwards crowned, and it is still standing in the same place. The choir is an entirely new building, ornamented with exceedingly fine modern stained glass.

Charlemagne's Banqueting Hall in the Rathhaus, too, is being restored in a gorgeous style; large frescoes on the walls portray the Baptism of Wittekind, the leader of the Saxons, the destruction of the column of Arminius in the forest of Teutoburg, the battle against the Arabs in Spain, and finally the discovery of Charlemagne in the vault by Otto III. The

* After Moltke's transference to Berlin, his nephew Henry was put to board with the former's brother Fritz in Flensburg.

entire hall is vaulted, and there are tiny little chapels at the end. In a few days, dear Mary, I hope to be able to send you good news from *old England*. I trust you are well. God preserve you all.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Tuesday, 20th May, 1856.

We left Aachen at midday by the express. There were no second-class compartments, so that all seven servants had to travel first class. Therefore, in Belgium, you may have to pay the higher price of the express for the pleasure of sitting in the carriage with your servants. I travelled with Prince Frederick William, General Schreckenstein and Prince Löwenstein-Wertheim, who is also on his way to England, but *viâ* Calais. The weather had improved. The landscape looked very pretty with the refreshing verdure, the clean, neat dwellings, and the cattle in the meadows. At six o'clock in the evening we reached Ostende, and a boat took us out to the steamer, which was lying at anchor at some considerable distance owing to the low state of the tide. I had been unwell all day and had therefore restricted myself to coffee and a few pieces of bread-and-butter, and only had a cup of tea on board. It was very cold, and I lay down to sleep in the stifling cabin. There was very little motion on the vessel. I woke up at eleven o'clock and went on deck, where the others had taken up their quarters. It was quite warm, the sea was calm, and the ship made twelve English miles an hour. On the left the lighthouses of Calais and Grisnez, and on the right the English coast were visible. Soon the steep, white chalk cliffs could be discerned in the full light of the moon, and after a five hours' passage we ran into Dover harbour. Colonel Seymour, who was wounded in the Crimea, had been deputed to receive the prince. A sumptuous supper was spread at the Ship Hotel, but I had no wish to indulge in lobsters, game pies, etc., at this hour of the night, especially as I was somewhat upset after the voyage. So this was quite a day of fasting for me. Smoked a cigar with the doctor, and retired late to bed.

As early as seven o'clock on the 21st a salute was fired

in the immediate neighbourhood; then guard of honour with bad music by the band under the windows. Strange, indeed, that the prince should be fated to review here the foreign contingent in England, amongst whom there must be many deserters from the VIIth and VIIIth Army Corps. They were, however, enlisted as Swiss subjects. The prince contented himself with passing through the lines once. At half-past eight was first breakfast, with highly seasoned bouillon, cutlets, ham, chickens and a pie, after which coffee. I confined myself to the latter. The prince off to Osborne with Schreckenstein alone. We took a pleasant drive to the new fortifications in two carriages, with mounted postilions in red jackets. Dover lies between two chalk ridges, the precipitous edges of which rise two to three hundred feet above the sea. On the Eastern hill is the mediæval castle, a fine old stronghold. The building was commenced by the Romans, and continued by the Saxon kings as well as the Normans. On the side towards the sea, galleries with loopholes for firing have been driven through the precipitous rock, in the same manner as at Gibraltar. From such a height as one hundred feet it is, of course, quite possible with heavy ordinance to cover approaching ships at a great distance.

The western height is crowned by two forts connected by a glacis. The larger one, which is nearer the sea, is hollowed out and provided with a bomb-proof magazine and traverses of masonry. Some of the slopes are insufficiently protected. The hill would be very difficult to climb, but might be carried by storm.

Afterwards I accompanied Heinz and Schreckenstein's son to the splendid Lord Warden Hotel close to the sea. There was a delicious, fresh sea-breeze there, which we shall miss in London. Then we inspected the works for the new pier. It already stretches out two hundred feet into the sea, and is now to be extended to the left so as to form a new and spacious harbour. It is constructed entirely of large, square blocks, regular in size, about six feet in length, four feet in width, and three feet in height, composed of granite on the outer, and limestone on the inner side, whilst the interior is filled in with cement and gravel, forming a composition as hard as stone. The depth of water where the building is now proceeding is thirty-six feet. Ten men are employed in laying the foundations at the bottom, two in each diving bell.

These bells are of iron, and very heavy in order to keep in position and provided with thick glass heads to enable the men to see. Fresh air is pumped in through hose by a steam engine. The men remain under water for six hours and are then relieved.

At twelve o'clock we travelled to London with Count Bernstorff. A long tunnel leads through the famous Shakespeare Cliff, a rock precipitously overhanging the sea. It was here that King Lear in his blindness, imagining he was plunging into the sea, fell to the ground in a fit. Then through a second tunnel, and you reach Folkestone, the pretty port for Boulogne. Then you proceed through the pleasant county of Kent and the English "vineyards"—fields studded with poles on which the hops grow. All the houses have small pointed turrets where the hop-poles are stacked during the winter. The weather must have been very bad in England this year, for the vegetation is extraordinarily backward. The oaks are only just showing their first leaves, and the apple trees their bloom.

Leaving Croydon, the thick panoply of cloud and smoke which overhangs the Thames appears, and you take leave of the sun. As you pass on the left by the huge Crystal Palace, Greenwich comes into view, and then the Tower with its four corner turrets, the lofty column in commemoration of the great Fire of London, a forest of masts, and out of the murky fog the mighty dome of St. Paul's. With many a sinuous curve the line now traverses the great district of Southwark, passing above the roofs of the low, contemptuous houses, with their numerous chimneys, to London Bridge.

At Dover we were the queen's guests, though it cost the prince ten pounds in gratuities, carriages were placed at our disposal, and compartments reserved in the train. Two royal equipages (the coachmen in black livery) and two carriages for the luggage awaited us at the station, and drove us to Buckingham Palace. They were not advised of our arrival. I drove to Mirward's Hotel and, finding it full, went on to No. 1, Regent Street where we obtained three bedrooms and a reception room. (The doctor has quarters at the Embassy.) Soon afterwards a stout gentleman arrived from the Queen's Household, with a telegram from Osborne, commanding him to make all arrangements, etc. So we are boarded out!

The weather being fine for London, we took a walk

through the fashionable quarters of Regent Street, Pall Mall, etc. One is quite oppressed with the crush. Meanwhile they prepared a very good dinner, in which I took the greatest interest. After dinner, at seven o'clock, we took a drive in Hyde Park to take stock of the multitude of loungers on horseback and in their carriages. Very many ladies were riding without any escort save the groom who followed. Good horses were to be seen but nothing very remarkable. The riding was quite different from our method, a loose rein and tight bit being used. It would have been impossible for any man to make a quick volt.

Hyde Park is in reality a large green pasturage with solitary oaks, sometimes of a very fine growth, surrounded by high houses, many of which are better than one usually meets in London. Cows and sheep browsed contentedly in the midst of the elegant equipages and horsemen, who moved about as if they were on a private estate. We drove home when it began to rain, ordered a *cheerful fire* to be lighted, and drank our tea. I slept excellently in my bed of eight feet width.

To-day, the 22nd, it is so dull that one would like to have lights; it is raining, and after regaling myself with coffee, eggs, toast and muffins, I smoked the forbidden cigar in my bedroom, with an open window and grate, having locked the door, and not knowing what was to be done on such a day in London.

When the Normans conquered England, they found a population of about a million. London now contains 2,200,000 souls, far more than the Kingdoms of Saxony, Hanover, or Denmark. Every week there are more than 1000 deaths. In the Great Fire of 1666 (Charles II.) 13,000 mud houses were burnt down. It was then that bricks were first used. The last plague, in the previous year, 1665, cost 68,000 lives. Oxford Street is more than half a mile (German) long. In the reign of James I. the population of London was 150,000; now there are almost the same number under police supervision.

In heavy rain to Buckingham Palace, not large, but very fine; then to St. James', which, from the time of William III. (when Whitehall was burnt down), until very recently, when Buckingham House was fitted up for Queen Victoria, was the only residence of the queen in London.

St. James' is certainly the most unpretentious palace of any in the world, a long, irregular two-storied house, much resembling Monbijou, but of red brick, with pinnacles and a few turrets and courtyards.

At two o'clock an excellent luncheon, oysters, plaice, cutlets, and sherry. Then we drove out to pay calls, and a view of the Thames from Waterloo Bridge, and into Westminster Abbey. At eight p.m. dinner at Count Bernstorff's with Meyerinck and Loën, who are here on a visit. After dinner Baron Hochschild and General Oxholm, the Swedish and Danish Ambassadors, the wife of the latter *née* v. Krogh, a cousin of Mie Moltke. Colonel Seymour arrives from Osborne with an invitation to go there.

23rd May.—The *South Western Railroad* runs from Waterloo Bridge over the roofs and houses to the first station, and Vauxhall, where the second stop is made, lies still within the town. But on the way to Southampton we only stopped twice. The sun was shining, but the country is not very interesting; there are stretches of moorland, but also very beautiful points, especially Claremont, the seat of the expelled Orleans family. Southampton is most insignificant, but the immense steamers which run to the West Indies give the harbour an air of importance.

At half-past two p.m. a very small and light steamer of the queen's came to fetch us. There was a rough sea, but the water in the channel was smooth. We approached Osborne in heavy rain. Close to this seat is Norris Castle, a splendid place, completely overgrown with ivy; green grassy slopes down to the verge of the sea. The royal carriages took us on to Osborne. The castle consists of a summer abode for the royal family, and another building for the suite, the whole being built in the Renaissance style, which harmonizes as well with its pleasant environment as the Elizabethan architecture does with the more bold district in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. Through a grassy vale encompassed on either side by trees, opens out a view of the sea, beyond which can be seen Portsmouth with the Portsdown Hills in the background. Part of the fleet is at present visible from Osborne. Unfortunately we have not yet had a clear sky to do credit to the beauty of the scene. My windows overlook the southern side of the park, a broad green surface, with beautiful oaks scattered about, and less common trees, amongst them a pair of lovely

cedars. Beyond the park, about one mile (German) distant, rises the bare range of hills which divides the island into two parts. I wandered alone to the port of Cowes about a quarter of a mile (German) distant, and came back a very pretty way, past Elm Cottage.

At eight p.m. dinner. The Duchess of Athole, Miss Cathcart, Miss Bullteel, and the lovely Miss Seymour, who was at Balmoral, General Bouverie, Colonel Phepps, Colonel Lord James Murray, Lieutenant-Colonel Biddulph, *master of the household*, Captain du Plat, *equerry in waiting*.

The queen, in a lilac dress with yellow trimmings, without diamonds; Prince Albert, in evening dress, with the Cordon of the Order of the Black Eagle over his waistcoat, the Order of the Golden Fleece round his neck, and the *Garter* round his knee. The Prince of Leiningen on the left of the queen.

The princess royal did not appear to-day. After dinner, *ladies retired*. Followed shortly after by the prince, and the suite after coffee. Then for the first time the queen indulges in conversation. Tea. The young princes have a display of fireworks outside. At eleven p.m. all retire to rest.

24th.—Rain, but fine after breakfast. On the beach I met the doctor and Schreckenstein, and we sat down on the trunk of a tree outside the *precincts of the park* and smoked a cigar. The royal family came the same way, and we wandered along between high-water mark and the cliffs. For lunch I only took some delicious grapes and pine apple. Then on board the splendid steam yacht "Victoria and Albert," with Captain du Plat. The vessel is two hundred and thirty-seven feet in length, therefore longer than the largest liner. The rooms below deck are so high and light, that you forget you are on board ship. The queen has a large saloon with plate-glass windows both above and below deck, as well as bedroom and boudoir. Captain Duman and Captain Christby took five days to steam to Madeira. The object of our visit was to see the presents. A tiara and gold and pearl ornament from Prince Albert, a brooch from the prince, a fan painted by the princess royal, drawings by the children, etc. For congratulations, a simple bow. A walk to West Cowes.

At dinner I sat between the princess royal and Miss Seymour. That would be an impossibility with us, where the royal princesses are always confined between two maids of honour. The princess is most charming. She speaks German

without any accent, is straightforward and kindly, and has much ability. She is in almost daily correspondence with the Princess Louise.

After dinner was a family ball, with the assistance of a few ladies and gentlemen. The queen, in a simple white tarlatan dress embroidered with white silk, and the blue ribbon of the Garter over her shoulder, danced every dance, as also did Prince Albert. The youngest princes, Arthur and Leopold, were admitted at table, but only as spectators and quite as an exception. They ran about amongst the servants amusing themselves mightily. Then they were taken to bed. The other children joined in the dances. The Prince of Wales is a fine, lively boy, but methinks no longer like the little sailor picture. Prince Alfred and Prince Arthur are superb in their Scottish garb. The princess royal in white with pink ribbons. The little Princess Louise is charming; she took the dancing *au sérieux*, accompanying the music with her fingers, giving it her utmost attention, and aiding when any one went wrong. At twelve p.m. all came to an end.

Sunday, 25th.—At eleven o'clock to Cowes, with Dr. Becker. Carriages taken to Newport and thence to the old castle of Carisbrooke, in which Charles I. was kept imprisoned, and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Stuart, died. Most picturesque remnants of an ancient castle, surrounded by later fortifications which have also gone to ruin. Fine entrance gate flanked by towers and "machecoulis." In glorious sunshine and over good roads to the undercliff, and breakfast at Sandrock Cottage—mutton and lobsters. Very lovely vegetation, but extraordinarily backward. In many places the trees are still almost quite bare. The sandstone gives way and falls into the sea. Recent landslips in many places; lovely pond at Bonchurch; ravine at Shanklin. Back to dinner at Osborne. Uniforms arrived safely.

26th.—After lunch, departure for Portsmouth in screw steamer Fairy. Prince Alfred explained the machinery to me with much clearness. The fleet saluted and manned yards. Inspection of two cavalry regiments without horses. They have just returned from the Crimea. The queen passes along the front through both ranks. Some of them very fine men, but many recruits also, very little military deportment, jaded, mostly without collars, some without sabres. At six o'clock Vauxhall in London, whence eight royal carriages with red

livery bring us to Buckingham Palace; eight *Light Dragoons* precede, the same number following the cortège at a sharp trot, carbines in hand. A considerable crowd welcomes the queen with *cheers* all along the route.

I have a somewhat small, but good room on the first floor. The servant rings a bell. Gentlemen and ladies of the Court at the Lord Marshal's table. Miss Carr, Lord Summer. In the evening with the queen to the Olympic Theatre, hardly larger than our *Königstädtische* in Blumen Street. Side-box for eight. Two French comedies excellently given. Home at twelve.

27th.—After my coffee I went through St. James' Park, Pall Mall, Strand, Haymarket, Piccadilly. At twelve the Turkish Ambassador Mussurus had an audience, being presented by Count Bernstorff. The Prince Regent of Baden, Colonel Suder, and Baron Gemmingen arrived. After breakfast drove out, visiting the Dukes of Kent, Gloucester, Cambridge, Westmoreland, Prince of Weimar, etc. At five *a ride* to Hyde Park: Prince Albert, Prince Frederick William and the regent, du Plat, Gemmingen, and I. The queen with the princess royal and her ladies in a coach and four with two *outriders*.

There must have been of ladies alone about a thousand, some with, others without gentlemen; low broad-brimmed hats with drooping feathers and black veils, black breeches without any under garments, short boots, nothing visible, *but a notice about it*. Gorgeous carriages. Duke of Wellington. Fine, warm weather, but yet a little rain towards the close at half-past six. Horses rather badly ridden, hardly do they attain a gallop—no thought of keeping pace or holding the head erect, in fine, no attempt at riding, but straight away at a trot which you feel it would be easy to sustain for ten miles. Prince Albert's horses, even, are large and strong, but heavy. An old white horse from Trakehnen was the prettiest animal.

After the dinner (*household dinner*, i.e. "Marschall's Tafel") there was a largely attended ball at the Turkish Ambassador's. A crowd of people greeted the queen with *cheers* on her arrival and departure. Very narrow staircase and limited space, although two new rooms have been added. The heat soon became frightful; had a fire broken out, the *royalty*, *peerage*, and *gentry* of England might have been roasted. Very many beautiful ladies, many diamonds, otherwise much simplicity

of attire; much less luxury than in Berlin. The queen, in a dress of white satin with a scarlet skirt and a magnificent tiara of diamonds, brooch, and the blue cordon, led the first country dance with the ambassador, who was undoubtedly somewhat out of his element; Prince Albert, in the very becoming black uniform of his cavalry regiment, with the ambassador's small stout wife (*née* Voyorides, Princess of Samos); Prince Frederick William with Madame de Persigny, dressed most simply, but with great taste—a white dress with yellow ribbons, trimmed with black, yellow roses with dark leaves in her hair, diamond necklace; the Prince of Baden with Lady Mary of Cambridge, who is very portly, but extremely beautiful. The Duchess of Wellington is always one of the greatest beauties. The queen danced three or four times, and then, accompanied by the strains of "*God save the Queen*," proceeded through the remaining rooms, reaching at length the sumptuous and tastefully arranged room where the supper was spread. I was, however, only a distant spectator. When the Court departed, I stood quite at the rear, despairing of making my way through, for corridor, staircase, landing—all were blocked. But I took heart: "*Beg a thousand pardons!*" "*Oh, this gentleman wants to part with Her Majesty.*" "*Lady Elizabeth, give way!*" Thus I was passed on from one lady to the other, and, amid a torrent of *excuses*, handed down the stairs, where a dozen "cardinals" were in waiting, for it was raining, and the footmen were all clad in scarlet cloaks reaching to their ankles, so that only the red hat was missing. It was one o'clock before the company retired into the *banqueting room*, and it must have been broad daylight when they reached home. The most strange object amongst the plenipotentiaries was a dark man, in an embroidered coat, with padded calves. He was the Haytian Ambassador; I thought at first he must be the Emperor Faustin, or Soulouque himself. The gentlemen who wore no uniform appeared in *habit habillé*, coats with silk facings, powdered hair, and swords at their side. All the queen's attendants are powdered.

28th.—At half-past eleven, in three small landaus, with four horses, two postilions, and two footmen behind, to Epsom, three (German) miles from London. Light livery, black hats and jackets without any lace, white leather breeches, and top boots which looked very elegant; large brown horses.

The races at Epsom take place on a heath, and near the

course many stands are erected for the spectators; one of them a large lofty stone building. Entrance fee, one guinea.

The course is cleverly laid out on the edge of a gentle slope, thus enabling the spectator to keep the horses in view from start to finish. At the same time one has an extensive view over the verdant and well-wooded country, and the beautiful valley of the Thames. Trains run to Epsom every ten minutes, yet the road was crowded with flys, hansoms, and other cabs and carriages, more especially omnibuses, packed with passengers both inside and outside. There must have been about fifty thousand people round the course and collected on the downs. But when the signal for the first race was given, about two o'clock, the crowd assumed a quiet and orderly behaviour without the aid of police or gendarmes. The *Epsom Town Plate*, stakes of *fifty sovereigns*, was being run, and only eight horses competed.

However, at three o'clock, followed the far-famed Derby race, the most renowned in England. We prepared for it by partaking of an excellent *déjeuner a la fourchette* in the dining-room of the Grand Stand, and then resumed our seats on the balcony. Close by us were Lords Palmerston, Cardigan, Westmoreland, etc. Prince Albert called my attention to a lady, (if I mistake not, Lady Chesterfield) who had laid the greater part of her fortune on the race. The stakes are fifty guineas. The winner receives 5975 guineas—more than 40,000 thalers. He pays the course a hundred, and the *judge* fifty. But this is a trifle compared with the bets which are made, either long before the race, at the start, or even during the race itself. These bets are made by hundreds of thousands, or even millions.

The bell was rung, but there was an unfair start, and they had to recommence. No. 1, Lord Derby's brown colt, Fazzolletto by Orlando, was the favourite, and really was the best horse; ridden by Mr. Platman, black with a white cap. The betting was chiefly on him, so the greatest astonishment was evinced when, at the first lap, No. 12, Admiral Harcourt's dark brown colt, Ellington, by Flying Dutchman, came to the front, ridden by Aldercroft, grey with red cap. Ladies and gentlemen on the stand joined in the shouts of applause, which arose on both sides. Two or three horses were quite out-distanced, but the rest rode together like a squadron, Ellington leading by half a length, with a long, powerful stride, closely

pressed by all the others. The betting was sixteen to one against him; he won easily. A telegraph station was, of course, on the spot, but this could only communicate the news to the chief places in England, and perhaps to Paris and Naples. One after the other, in rapid succession now rose nine or ten pigeons, bearing the important tidings to the *nobility and gentry*, in most cases a reverse of fortune for the *manors and parks* of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Latest betting: 2 to 1 against Wintworth
 5 „ 1 „ *Cameotil*
 16 „ 1 „ *Ellington*
 30 „ 1 „ *Prince*
 50 „ 1 „ *Astrologue.*

So that if any one had placed £100 against Ellington, he would have lost over 100,000 thalers.

Then we drove to Hampton Court. It was raining fast, and we saw neither the pretty gardens nor the proud palace of the mighty Cardinal Wolsey; only Prince Albert's foals. He has no stallions of his own, but hires at a price of £350 a year each—those whose offspring has proved successful in the races. There are certainly two splendid stallions, but no finer than the best animals at Trakehnen.

In the evening a *dinner-party at the queen's*; Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, Lord Stuart Spencer, Lord Panmure, secretary for war, Earl Somers, with his lovely and charming "Lady," Lady Barrington, Bernstorff, etc. A magnificent repast—music. After dinner, tea, and music by the royal band in the picture gallery.

29th.—At ten o'clock parade in front of the *Horseguards'* barracks at the old palace of Whitehall, all that remains of which consists of the *Banqueting House*, through the windows of which Charles I. stepped forth on to the scaffold. The crowd increased, and the *cheers* grew louder as we rode on. My horse was quite confused, walking sideways as though he wished to turn round—happily he was quieter when we reached the troops. It was only a parade of guards: one troop of *horseguards*, and six companies of *footguards*. The former are magnificent, all on black chargers; the infantry with bearskins and red coats. Perfect silence; a great deal of ceremony; the march past at a very slow pace, which makes a good effect. Three regimental bands in front; the drummers resting on their long sticks; black horses, long herald's coats covered

with gold lace, and Wellington boots. At the rear the *bagpipers* of the Scottish battalions in red tartans with *kilts*, and the pipes under their arms. (At dinner yesterday the pipers marched round the table). The whole parade eloquently betrayed the English love of *pageantry*, and was somewhat of a mediæval character. It lasted more than an hour, in spite of the small number of troops. On our return a great crowd and *cheers*, but no disorder. I succeeded in picking my way through with my strange steed.

At two o'clock a *Drawing-Room at St. James'* with great splendour. Red livery with gold lace. The *Horseguards* kept the line from Buckingham Palace to St. James'. The queen in a carriage and pair of light bays, their manes interwoven with cornflowers. We found the *spiritual peers*, including all the bishops, already assembled before the throne. They visit the queen in the *privy rooms*, bringing their birthday congratulations and then disappearing. At their head the Archbishop of Canterbury, the premier peer of the realm after the dukes of the blood royal, and the enemy of Sunday music in the parks. There all the ministers as well as the officers of State were assembled; Lord Clarendon, an old man with an exceptionally fine and intellectual countenance. The lord chancellor is a remarkable figure, in a large wig and black gown embroidered with gold lace, carrying a large ornamental bag, such as a traveller might use, which contains the Seal of State; the speaker was similarly attired. Then the "alderman"* of London, a Jew, a fine man in a red gown trimmed with sable.

The maids of honour took up their positions before the throne, then in front of them the Queen and Prince Albert; on their left the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester, the Prince Regent of Baden, Prince Frederick William, and the Duke of Cambridge. I was allotted an excellent place, having on one side an East Indian potentate, a fine, very dark man, covered with pearls and jewels, with a pair of immense emerald earrings, and on the other side Mr. Persigny. All had to pass close by me.

The *levées* are rather a function for the gentlemen, the *drawing-rooms* for the ladies; but on this occasion there were a number of gentlemen present. First came the duchesses, then the other *peeresses* and the ladies, who are in turn

* ? Lord Mayor.

presented to the queen, unless this has already taken place. Each one, on entering the throne room, gives up her card, and the name, as she approaches, is read out to the queen by the master of the ceremonies, Major-General Sir Edward Cust. The ladies, in full Court dress, advancing towards the queen, make their obeisance, repeating the curtsy, turn away and retreat one step, then the ceremony is finished. The queen presents her hand sometimes, otherwise she merely salutes, and Prince Albert does likewise. This is no easy ceremony for the ladies. The gentlemen in waiting, facing the queen, pass the lady's train from one to the other, returning it into her own hands after each process. Many lovely and graceful ladies appeared, Lady Somers yielding the palm to no one; but some of the dresses betrayed incredible clumsiness and want of taste. A violet dress, green robe, and red head-dress! Lady Westminster wore diamonds which shone with the lustre of pendants. There were many pretty faces, and most of the costumes were very costly. On the whole, there must have been two or three hundred persons presented in this fashion, and it lasted about two hours.

Then I went to Westminster, Waterloo Bridge, and the Suspension Bridge, along the Strand, and back by St. James' Park, where several thousands of people were waiting for the firework display, which was to take place in Hyde Park at half-past nine, and also in Victoria Park. The mob amused itself by making sport of all unusually large hats. First a sod of grass would be thrown at the victim, then ten or twenty more; when his hat was knocked off he would make his escape, whilst their attention was being given to another man, who would suffer a similar fate. I preferred to return to the palace. At half-past seven *household dinner* in trousers, dress coat, and white tie.

The fireworks were to take place in four different parts of London, in order to divide the 100,000 spectators. There was a magnificent display, £10,000 having been devoted, and it was to last two hours. The display of ten thousand rockets produces an effect. That of the Engelsburg, which one sees, it is true, close at hand, appeared to me grander. To conclude with, tea with Her Majesty. Introduction. Acquaintance with the Maharajah Djuleeb Singh.

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Buckingham Palace, May 29th, 1856.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

I send you herewith the first leaves of my diary, which I intend to continue for the sake of retaining the whole of this interesting journey in my memory. By it you will learn that I have been to Wight (*sic*), and have seen the whole island. It is uncommonly lovely, but when you have seen many other beautiful places, it does not make a very surprising impression on you. And certainly, the vegetation, as everywhere else in England, is very backward. I should never advise any one to undertake a journey, merely for the sake of seeing Wight. Still Osborne is in itself remarkable, and well suited to the country. Its architecture bright, light Renaissance; like everything undertaken by Prince Albert, it is intelligently and comfortably planned, not for show or magnificence, but opulent, substantial, a solid kind of luxury. Family life is almost as unconstrained there as at Balmoral, but it is more of a Court. Here in London everything is, of course, on a grand scale. Buckingham Palace, which has been so much criticized, seems to me a very superb palace; the marble hall, with the wide vestibules lighted from the top, and the corridors are really royal. To be sure, it is all stucco but so perfectly done that it is hard to believe that it is anything but the finest marble. A great wealth of mirrors; every door is covered with them. Numerous portraits of the royal family in all the rooms. But you can imagine all that.

Above all, best thanks for looking so well after my military apparel. Your letter reached me on the 24th, and the things the day after, at Osborne. Yesterday I wore them at the Turkish ambassador's ball, and found them all right. Neither have the visiting cards been forgotten; at Osborne I had to make written ones do. As this letter is getting very heavy, I shall send it by the next courier, who, I think, starts in a day or two. How are you, dear good Mary? Best love to mamma and Ernestine. I suppose you live on the balcony. Do drive out sometimes, to Charlottenburg, Treptow, and Potsdam. You must be having good weather, for even here the sun shines, although no day passes without rain.

Dear heart, I wish you could see all the fine things with me. Don't let the time hang wearily on your hands. I wish I had two stomachs with me here; it is impossible to taste all the good things that are placed before one. Luncheon I generally skip. But now I will close my letter so that you will get a letter from me, at last. Mind you answer me very soon; it will be safer for you to address your letters to the prince's quarters. Once more, greetings to Gussie and Ernestine. Don't forget me, and go on loving me.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

30th.—At one o'clock took a turn in the royal carriage, and paid all my visits. About three o'clock at Carlton house; all the diplomatists were presented, one after another, to the prince by Count Bernstorff; this lasted three hours. *Household dinner*. Then at half-past nine, concert in the round hall, the Picture Gallery, and the adjoining rooms. Only just six hundred persons of the highest society: Duke of Wellington, Lady Somers, Miss Barrington, Count Bernstorff, Mussurus, Grand Vizier Ali Pasha, Lord Aberdeen, Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge, Prince of Weimar, M. de Persigny, etc. Song, accompanied by piano—Jenny Lind, Viardot, Novello, Gurdoni, Formes, etc. Amongst others also the "Serenade" and the "Trout" by Schubert. Splendid buffet. Impossible for me to take anything. Finished at one o'clock.

31st.—Rain. At twelve o'clock in three four-in-hands by country road to Sydenham. The prince remains at home to see, if possible, his *fiancée*. When one gets once out of this endless town, the country is extraordinarily lovely. One does not see any cornfields, but only green fenced-in meadows, soft green hills, all containing splendid isolated trees, for the most part elms; neat villas with trailing roses, cedars, etc.

From the high-lying Crystal Palace, which itself has a height of one hundred and seventy-four feet, one overlooks Kent, Surrey, and the Valley of the Thames. But on account of the fog, we only saw a few hundred feet in front of us. On Saturday the charge for admission is five shillings instead of one, but nevertheless, there were more than two thousand people there. Two concerts. The fountains played at two o'clock in the three closely-adjoining basins in front of the

palace; not in one jet as at Sanssouci, but in several of various heights, which produces a good effect. Around one of the basins there was almost a hedge of lower jets, and in the centre a large bouquet. The Central Hall is sixteen hundred feet long, and of an average of three hundred in width. In the middle of it there are basins containing fountains, on the surface of which are *victoria regia* and flowering lotus. Luncheon was served, of which I did not partake, as I wished to keep my appetite for dinner. Amongst the machinery exhibits there are sugar-cane presses in working order. The cane came out as dry as a straw. The machine costs three hundred and fifty pounds.

On our return journey we visited Dulwich College, a charming building in the Elizabethan style, under mighty trees. It contains a gallery of most valuable pictures; splendid beggar boy of Murillo, a portrait of Philip of Spain by Velasquez, several Vandycks, etc.

After dinner to the Lyceum Theatre—Italian opera—"Rigoletto" of Verdi. Pretty little house, and very well sung.

1st June.—Rain and cold; fires lighted. At eleven o'clock Divine service in her majesty's private chapel. The gentlemen assemble in the picture gallery—evening dress, black tie—and walk in front of the queen, the princes and the ladies in waiting follow after. The chapel is very plain. The chaplain, Mr. Wellesley, in black cassock and white surplice and black gloves. Two choir boys in white. The prayers form the chief part of the service. They last over an hour. The congregation mostly on their knees; the ten commandments repeated; lesson from the Old Testament; then short hymn, which was very pretty. The sermon read by the clergyman in the black cassock; all very difficult to understand, as the English of all nations in the world pronounce their words most indistinctly. Besides the Court party, who sat in their roomy, red velvet upholstered box, only the servants of the household sat below. The whole congregation joins in the responses. I am really curious to see what they do on a Sunday besides eating and drinking. It is a fortunate thing for the police that the weather is so bad, as they expected demonstrations to be held in the parks on account of the withdrawal of the permission to play music in the same. In the afternoon the weather cleared and the sun shone. General Schreckenstein,

Heinz, and myself drove to Regent's Park to visit the Zoological Gardens. Court equipage, lackeys in silk stockings. The garden is exceedingly nice, and the animals, about a thousand in number, are in excellent condition. The lions, tigers, and polar bears were fed. The most remarkable animal was the hippopotamus—monster creatures which dived about in large water-tanks. Six beautiful giraffes, of which two born in England.

In the evening dinner with the queen; Lord and Lady Granville—the former goes to Moscow for the coronation. My neighbour at table, Mrs. von Spieth, for fifty years with the Duchess of Kent.

June 2nd.—Sunshine, but nevertheless dull weather. At twelve o'clock, in nine court carriages, accompanied by Light Dragoons, to Vauxhall Station; then thirty *miles* to Sandhurst, where the laying of the foundation stone of the new Wellington College is going to take place; stands for spectators at one guinea each. Lord Derby read a very nice speech to the queen, who, on her part, read her answer clearly and firmly. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave a short but indistinct address. Several documents and coins were put in a bottle and that again was deposited in a recess cut in the polished granite stone which formed the groundworks. Thereupon her majesty took up the trowel and worked about a little in the mortar, which had already been placed upon it, when the stone, likewise of polished granite, which had been suspended above, was slowly lowered down. Grand luncheon in a tent. I sat next to Prince Alfred; the three boys in Scotch costume looked charming. Also the little princesses were present; a lot of lords and peers. After luncheon, parade. Twelve thousand men stood in line; five thousand Guards and men of the line, the rest militia, who will be discharged tomorrow. The riflemen in black uniform marched past, had already one dead and two wounded lying on the parade ground. The march past of the rest of the troops was, from our point of view, very indifferent. By far the best was the German battalion. In front of the militia battalion of Wales marched with the drummer a white goat, which is national. Lastly, march in a general line and charge. The whole affair was more of a firework than of a manœuvre.

Drive back; walk on foot to Hyde Park. Grand dinner with the queen; Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, Mussurus, Lord

Lansdowne, Sir Edmund Lyon. After dinner, concert in the gallery, very much amused.

To his Wife.

London, 2nd June, 1856.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

It is already fourteen days since I left you, and although I am doing very well here, I think of you very often and begin to look forward to our meeting. I hope you got my fat letter yesterday, Sunday, so that I may expect a line from you; may it bring good news. I am glad that you have mamma and Ernestine for company instead of being all alone in Berlin. I suppose you now have capital weather, live upon the balcony, and make excursions in the neighbourhood. Have you been to Potsdam yet? Did you see the parade before the Emperor? Write about the horses. I wish I had the black to ride in St. James' Park; he's quite different from any you see here. I never get a word with the prince; I only see him at dinner. Have you any news from the good folks in Holstein, and does Burt write? If he knows that I am here, he would perhaps go a little out of his way, from Southampton to Dover, through London.

Nothing is yet settled as to our return; the Prince Regent will only stay another week, then we go to Windsor for the Ascot races. The prince wants to spend one day in Brussels, and one in Hanover.

If my diary interests you, I will send you the next batch. My health is good, except that I eat and drink too much, although not the tenth part of what is offered one. The greatest privation is that we all meet at nine o'clock for breakfast instead of getting our coffee in our bedrooms. It is forbidden, under the severest penalties, to smoke. I haven't smoked a single cigar in London, and perhaps shall lose the habit of it. A pleasant institution is that, after dinner, the *ladies having retired*, a big snuff-box, carved out of the wood of the Royal George, is handed round.

9th June, Monday.—In the hope of hearing from you, I have not sent mine off, dear Mary. The courier is due to-day. If he brings me nothing, I shall send this off. To-morrow we leave for Windsor, but to-day I am sure to get a letter from you.

It appears that the weather is not only bad in England, but all the world over. In France the floods have been dreadful; in Regensburg and Coburg there have been hurricanes; so you must have had some of it in Berlin. To-day, for the first time, we have a west wind and quite a different, milder air. We have just returned from Woolwich, and unless I have to ride with the prince, I shall go to Kew, for the weather is so fine. I wish you could go with me.

10th June.—Alas! no letter from you. Roth* awaits a packet for the prince with painful anxiety, and I hear again that a courier is expected to-night. Perhaps your letter has been put in the prince's packet; I shall know soon. If anything had happened, one of you would surely have written. Anyhow, this letter will leave to-day, and I shall write again, at once, as soon as I hear from you.

Good-bye, dear good Mary. Greetings to mamma and Ernestine, and let me hear from you soon. Be careful with your health.

Lovingly yours,

HELMUTH.

3rd.—Accompanied the prince to the British Museum; *Elgin marbles*. Above all the Assyrian monuments very interesting. They date from the year 650 B.C., therefore older than all the Grecian arts. Lion hunt; crossing of the Euphrates on inflated skins; representation of a temple with pillars and Ionic columns.

After luncheon went by myself to Hungerford Bridge. By steamer for six shillings to Greenwich. Immense steamer on the wharf—the largest in the world. Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth resided, is a magnificent building of white portland stone. Seemingly two beautiful wings of a castle which is not in existence. Over two thousand invalid sailors are comfortably sheltered there. Beautiful park, splendid elms, real chestnuts, firs, fig trees; deer grazed among the sheep. From the observatory, fine extensive view; but it was so dull that even St. Paul's appeared as a mere shadow. Back by train to London Bridge, and on the top of an omnibus through the *City* disguised by a pair of beautiful spectacles in order to see the town better. St. Paul's is built in a kind of Renaissance style, and is of immense dimensions—four hundred feet high;

* Valet to the Prince.

the cupola with thirty-two columns; the lanterns square. The stone is on the top white, on the bottom completely black with smoke. The shops are exquisite. The ground floors of all the houses are occupied with shops and show only large plate glass and iron. The upper floors bricks, smooth, without any adornment; Dutch sliding windows; great many small chimneys. The newer parts of the town have straight running roads and better architecture, but without taste. Very often you see twenty balconies close one to the other, all made after the same style, but there are also twenty houses to them with two or three windows frontage. The Squares are planted with beautiful trees. In the evening Adelphi Theatre. Strand—one window frontage. Good comics. “Good morning, Mr. Fischer.”

4th June.—This has been a most interesting day. At half-past eight to Oxford. Splendid station of the Great Western Railway, all covered in with glass. Hotel one of the most handsome palaces, with large plate-glass windows. Broad rails, therefore very comfortable carriages. Delicious weather and pretty clear, just as it is with us in autumn when the mist rises off the mountains. The country most wonderful; the most beautiful trees, neat houses and *cottages*. All in freshest green. The chestnut trees are only just now beginning to bloom. Especially nice is it past Reading, where the railway skirts the Thames, and one sees the fertile valley through beeches and cedars; then one comes upon a more open plateau until the many beautiful towers of Oxford are visible over the tops of the lofty trees.

Oxford, twenty-four thousand inhabitants, is one of the nicest towns which I have ever seen on account of its ancient structures; it has twenty different colleges, each in old English style, each with its *chapel* and an enormous hall. Royal carriages awaited us on the railway-station, and we drove to the Vice-Chancellor's. Charming courtyard, with lodgings for the students.

Prince Frederick William, the Prince of Baden, Mussurus, the Turkish Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, Sir Edward Lyons, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Abercorn, were proposed for the degree of doctor. They were clothed in scarlet hoods, and then they drove to the so-called “Theatre,” a grand *aula* in the Senate House. In the gallery were over two thousand students; below seats were reserved for the *ladies*; the rest

of the place was occupied by spectators. The princes, chosen by acclamation, took their seats behind the Chancellor, Lord Derby, Leader of the Tory party, who sat in the Presidential chair in black gown, embroidered with gold, and a square black cap with gold tassel. The other doctors were then introduced one by one and had their merits proclaimed in Latin speeches read with an English pronunciation. The students had full liberty to indulge in *cheers*, *groans*, witty remarks, laughing, and screaming. Finally all were duly accepted. The Chancellor rose and removed his cap and declared by virtue of his office the persons named to be Doctors *honores juris civilis* (sic), after which the chosen resumed their seats. The *noblemen* who are members of the university are *doctors by birth*, and sat next to the prince. I stood behind Prince Albert, who occupied the first chair, also in Doctor's costume. Then followed several English and Latin speeches from both sides of the orator's stage by the young gentlemen who had carried off the prizes. One was received in dreadful style, and calls of "Enough," "*Go and be hanged!*" arose. They imitated his pathos, drummed and whistled. Others were applauded. After *luncheon* we visited the different colleges, in course of which the *doctors* retained their scarlet cloaks, notwithstanding the great heat; many spectators and pretty ladies. The handsomest is Christ College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, with a really magnificent hall; the ceiling of stone with suspended ornaments and most wonderfully wrought coats of arms; the portraits of all who had studied at the college and who had afterwards become eminent men are suspended on the walls. Much more ancient is the Cathedral of Edward III.'s time—in the most ancient Norman style. The Court is laid out with beautiful lawns; splendid park, avenue of gigantic elms. Museum; original drawings by Raphael, Michael Angelo, statues. Each college is a masterpiece of old architecture.

At six o'clock back fifteen German miles without stopping in one hour and five minutes; therefore almost one English mile in the minute. Grand dinner with the queen. Presented to Lady Clarendon and Lady Woodhouse. Lord Woodhouse goes to Moscow. I dispensed with the ball given by the Marchioness of Breadalbane.

5th.—At ten o'clock the queen, Prince Albert, Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Prince Frederick William, Miss

Bultheel, De Ross, Equerry Meyer, and myself went for a ride through Kensington Gardens, over the splendid lawns and under majestic elms. The palace where the queen was brought up, very ugly. My white horse went at a gallop, and pulled so much that I was quite tired. In the afternoon at three the queen received an address from the university. One might almost have imagined himself to be living in mediæval times. The hall was filled with halberdiers; on the stairs the *gentlemen-at-arms*. Across the court went a procession of several hundred men in long black, red, and white hoods. United Service Club, Waterloo Place—Admiral Courtenay. I found at Murray's the translation of my campaign of 1838-39. In the Preface it is said to be a reproduction of the work of Major Moltke "*who now is dead.*" To Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens. After dinner, to the Haymarket Theatre; box close to the stage, Spanish dancers, excellent comic, Backstone.

6th.—Wandering on my own account. At half-past eleven by train to Hampton Court, built by the mighty Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII., beautifully situated on the Thames under magnificent trees. The court-yards are especially beautiful. The structure is of red brick, and white sandstone lines the windows. Being Friday I could not see the pictures. I sauntered through Bushey Park; Twickenham to Richmond; a splendid tour. I was quite amazed at the cedars. Richmond Terrace with splendid view. Back by way of Kew, and home at half-past six in the evening.

At a quarter to eleven fancy ball in rooms at Hanover Square. The Court looked at the affair from a box, and only went for a moment down among the throng. A good many diamonds and powder, and beautiful faces. Home at one o'clock.

7th.—Visited, with the prince, the barracks of the second battalion of the Scottish Fusiliers. The men receive eight shillings and twopence per week; therefore per month, thirteen thalers. Our people, on the other hand, receive only three thalers. Deduction for menage daily about five silbergroschen; for that he receives in the morning coffee, at midday three-quarters of a pound of meat, in the afternoon five o'clock tea, and one and a half pounds of bread. With General Schreckenstein to *United Service Club*. Acquaintance of Lord Lucan. The translation of the campaign has been sent by the Government

to all the generals. Row on the Thames. In the evening Haymarket—"The Evil Spirit," Mr. Backstone.

8th.—Two hours' service in the royal chapel. *Common Prayers* lasted over an hour, mostly on the knees, the congregation always making responses to the clergyman.

After luncheon with Dr. Becker and Schreckenstein's son, an excursion to Hampstead. One drives fully *five miles* through the town, which comes then really in a northerly direction to an end, whereas to the east and west it seems never to end. The country is there at once, very beautiful. Corn fields are nowhere to be seen, but plenty of green coppice, forests, cottages, and splendid trees. From Parliament Hill splendid view of London, Sydenham, and the mountain ranges of Kent and Surrey. Highgate likewise very pretty. In the evening dinner with the queen, but without music, it being Sunday. Lady Macdonald, General Gray.

9th.—At nine o'clock with Prince Albert, Prince Frederick William, General Schreckenstein, to Woolwich. Spent four hours in visiting the artillery depôts and workshops. All worked by steam; the wood and the metal cut through, sawed in two, and drilled. The finished pieces further worked upon by steam power, and put on board the steamers by steam cranes. Machines, which, worked by hydraulic pressure, join together axles, spokes, guards, etc., to make wheels. Steam engine which lays down its own rails, and again lifts them. In the afternoon walk to St. James' Park, and in the very pretty Botanical Garden. Within a big tent was an exhibition of rhododendrons in every possible colour—an indescribable splendour. The eye is almost blinded by the view. There are eight to ten-foot stems all covered with blossoms, hardly a leaf visible. In the evening *Princess' Theatre*, "*A Winter's Tale*" of Shakespeare, put on the stage with great magnificence.

To his Wife.

Windsor Castle, 11th June, 1856.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

How often I have thought of you to-day, and wished that you could see all these beautiful places. I am sorry to say that no news from you has yet reached me. The servants must have made some mistake. The box came so quickly

and punctually, and since then, nothing! I hope you are all prosperous, and that I shall soon have news.

Windsor is the prettiest piece of England which I know. For eight centuries Windsor, and not London, has been the real seat of the royalty of England. Already did William the Conqueror found his castle here; the Tudors rebuilt it, and since then almost every reigning potentate has added something to this beautiful island. An isolated chalk rock rises on the right bank of the Thames, five (German) miles above London, out of the softly undulating plain, and is crowned by the castle enclosure. In the middle, on a hill, the tremendous keep commands the whole structure. The walls of this monster round tower are about twenty feet thick in the lower part. It separates the outer from the inner quadrangle, which is surrounded on three sides by the castle proper; at the end of the lower courtyard stands the splendid St. George's Chapel.

One cannot think of anything more charming than my room here. It has quite an irregular shape, and is separated into two halves. The *bedroom*, with a splendid bed, dressing-table, washhandstand, etc.; and the sitting-room a few steps higher, built out in a recess, with writing-table, marble chimney, easy-chair, etc. The floor is covered with a beautiful carpet. It looks towards the north. Far below is the terrace. From there the ground descends perpendicularly to the Thames. The rocks are covered with white and pink may, real chest-nuts, and beeches. On the other side of the river lies the little town and the beautiful *Eton College*. On the right, the park with gigantic elms and oaks. At the back lie softly undulating hills, with forests and pastures. A ploughed field is not to be seen for miles around. The weather is delightful, and the air, if not quite pure, nevertheless, is transparent to a good distance.

We arrived here yesterday at two o'clock by the Great Western. Everywhere people to see the queen. *She looks well. God save her!* Guard of honour with "*God save the Queen.*" Drive up to the castle from the closed railway-station. Lunch; walk through the halls and rooms. In the evening three hours' ride through the magnificent park. The queen, Prince Albert, Prince Frederick William, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, General Schreckenstein, Lady Macdonald, Miss Bultheel, Lord Fitzroy, the De Ross, and myself. To Lord

Leonards', Cumberland House, and Queen's Lodge. Hundreds of stags and deer lay in the shade of the monster trees, and ran about around us. We went for the most part over soft meadows. A large avenue of rhododendrons, about twenty feet high (from the Himalayas) in full bloom. As my horse was somewhat troublesome, I came home quite tired out. Alone, and on long tours, my horse must step splendidly, but in company it really works one's arms off. In the evening, half-past eight dinner in the little banqueting hall with the queen. Duke of Wellington, Lady Sutherland, Earl Breadalbane, Lords Spencer, Waterford, Abercorn, and many others. Beautiful music. In the evening after dinner, concert of the royal band, and several singers; also the brothers Ganz; very entertaining.

To-day, after breakfast, walked to Frogmore, the seat of the Duchess of Kent, with magnificent trees, lawns, and flowers; then to the farm, the kennel, and the pleasure grounds. To-day, in the evening, grand banquet in the large St. George's Hall. Would that I had only news from you, my dear Mary; that you have written, I am sure. This evening walked by myself to Eton College. Grand State dinner, where eighty were present, in St. George's Hall. The coats of arms of all the Knights of the Garter on the walls. Louis Philippe opposite Napoleon III. Magnificent *cupboards*. The christening present of the king to the Prince of Wales—a splendid shield with the story of Christ. In the middle a large temple of silver and gold with horses. I took in Miss Grey. The Englishman is born with his future rank, or, at all events, the prospective right to it. State service, offices, etc., cannot lead up to it. The Prime Minister Palmerston, being only a Viscount, sits beneath a very young Earl of Abercorn or Duke of Buccleugh. The wife of Lieutenant-General Gray is "Mistress."

After the dinner, ball in the Waterloo room, which must not be called any more by that name. I had to dance a quadrille with the Countess Bernstorff *vis-a-vis* to Count de Persigny and the Duchess of Montrose. The queen takes part in every dance, even in the *Scotch reel* to a single bagpipe. Earl of Breadalbane, Mrs. Cleve, Lady de Ross, Countess Clarendon, who owns Kenilworth. The *fête* lasted till one o'clock, after which there was a rich buffet.

12th.—At twelve to the races at Ascot, one and a half miles from Windsor. In twelve four-in-hands, each with an

outrider; scarlet livery. The long procession looked gorgeous as it passed along under the high elms and over the green turf. A great multitude of individuals assembled to see the queen. The weather was cloudy, cold, and somewhat rainy; not so many persons as at Epsom, but more of the *gentry*, and more horses. Luncheon—Lady MacGregor. At five proceeded homewards. In the evening grand banquet in St. George's Hall; places laid for eighty persons. The *nobility and gentry* of the environs. Then ball; two hundred and fifty persons. Quadrille with Lady MacDonald, *vis-a-vis* with the Duke of Wellington.

13th.—I shall take this letter to the post myself, dear Mary, begging you to post yours direct to Buckingham Palace—not through a servant; so that this uncertainty may come to an end. As letters reach Berlin in three days, I ought to hear from you soon. To-morrow we return to London.

Good-bye, dear Mary, loving greetings. God keep you all.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Buckingham Palace, 15th June, 1856.

I hasten to write to you, dear good Mary, that I received your letter of the 4th yesterday evening; it was ten days old. It appears that the courier did not take the packet with him. Thank God that it is all right. I was getting very anxious. Perhaps there is another letter from you on the way. You have meanwhile had two or three letters from me. I suffer from these late hours and frequent meals, despite my moderation and want of appetite; in other respects I am quite well. I am so accustomed to simple life that this rush does not agree with me in the long run. We shall not leave this before the 26th. Then we shall soon be in Berlin, and I can at least spend July with you there or at Potsdam. Perhaps Henry will be with us by that time. Probably, in the beginning or middle of August we shall go by sea to St. Petersburg and thence to Moscow. The Coronation will take place on Sunday, either the 1st or 7th September. On the 23rd we shall be back again in any case. Whether we are to return to Osborne in the autumn has not transpired, but I think not.

The weather is really very bad here. The day before yesterday it rained at Windsor the whole day. I went with General Schreckenstein to the Barracks of the *Life Horse Guards* and to Eton College; then passed a whole hour alone, and wandered undisturbed through the beautiful rooms of the castle, where I leisurely viewed the beautiful life-like portraits by Van Dyck, Rubens, etc. In the evening the weather cleared up somewhat, and we had a pretty drive with the queen of two hours' duration through the park. Deer stand in hundreds about the grassy meadows. On the table was a piece of carved woodwork by Messrs. Levassor. Yesterday returned to London. I went along the large main street of Oxford Street, which is three-quarters of a mile in length, High Holborn to the city at St. Paul's, and then back by steamer up the Thames to Westminster. After dinner, went to the opera where Mario sang in the "Troubadour." At half-past eleven went to yet another *rout* at Bernstorff's, getting back at one o'clock. To-day, Sunday, is a day of rest, and I must be off at once to the chapel royal. Hearty greetings to Gusta and Ernestine. Prince Albert's equerry insists on buying my black for the queen. Blacks are rare in England. The price can be settled afterwards, that is of no consequence. I said that, in any case, he must ride the horse himself first; he will probably come to Berlin. You can now send the letters through the manservant, dear Mary; the delay was occasioned by the fact that the prince's packet was too big for the courier. Yesterday another courier left; perhaps he is bringing me a letter from you,

I think that your father will pass the winter in the West Indies. Mamma can await him quietly, with us. I have read the promotions in the *Kreuzzeitung*; Heinz has got his majority; he jumps two whole steps in the army. The A.D.C.'s have been specially favoured. It is thought that Hirschfeld and Bischofswerder, who have been passed over, will leave the service. Then, perhaps, it will be Roon's turn, and then mine.

The Prince of Baden will leave after the queen's great entertainment on the 18th, but he will travel about the country after that. He has sent for Major Neubronn for this purpose, who, however, will not appear at Court.

Prince Frederick William is well and appears to be very happy. His young *fiancée* is really most charming, so simple, kind, and sensible.

Good-bye, dear heart, I shall be glad to see you again. Keep well, and be of good courage. God keep you and watch over you.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Buckingham Palace, 18th June, 1856.

MY DEAR GOOD HEART!

I am just in receipt of your letter of the 13th, full of good news of yourself and the others. Thank God that you are all well. We have no cause to complain of the heat; it rains nearly every day, but yesterday it was very fine at Aldershot. I suppose you are driven off the balcony as early as ten o'clock? Is it very hot in the front room, if the sun-blinds are drawn down in good time? The Tiergarten must be beautiful just now. Here the hawthorn is still in bloom, everything is so extraordinarily backward. We are not to wait for the Prince and Princess of Prussia, but to stay here till the 28th, so we shall probably not get away until the end of the month. Heinz has got six weeks' leave to go to Reichenhall; he left yesterday. The worst of it is that I shall therefore have to go to Potsdam. We must think over whether we had not better get a summer lodging at Potsdam for August, the rooms to be given up on the first of ensuing month. There are very nice lodgings at the foot of the Pfingstberg, where the Lucks live. Perhaps you would see about this. Otherwise we shall be separated for the whole summer. If you learn anything as to new promotions in the infantry, mind you tell me.

To-day we returned from Aldershot where we went yesterday at an early hour. This is a lately formed military establishment for twenty thousand men, situated on a tract of waste land of one thousand acres in extent which was purchased at ten pounds the acre. Temporary wooden barracks have been put up there, but there will by-and-by be erected solid stone structures, which will include stabling for two thousand horses. Each set of quarters for sixteen men costs eight hundred thalers. On getting out of the train we mounted horses in order to thoroughly inspect the various establishments. In England broadly speaking, it is not lawful to quarter soldiers

upon the citizens, and as the last war and the recent turn of events in America have induced the conviction that the country cannot exist altogether without something like a standing army, this kind of military colony has been formed with a view to meeting all requirements. The site has been well chosen, and permits of extended manœuvres, which would have been almost quite impossible if the lands had been highly cultivated. A railway and a canal convey you to the spot. As the militia had just been disbanded, there were, for the time being, only a few soldiers there. We visited the barracks, the dining-rooms of the men, and of the corporals, the quarters of the officers, the kitchen, stores, and the theatre. After that we rode to the *Queen's Pavilion*, which was built at a cost of about twelve thousand pounds on a piece of rising ground. After luncheon we rode to the ranges. Firing took place with the Minie rifle at five and seven hundred yards, and more than half of the bullets struck the targets, which were six feet in height and of equal breadth. Then we rode to a hill called the *Roman Camp*, from which, the day being unusually clear, we had a very extensive prospect. At five o'clock in the afternoon her majesty mounted a horse. She wore a scarlet uniform, gold scarf, blue ribbon, and a hat with red and white feathers in it. There were on parade about six thousand men and twelve hundred horses. There was a regiment of Dragoon Guards, in scarlet, with helmets, very fine, bearded men; all the horses had been in the Crimea, two hundred and fifty transported by steamer in thirteen days; and two regiments of hussars with four hundred horses (blue), the men all German. Of the infantry there was a battalion of *militia*, one Swiss, two English, and five German regiments. The German legion is five thousand strong, and is commanded by one, General Stutterheim, a very clever and cultured officer, whom Gusta met at Itzehoe. He had also taken part in the campaigns in Holstein. The queen rode along the front of the line with a brilliant retinue. Lady MacDonald acted as aide-de-camp, and returned quite browned with the sun. The princess royal was also on horseback, while the young princesses followed in a carriage with Miss Bultheel and Miss Hilgard. The manœuvres which followed were in every way splendid; no military compliments, however, were allowed to be paid. I rode three different horses, all of which went very well indeed. An English horse is really a

splendid animal, when one can ride him over an uneven waste with big leaps. Eight o'clock dinner at the Pavilion. We stayed in quarters close to this place. It was a somewhat tiresome, but, on the whole, very interesting day.

18th.—At half-past eight in the morning we again went to manœuvres. The queen came somewhat later, however, in her carriage. General Knowles was in command. The manœuvres were on the whole much better than those of yesterday, but there was room for improvement. Very well mounted were two batteries of six guns and one hundred and twenty horses.

At ten o'clock went by rail to London. I escaped the luncheon, slipped out and took a walk to the City and the Temple. In the evening large ball with two thousand guests, Guard of honour at the palace, the *Yeomen of the Guard* in the hall. The beautiful staircase decorated with flowers. The galleries, the roofs of which were of glass, were lighted up from the outside by gas, as also was the great hall on both sides. The recently built banqueting hall is of immense size and very lofty. Notable is the powerful organ with gilded pipes at one end of it. Two mirrors, fourteen feet in breadth and twenty-four feet in height, each made from one piece of glass. Over one thousand candles and twenty chandeliers were alight. The windows too were illuminated from the outside with gas; indeed, speaking generally, nowhere was there gas in the interior of the palace. At ten o'clock we went with the queen through the splendid galleries and State rooms, and ultimately took up a position behind her on a raised platform from which we could easily overlook everything. The queen wore a white dress of Indian muslin decorated with gold, great bouquets of cactus flowers, the leaves of which were set off with diamonds, as also was her head-dress—splendid decorations and the blue band. The princess royal, in white over a light blue dress, very simple. Everybody was in uniform. Quadrilles and waltzes followed, also two *reels* to a single bagpipe were danced. The queen herself did not take part, however; the princess royal danced the *reel* with the Duke of Buccleugh; very pretty. Lady MacDonald has been relieved by Lady Codrington. Splendid buffet. Finished half-past two a.m.

19th June.—This morning I have received yours of the 16th. Now the correspondence is running its right course.

Thank Gusta for her few lines. Be as jolly as possible. To be sure, these long absences are anything but agreeable. I think we can find a dwelling that will hold us all near Potsdam. I shall send this letter off this evening. I must supplement the diary by verbal communication; it is of itself very scanty.

The exchanges are very interesting. Willisen will command the division from his headquarters in Berlin, which is the most important fact in these measures. Good-bye, dear good Mary. Best love. The departure is fixed for the 27th. We do not go to Brussels, but shall perhaps stay a day at Aachen with Princess Louise.

HELMUTH.

Evening, 19th June.

19th.—In the forenoon with the prince to Exhibition of Paintings. A large collection of very valuable old paintings lent by their owners; then to the exhibition of water-colours in which art the English excel. In the evening attended a sitting of the House of Commons. Dinner with the queen; Lady Abercorn at table; concert.

20th.—In the prince's library. Very fine collection of photographs, maps. Walk in Oxford Street, etc., amid heavy rain. Dinner with the queen; Sir George Brown, Sir William Williams of Kars.

21st.—Fine morning; walk about half-past seven through St. James' Park, Green Park, Kensington Gardens. After breakfast drove with the queen. Then went with the prince to the Barracks of the Horse Guards at Knightsbridge. After luncheon, investiture of fourteen Knights of the Bath, among them General Williams. Guard of honour and music in the court-yard, *gentlemen-at-arms* on the stairs. The queen in the throne room, on a chair in front of the throne, wore a carmine satin cloak lined with white, and a big star. All the Knights of the Bath in identical costume stood on both sides. Lord Cambermere with the sword of State. The Court party behind the queen. The knights to be created were brought forward one by one by a couple of heralds and named by the queen. They sank on one knee on a cushion before the queen. Those who were to receive the Grand Cross and were not yet *knights* were now made so. With Prince Albert's assistance the queen affixes the orders and

extends her hand to be kissed. Then they retire backwards out of the throne-room, which, owing to the long red cloaks that they wear, is a very difficult task. Captain Gordon, R.A., could not kneel as he had but one leg. The queen had to rise up to put the order about his neck and requested him to turn about and so go out. There are no addresses. At the conclusion of this *fête* the knights who were present as witnesses came forward one by one and then retired, also going backwards. The whole thing lasted half an hour. At four o'clock accompanied Schreckenstein on a ride of three miles through Regent's Park to Hampstead and Highgate, where the country is very splendid. It began again, however, to rain. Muddy trot through the whole town. In the evening *household dinner*, after which went to the Lyceum Theatre. The Troubadour of Mario and the Grisi very well sung. The queen conversed very kindly with me.

Sunday, 22nd.—At church; library; it rained the whole day. Paid visits—at Countess Pauline Neal's, Lady MacDonald's. In the evening the clearest weather that we have yet had. Accompanied Schreckenstein down the Thames to Blackfriars and back. Dinner with the queen; Prince Oscar of Sweden, and five aides-de-camp at table. His appearance is very distinguished, tall, black hair, fine complexion, somewhat bent, and very thin, especially in comparison with Princess Mary of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Clarendon. Count Rothschild, and his spouse, Lady Dawson and Miss MacDonald my neighbours at dinner.

23rd.—At ten o'clock drove with the queen, the princess royal, the prince, and Fitzroy through Hyde Park and Kensington, to Paddington, Queen Street, the new Museum, Belgrave Square. Right among all the carriages and omnibuses through the streets of the City. This new part of it is very finely built. The houses stand apart, surrounded by gardens, fine architecture, everywhere large panes of glass. After the second forenoon meal, in the National Gallery near Waterloo Place. Not very many, but nevertheless some very valuable things. The two finest Kanalletto's that I have ever seen; Spanish farm-servants by Murillo, youthful Christ and John by Guido; splendid portraits by Rembrandt, Van Dyck; sea pieces by Van der Velde. In the evening at six o'clock with the two princes for another drive. We went right out of the town where it is very beautiful, but it began to get too late, and we had to

turn our steeds and drive back at an extra quick speed, as it was quite three or four *miles* back to Buckingham Palace. All the streets are paved. After dinner, grand concert at Hanover House. Paradise and the Peri of Robert Schumann. Jenny Lind, with a very weak voice, sings with most painful exertions. Dreadful draughts. Prince Oscar. Buffet at Buckingham. The generality went to Vauxhall.

24th.—Dear Mary, yesterday I got your letter of the 20th with its good news. I am glad Lottie's* visit obliges you to go and see so many things, it makes it pleasant for mamma and Ernestine. According to present arrangements, we are to leave on Friday, and stay at Aachen—where Princess Louise is still taking her cure—on Saturday. I expect that we shall arrive at Potsdam on Sunday, and that I can go to Berlin on the same day. That is all for the present. You cannot write to London again.

How about your stay at Potsdam? The arrangement is rather intricate, for you, but otherwise we should be apart all the summer. As soon as I arrive I shall look out for comfortable apartments.

The Berlin ladies will have to take riding lessons when the future queen arrives. She is passionately fond of riding, and rides well and boldly. Here they nearly all wear a low straw or felt hat with an ostrich feather and a broad brim.

The prospect of the sea-journey is no laughing matter for me. In November the prince will return to Windsor, but probably with only one A.D.C.

I close for to-day, dear Mary; I shall so rejoice to see you again. I will make up for the meagreness of my diary by word of mouth. A thousand greetings. With all my heart,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

24th.—Visited Colonel Seymour, St. James'; Countess Bernstorff. Saw the National Gallery. Trafalgar Square. In the afternoon rode with General Schreckenstein to Dulwich College, Sydenham, and back through Norwood. In the evening, the Lyceum Theatre; very second-rate performance of *Like and Unlike*. The princess royal has been considerably burned, through her sleeves catching fire as she was

* Countess Charlotte Brockdorff, a cousin of Mrs. von Moltke's.

sealing a letter. The prince and General Schreckenstein went to Claremont.

25th.—In the forenoon walked to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Levee held by the queen at which only gentlemen were present. Those who are going to be presented for the first time, and those who have since their presentation received some favour kneel down to kiss the queen's hand. In front nearly all were men disabled in the Crimea. The American Ambassador Dallas in black cravat and boots not received. Heat intense, and the air oppressive. In the evening a ride at walking pace through Hyde Park with the prince. Grand dinner at the queen's; Prince of Sweden, Dukes of Kent and Cambridge with Princess Mary. Duke and Duchess of Somerset. After dinner, during the course of which the piper marched again up and down, concert, at which the Misses Wagner and Ney sang besides other songs the duet of Mendelssohn: "I wish, my love," etc.

26th.—At the Tower with General Schreckenstein and his son, where we found the Prince of Sweden, and spent four hours. Lord de Ross had ordered the garrison out and gave a luncheon, at which ladies were present. Colonels Ipton and Paulet, Captain Freemantle, Lady Churchill, Lady Cavendish, etc. Most interesting collection of armour, all of which belonged to historical personages. The Bloody Tower, the *Traitor's Gate*, the tower in which Clarence was drowned in Malvoisir wine, the prison of Anne Boleyn, that of Lady Jane Grey, who was executed upon Tower Hill, the mulberry tree under which Richard III. had the children of Edward buried, the prison of Henry VI., the dreadful cell of Walter Raleigh, on the stones of which is the motto, "Be faithful unto death," the block and the axe, the rack, etc. Most interesting manuscripts; among others, Richard II.'s order for the execution of Buckingham. The Prince of Sweden is a most amiable and very learned man. To-night there is a ball at the Duke of Westminster's.

Dear Mary, I hasten to write to you that there is another change in the arrangements. We do not leave to-morrow, but the day after, the 28th, Saturday evening, and shall probably not get to Potsdam until the morning of the first of July. Whether there will be another change, I cannot say, neither can I write you anything more certain. As soon as I can, I shall be in Berlin. Dear good heart, I shall be so glad to

see you again, and every delay makes me very impatient. But we must be patient. I shall have a great deal to tell you. God grant that you are all well. I don't expect any more letters from you. Kind regards to Gusta and Ernestine, and love to yourself.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Potsdam, 9th August, 1856.

DEAR MARY,

I am quite unable to say whether I can come to Berlin to-morrow, as Heinz has not yet returned. In any case I must remain until General Schreckenstein returns before I can learn definitely when we start.

The Empress does not travel by land, but will go on Tuesday morning by way of Stettin on board ship. The prince will be accompanied by Heinz whilst I go by land.

The blue letter has this moment come in!

"I promote you hereby to the rank of Major-General, for the mean time without a patent, on the understanding that you remain in your present position as first aide-de-camp of his Royal Highness the Prince Frederick William.

"(Signed) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"Sansouci, 9th August, 1856."

Good night, dear good heart; a thousand greetings.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Peterhof, 16th August, 1856.

I enclose, my dear good heart, the first report of my journey, which must go off at once. At least eight days will pass ere you get my first news. I shall try to continue to forward you reports from time to time, as far as the important events allow me to do so. If you have leisure, do make a copy for my sisters and brothers, who may perhaps like to know something about Russia. A thousand hearty greetings to Gusta, Ernestine, and Henry,* from whom I took

* Henry was then on a visit to his sister.

so hurried a farewell; as it was, I only just reached the railway-station in time. Has Burt written yet? I shall not see the youngster on my return; give him my best love.

How is your health now? You must take great care of yourself, and if you do not improve you must go somewhere for a little change. Good-bye for to-day, dear heart. Looking forward to our merry meeting.

Yours,
HELMUTH.

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[At this point should come in the account of his journey to Russia from the 15th of August to the 12th of September, 1856, which are to be had under the title of "Field-Marshal Count Moltke's Letters from Russia," published by Paetel Brothers, Berlin, 1877.]

* * * * *

To his Wife.

Peterhof, Monday evening, 18th August, 1856.

I have just received your letter, dearest Mary, containing the sad tidings of the death of your dear old father.* How hard that he should have to die just before our meeting, which would have been so great a pleasure to him! I, too, should have looked forward so much to seeing him again. For, notwithstanding all his faults, for which I pray God may judge him leniently, his good qualities were so many that one could not but love him. Peace to his memory. We will think of him with kindness. Tell your poor mother how feelingly I share her sorrow. It is well that she is with you, and that she is at least with other hearts that share her sorrow. I regret that I am not on the spot. You will, of course, relieve your mother of all unpleasant business. Should Gusta not yet have taken up her residence in Altona, then all is for the best; she can remain quietly with us until she has considered the situation. She will certainly find support in us. May God keep you all in good health. Do all that is in your power to cheer your friends up, and bear up yourself.

* After Burt had put in order his affairs in the West Indies, and had taken his passage on his return home, he died on board ship, and was buried at sea. Instead of his arrival in Berlin, whither his family had met, there came the news of his death.

God ordains all for the best, wherefore he has ordered things thus and not otherwise.

As the mail is leaving early to-morrow, I again enclose my diary; it will interest you but little now.

Good-bye for to-day, dear good wife. God comfort and watch over you.

Yours devotedly,
HELMUTH.

Tuesday.—The mail does not now leave till to-morrow, and what is more, travels overland. It will bring you this letter, therefore, but little before my next letter, which leaves by the mail steamer on Saturday.

Poor father! No doubt he would have gone at once to Berlin, and what a joy this would have been to us. How sad, thus to die, all alone, with the hope before him of seeing, within a few days, all his family. But it must have been a severe illness that carried him off, seeing that it left him scarcely conscious.

Good-bye, dear good heart, with best love and a thousand greetings,

Yours,
HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Wednesday, 27th August, 1856.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

This day the Berlin mail came to hand, but brought no letter from you. The mail left the prince's palace last Thursday. According to my calculations, you must have received my first letter dated from Peterhof on the 20th, and to-day also two others written from St. Petersburg. To-morrow, I believe, the mail leaves, and I shall send this by it. You may well imagine that I am longing for news as to how you all are after the sad loss you have sustained, and whether later news has come to hand of your poor father—whether Cai Brockdorff has arrived, or Henry left. I shall look forward, therefore, to the arrival of the next steamer. Pray God that you are well, and able to comfort your poor mother and Ernestine. To-day I have already been a fortnight from home, and even now look forward joyfully to my return. God grant

that our next meeting prove a joyful one. Take great care of yourself. You were by no means over well when I came away.

Poor little wife, you will have to bear again all the fatigues of a new move.* Has the long-expected large list of official promotions not yet been published?

You will learn from my diary what is going on here in the outer world, and you will have to credit me with a free expenditure of ink. If I but knew that all were well with you. I must postpone telling you of many things until I can do so by word of mouth.

Thursday evening, 28th August, 1856.

This afternoon, dear Mary, on my return from the review, I found your dear letter of the 21st, and heartily thank you for it. God be praised that at least you are bodily well. God comfort your grief. I am very glad that Jeanette was with you! She will this time have enjoyed none of the pleasures of Berlin, but the communion of feelings will have been of mutual benefit. Burt's death appears to have been a very peaceful one. Of course we will see that mamma shall have no anxieties. Perhaps she may now elect some other place than Altona as a residence. She could spend the next winter so easily with us, and decide later on. And so Henry has left; your mother must have felt this. Upon the whole, the heavy loss falls less severely on the children, since your father was fully two years away. God best knows how to ordain all things.

This letter travels *via* St. Petersburg, by steamer to Stettin; you will receive it by Wednesday, the 2nd of September. After which date we shall remain about another eight days here, and probably return home overland—through Warsaw. Good-bye, dear good soul; my heartiest love to your mother and to Ernestine. Looking forward to our next happy meeting.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

* They moved then to No. 44, Links Street.

To his Wife.

Moscow, 1st September, 1856.

DEAR GOOD MARY,

You receive with this another budget of my diary; I hope that they have all come safely to hand, which you will be able to verify from the dates, since I have written conscientiously every day. I hope also to receive early news from you. I can now announce to you definitely that we leave here on Friday evening, the 12th, overland, through Warsaw, and (D.V.) we reach Berlin on the evening of the 18th. "We" signifies the prince, Prince Hohenzollern, myself, Heinz, the doctor, and the secretary. The remaining gentlemen find their own way back again. Prince Plesz has, in the most inexplicable manner, been left out, and in his place a certain Lieutenant von Senft-Pilsach, of the 8th Regiment of Uhlans, has arrived, bringing with him the news of the death, in Coblenz, of that most charming little Mrs. von Reimann, *née* Winterfeld.

The last number of the *Militär-Wochenblatt* still contains no publication of the long-expected promotion list.

Dear good Mary, I shall be so glad to see you again, and I wonder how you have settled down in your new apartments. Manage to make mamma and Ernestine comfortable, and give them my best love. I am quite well. I refuse all the suppers and in turns a dinner or a breakfast; that is the only way to survive the hospitalities. I am sorry to say that my quarters are cold, cramped, and uncomfortable. I am put in the Pope's house. Those who are billeted elsewhere have splendid quarters. I have begun to have my rooms heated. As the evenings are already growing very long, the theatre is a great resource. I just put in an appearance at the receptions, and disappear immediately.

It is late, and the letter is to leave to-morrow by the courier for St. Petersburg, and thence on by Lübeck. I think you ought to get it on Sunday at latest. So, good-bye, you good little woman, with very best love.

Yours,

HELMUTH.

To his Wife.

Paris, Tuileries, 13th December, 1856.

DEAR MARY,

As a courier leaves this afternoon I take the opportunity of writing you at least to this effect that I have arrived here safely; much more, however, I fear I cannot say. We are in a constant bustle, and as it is late—past midnight—before we get to bed, one has hardly time to refresh himself with sleep before nine o'clock. After that hour we are out without interruption until dinner-time in the evening at seven o'clock.

Our reception has been a most distinguished one. The prince is very much liked, and acts with great tact.

We have just returned, thoroughly drenched, from a parade. Fifteen thousand men were on the Place Caroussel. We leave again almost directly for the Invalides. In any event, you will very soon hear from me again. Best love to mamma and Ernestine. Adieu,

Yours,

HELMUTH.

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[Now ought to follow the letters from Paris from the 13th to the 21st of December, 1856, which are also published in the above-mentioned book of travels.]

* * * * *

To his Wife.

GOOD DEAR MARY,

Coblentz, 26th December, 1856.

Your letter of the 20th was a great pleasure, as well as its enclosures, which I found here on my arrival, and a second letter came yesterday morning. Thank God that you are well and happy together. I do long to be with you all. On Monday we accompanied the prince and princess to Cologne, where they were present at a ball given in their honour by President Möller, and we leave on Tuesday morning, the 30th of this month, for Berlin, where we expect to arrive at a quarter past ten in the evening. The royal couple intend

to stay in Berlin for a considerable time. Prince Frederick William thinks of going on the 5th to Breslau, but will be back for decoration day in Berlin. The more I travel about the more I ask myself, "Où est on mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?"

We left Karlsruhe on the morning of the 23rd at twenty minutes to six. The young grand duchess was charming, and exceedingly gracious. We decorated a large Christmas-tree with apples, nuts, and cigars for the garrison. As the train was behind time at Frankfurt, we only just had time to reach the steamer for Mainz. It snowed and rained, but I spent most of the time on deck. At five o'clock we arrived here and sat down to table in our travelling garments. At nine o'clock the Christmas presents were distributed. I received from the prince a bronze or zinc figure representing a zouave, and from the old folks a blotter and a glass paper-weight. Then we also arranged a tree here for the garrison. To-day the weather is fine. Ehrenbreitstein and the smooth green stream of the Rhine in front of my windows in the castle are lighted up with a feeble sunshine, while there are no more signs of snow. To-night a ball takes place at the Military Club.

In case of mobilization I shall be able to employ Koch as well as Karl in the military train. Things are going on badly, and no human being can tell how it will all end. I must not sell the horses now, on any account; it would cost a lot of money to buy a third one. I am glad that Henry* can ride the brown alone, and that the weather permits of his doing it. I often think of the last nice ride we had together.

Saturday, 28th.—I made a promenade of four hours' duration yesterday, first along Ehrenbreitstein, then on the high ground, on to Urbar, down the Vallendaer Road, and finally to the bridge across the Moselle, the Weister Gate, and round the whole *glacis*. From the top of the fortress one looks upon the heights of the Eifel, all covered with snow. The ball at the club was a very pretty affair. We danced round a high Christmas-tree upon which presents for the ladies were hung. The royal party did not stay long, and after the ball tea was served in the castle.

To-day there is a slight frost, the roads are dry, and I purpose going by the recently built little steamer to Vallendaer, and from there walking through the beautiful

* Passing the holiday with his sister.

valley to where the ruins of the old convent are. We once went there with poor papa, and he was so delighted with the spot. We walked there.

Good-bye, dear good Mary; I shall be so glad to see you again. Best love to all, and love

Yours,
HELMUTH.

END OF VOL. I.

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HG. B.

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Author Moltke, Helmut Karl Bernhard, Graf von
Title Letters to his wife and other relatives.

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